AUGUST, 1902

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN *should be addressed to "The Editors of* THE BOOKMAN." *Manuscripts sent to either of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.*

Coronation Honours.

We salute and cordially congratulate Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Knight Bachelor, upon the recognition which he has received from his sovereign lord, the King. His new honours were, to be sure, given him for his defence of the British policy in South Africa, and not for the creation of Sherlock Holmes, Mycroft Holmes, the good Dr. Watson, the obtuse Lestrade, the fatuous Gregson and the Gigantic Hound. If the King had been recognising these things, he would have had to give Sir Arthur a peerage. By the way, we wonder whether the new knight desires to be addressed as Sir Arthur or Sir Conan.

❧

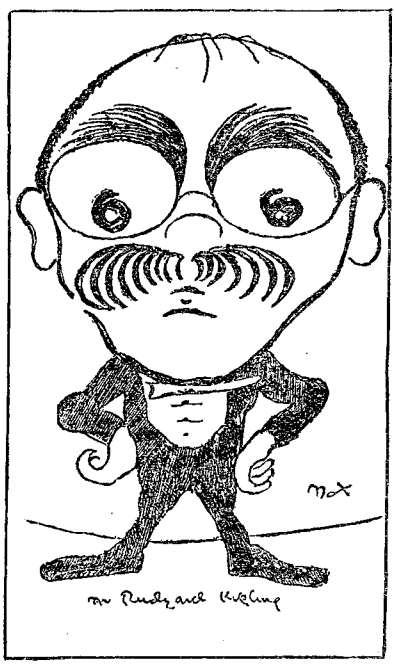
We have never until now experienced any desire to be King of England; but we are beginning to see that there are possibilities in the kingship which we had not recognised before. If, for instance, we were occupying the English throne, we should cause it to be intimated to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle that he might become a baronet as soon as he should write *The Adventure of the Second Stain,* which he has so exasperatingly mentioned in one of his other tales, and which seems to us one of the most piquant, mysterious and altogether tantalising titles that any one ever invented. We should also cause it to be understood that a story as good as *The Hound of the Baskervilles* would gain for its author the rank of baron; a story as good as *The Sign of the Four,* the title of viscount; and one as good as *A Study in Scarlet,* the title of earl. A book like the *Memoirs* would deserve a marquisate; and if it is conceivable that any one could again produce so fascinating a volume as the *Adventures,* it is perfectly obvious that such a person ought to be a duke.

❧

The list of coronation honours contains, in reality, no recognition at all of literature as such; and that is why one is justified in supposing the list to represent the King's own personal preferences rather than the opinions of Lord Salisbury. Thus, Dr. Doyle's knighthood was given to the political pamphleteer rather than to the man of letters; Gilbert Parker was honoured as a Canadian and a member of the House of Commons rather than as a novelist; Leslie Stephen was knighted as President of the Ethical Society more than as editor of the *Dictionary of National Biography;* while F. C. Burnand was knighted, goodness knows why!—for *Punch,* of which he is the editor, is neither literature nor politics nor humour. King Edward, however, and his courtiers probably think that it is all three. In failing to recognise in a marked and unmistakable fashion the achievements of literary men, the King was merely following the traditions of his family. During Victoria's reign some men of letters were, to be sure, singled out for recognition; but in every case, save one or two, these persons were not only men of letters but also politicians and men of affairs. The exceptional cases represent the feelings of the Prime Minister of the day rather than royal favour. Lord Beaconsfield marked the second Lord Lytton for preferment largely on personal grounds, and Mr. Gladstone gave Tennyson his peerage out of genuine admiration for his genius. Yet

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

even Tennyson would probably have died a commoner had he not been (in a perfectly self-respecting way) something of a courtier and personally much liked by Queen Victoria and by the Princess of Wales (the present Queen), both of whom made of him a friend. The one spontaneous attempt on the part of the late Queen to recognise literary merit was found in her offer of a baronetcy to Dickens, who declined it for reasons that are given in Forster's life of the great novelist. Tennyson, too, for that matter, is said to have hesitated long before accept-



A PLAUSIBLE BARON ROTTINGDEAN.

ing the peerage which he finally received; and it was understood that he took it mainly because of the importunity of his son, who wanted very much to become in time a peer of England. Probably a great many persons who allow themselves to be knighted do so in order to please their wives; for, although knighthood has become a very cheap sort of honour, the wife of a knight is "Lady" So-and-So, and in a crowd she may easily be mistaken for the wife of a baronet, a baron or a viscount.

If honours were really going to literary men in England at the present time, we should probably now be congratulating Sir Rudyard Kipling, Bart., or, perhaps, even Lord Kipling of Rottingdean; for, after all, Kipling is the most brilliant genius who is writing the English language at the present time, as he is the one writer who has given the most vivid and stirring expression to the awakened spirit of British imperialism. Perhaps a title *has* been offered to him and perhaps he has declined it; but we rather fancy not. It is probable that his very brilliancy and splendid independence are precisely the qualities which have kept him from receiving royal recognition; for mediocrity reaps more rewards of this sort than are acquired by boldly original and absolutely fearless genius. Kipling has always been an *enfant terrible* in the British official household by blurting out the thing that happened to be in his mind at any moment. He offended Lord Roberts by loudly celebrating him as "Bobs." He offended the Queen by letting Ortheris and Mulvaney speak too often of her as "The Widow," and by himself writing of her (in verse) as "The Widow of Windsor." Later on, he turned his rapid-fire guns upon the whole military establishment, more especially the fossils of the War Office; and, finally, he made thousands of the athletic youth of England gnash their teeth when he neatly, but not with especial gentleness, hit them off as "flanneled fools" and "muddied oafs." Verily, we say unto Kipling that he had his reward. He set the whole British Empire buzzing like a hornet's nest; and after the excitement of such a thing as that, it would seem decidedly tame to have to sit down quietly under a spreading title and be good.

Speaking of Kipling, we are reminded to call attention to the general deliciousness of his recent conflict with the populace of Rottingdean, who marched out to the house of Kipling's aunt and "booed" at her because she was a pro-Boer, and because she had hung out a flag draped in black when the Boers surrendered. Kipling flew to her rescue. He couldn't very well have defended her sentiments, because he was on the other side; but he told the patriots of Rottingdean that they ought not to "boo" at her, inasmuch as she was a woman. If the Rottingdeaners had had their wits about them, they

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

might have reminded Kipling that he himself had said that "A woman is only a woman;" in fact, only "a rag and a bone and a hank of hair." This particular woman, however, was Kipling's aunt. Which made a difference. It generally does make a difference when your own ox is gored. Therefore, the mob dispersed; not, however, forgiven, for Kipling locked up the drill-hall, which he had just presented them so that they might learn to be defenders of the Empire. Kipling, in fact, was evidently huffy, and it is not well to be huffy before the public gaze. You may be grieved, or hurt, or lowering, or stonily silent, or tempestuously angry, but it is never impressive to be huffy. "You can't drill any more, because you hooted at my aunt." This is a translation into words of Kipling's performance at Rottingdean. We trust that by this time he has quieted down, and that once more he will want to play in the yards of the burghers of Rottingdean and slide down their cellar doors.

The Typewriter in Present-Day Literature.

Mr. Neil Munro seems to be coming out as a humourist. He recently professed to have collected the opinions of various prominent authors on the subject of their typewriting machines. According to Mr. Munro, Mr. J. M. Barrie says:

If I were asked my chief objection to typewriters, it is that they are all English or American. In spite of all I can do, they refuse to leave out the final letters in my "makes" and "takes" and "aways," so that I have to go over the work with a pen afterward and convert these to "mak's" and "tak's" and "awa's." I cannot impute this to anything else than stupid English prejudice. I have, however, worn out three or four apostrophes per month. A great improvement in typewriters for Scottish dialect stories would be to have double strong apostrophes with duplicates.

Mr. Crockett explains that:

All my typewriters are early risers. They are at their best about 5 A.M., and in the afternoon they are practically no use to me. After all, I can't complain if they have (as I suspect) come to some understanding among themselves for an eight-hour day. I may add that, as a result of having been brought up in a manse, none of them will do any work on Sunday. On the other hand, they ask for no holidays, which is rather lucky for me, as I can't afford to take any holidays myself.

Perhaps Mr. Munro is at his best when dealing with Mr. Kipling. According to him, Mr. Kipling writes that he has of late done all his poems on a "beautiful two horse-power, brazed tubular, cam-action, half-silent typer of American invention." "It is a dandy!" he says, with characteristic enthusiasm. "My greatest joy in life is to rise early and oil it. I can do poems on this machine without the trouble of thought. Have you seen my latest contribution regarding the Colonial representatives at the Coronation?

"Since thy house to my house none lesser can bring
Than my house to thy house—king counselling king.
And my house to thy house none greater can send
Than thy house to my house—friend counselling friend.

"That is a fair specimen of what I can do with my new beauty. I just start the cam-action at the first line, pull open the throttle valve, and go out for a walk round Rottingdean. When I come back, I find a poem of any desired length completed, and the machine flushed and happy, waiting modestly for my applause."

Secretary Long and President Roosevelt.

During Secretary Long's retention of the Navy portfolio under the present Administration, he could never be quite so official with the President as were the other members of the Cabinet. This was probably because Mr. Roosevelt had formerly held a subordinate office under Mr. Long in the very early days of the Spanish-American War. Hence, when not actually transacting official business, Mr. Long always took very much the same tone with him as he would have done in private life. Some months after the President's accession, Mr. Long paid a short visit to the Southwest, and immediately on his return attended a Cabinet meeting. When the business was over, the President inquired: "Well,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Secretary, what impression is the Administration making in the West?" "A very fine impression, Mr. President," replied the Secretary, blandly; "in fact, I was present the other day at a large and representative gathering, where every one agreed that your name would go down to posterity linked with that of Washington." "Indeed! Indeed!" returned the President, smiling all over. "That is very gratifying—very. Er—so they even associated me with Washington, did they?" "Yes, Mr. President," returned the Secretary, "they said that your name would go down to posterity linked with that of Washington. But now I come to think of it, I am not quite sure whether they meant George or Booker T." Mr. Roosevelt's good opinion of himself is tempered and mellowed by an abounding sense of humour; and so, as the members of the Cabinet departed, they heard him chuckling softly to himself.

A respected correspondent writes to ask us whether we are not going to denounce the Chicago literary expert, Sherman, who so critically compared M. Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac* with Mr. Samuel Eberley Gross's *Merchant Prince of Cornville,* and then reported that of M. Rostand's plagiarism he had found "confirmation strong as Holy Writ." Denounce him? Why should we denounce him? He is probably a most worthy man, who works hard, pays his bills regularly, and goes home from the office every day at noon to a boiled dinner. We have no personal knowledge of his intellectual and æsthetic qualifications except as these are illustrated in his report on *Cyrano,* but we haven't a doubt that he is as good a judge of a ham sandwich as any man that ever lived.

We have received from an occasional contributor the following ingenious suggestions, which we publish for the benefit of French authors in general:

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

Like every lover of literature, you have undoubtedly been thrown into an ecstasy of admiration by the keenness with which Judge Kohlsaat of Chicago has detected in Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac* the proof that the French author is no better than a vulgar plagiarist, and that our tributes of admiration have gone astray and ought to have been addressed to Mr. Gross, the now immortal author of *The Merchant Prince of Cornville.* No one will dare to question the justice of the decision of the learned Chicago jurist; and, in fact, it may have been inspired by a desire to benefit, and not to hurt, the interests of French authors in this country. It need hardly be said that it will work no injury to M. Rostand himself, unless he has enough conscience left to feel ashamed of himself at having plagiarised so well-known an American author as Mr. Gross; but from a financial point of view, the only sufferers will be the American managers and publishers who have seen fit to place *Cyrano de Bergerac* upon the stage or on the book-stalls. For, as is well known, M. Rostand failed to take advantage of the exceedingly simple method provided by the American international copyright law in order to enable foreign authors to secure in this country the fruits of their labours. Now, thanks to Judge Kohlsaat of Chicago, matters will work differently; it will not be necessary for a French author to send his French manuscript to this country ahead of its publication in Paris and to have it set in type here by American compositors. All that he will have to do will be to provide some Chicagoan with a skeleton of his novel or play and to have such skeleton published in this country; then, when the French book or play has had time to cross the Atlantic, an action for plagiarism will be brought before Judge Kohlsaat of Chicago, and a decision will be rendered by him ordering that royalties should be paid to his townsman on every copy sold or every performance of the play or novel. A very simple business arrangement between the man from Chicago and the French man of letters for a division of profits will then have secured in a very simple manner the result for which the American Copyright League and its worthy president, Mr. George Haven Putnam, laboured in vain for so many years.

Yours very truly,

A. C.

The Fairfaxes and Thackeray's "Virginians."

Speaking of Lord Fairfax's (Albert Kirby Fairfax) presence in England, the London *Outlook* comments that it seems strange that a member of the British peerage should reach manhood before setting eyes on British shores. "Not only was he born and bred in the United States,"

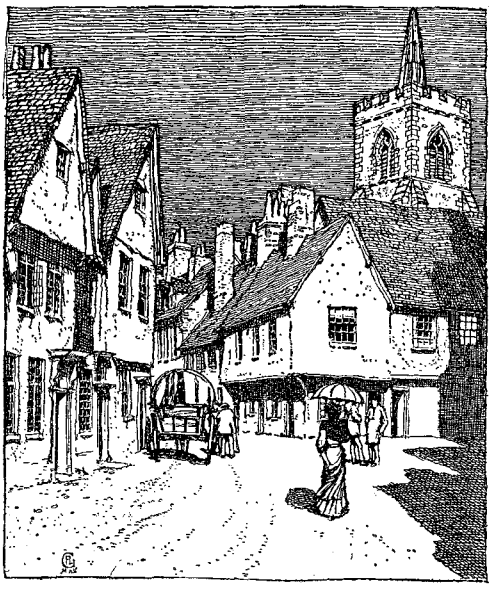
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHURCH GATES, HITCHIN.

says the *Outlook*, "but ever since the time of the sixth Lord Fairfax—the present baron is the twelfth—the territorial connections of the family have been entirely American. Whether Lord Fairfax the sixth shook the dust of England from his feet, as tradition has it, because of a love disappointment, it would be difficult to determine so long after. Putting aside this detail, however, his story resembles that of Harry Esmond in so many respects that Thackeray must surely have had it in mind when he set about planning his great novel. The broad, fair estate in Virginia, with contented niggers working on the tobacco plantations under a benign 'paternal system'; the dignified home life of the old country transplanted across the Atlantic; the personal relations of the Fairfax family with George Washington when he was yet a young land surveyor—these and a score of other touches of a like kind transform conjecture almost into a certainty. Besides, did not the love-lorn Lord Fairfax of bygone days divide his English estates among his kinsmen before setting sail for his domain in Virginia? It was in 1737 that this Lord Fairfax made his first Virginian trip; and his American biographer tells us that he was 'so captivated by the climate and soil and natural beauties that he decided to settle there.' This hardly squares with the legend of a lacerated heart—which seems a pity. And he was a 'landed proprietor' indeed on a scale that people in small countries, where elbow-room is scarce, cannot possibly realise. His estate consisted of twenty-one Virginian counties, and was between five and six million acres in extent. But when the American Colonies revolted, the Fairfax of the day remained a staunch loyalist, suffering in pocket and estate."

Literary Haunts of Hertfordshire.

Among the literary associations of Hertfordshire, the county of England which is the subject of the latest volume in *The Highways and Byways* series of books, none is keener than that of Charles Lamb. As Mr. Herbert W. Tompkins, the author of *Highways and Byways in Hertfordshire*, points out, though the county has bred many famous men, no one loved it better or praised it more sweetly than Lamb. It was there that many of the happiest days of his childhood were spent, and it was there that his first love lived. Other great literary names connected with the county are those of Francis Bacon and John Bunyan, and Cowper, who was born in the rectory at Berkhampstead, and Chaucer and Sir Thomas More and Dickens and Douglas Jerrold and Bulwer Lytton. The last named lived at Knebworth, and while there gathered the material for his novel based on the history of Eugene Aram, who was a tutor



WEST STREET, WARE.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the school at Hitchin while he was carrying with him his awful secret of the murder of Daniel Clark.

We advise the people who run the literary end of the New York *Times* to purchase an English dictionary and occasionally consult it. In a review of Captain Siborne's book on the Waterloo campaign, we find the following sentence: "The list of Dutch-Belgian malingerers includes a number of names—Colonel Chesney, Siborne, Alison, Lord Derby, and even the novelist Thackeray." Now the reviewer evidently thought that "malingerer" is only a by-form of "maligner." We present to him our compliments and beg him to look it up.

The Princeton Coup.

The resignation of Dr. Patton and the election of Professor Woodrow Wilson to be President of Princeton University both took place so unexpectedly as to excite an immense amount of comment in academic circles and elsewhere. Every one, however, seems entirely satisfied, and the only criticism that can be made upon the whole proceeding is that it was somewhat too theatrical for a place like Princeton. The columns of gossip published in the New York *Sun* are not deserving of serious attention, and no one who knows anything about the facts was at all impressed by the *Sun's* "revelations." The truth of the whole matter may be summed up very briefly. President Patton had encountered some sporadic opposition in the Faculty, which was not important, but which might in time have developed a certain amount of feeling, and perhaps the sort of administrative friction which is undesirable in a university. For this reason, and also because he really desired to go back to the scholar's life, Dr. Patton resigned. He undoubtedly did so the more cheerfully because in Professor Wilson an ideal successor was at hand and immediately available. As no one knew that President Patton intended to resign, there had been no chance for mushroom candidacies to spring up; and it was felt to be more dignified that there should exist no interregnum, with its inevitable disarrangement of administrative machinery and the distraction of everybody's attention from academic duty. Hence, the change was accomplished smoothly and swiftly, and not a single voice has been raised against it. The whole thing is one of the happiest episodes in American university history that we can readily recall.

The reported statement of M. Hugues Le Roux that the story of *La Belle Nivernaise* was written by him and not by Alphonse Daudet has a greater significance than if it were merely a question of the authorship of one book. For if *La Belle Nivernaise* was not Daudet, what was Daudet?

French "Don'ts," "Bulls" and "Breaks."

There is published in Paris a little hand-guide designed to introduce to the foreigner, the provincial, and even to the Parisian himself, some of the ways and peculiarities of the city. This guide is called *Paris-Parisien,* and M. Émile Faguet of the French Academy recently took it as the theme of an article which was published in a recent number of the *Revue Bleue.* In this book one finds various hints about intellectual Paris, artistic Paris, theatrical Paris and social Paris. Also the book aims primarily to advise people as to what must and what must not be done, as to what should be said and what should not. Passing over that part of the volume which deals with the ephemeral slang which is so typical of modern Paris, one is likely to find of most interest the chapter dealing with *gaffes à éviter*—which may be translated as "don'ts" or "breaks" to avoid. This chapter was evidently the most necessary of all in the book, for everywhere the "break" is the scourge of society. The mistress of a house will see it coming from afar, will make desperate efforts to repulse it, to drive it away, but all in vain. A "break" determined to be born will be born, and the only result of an attempt to repress it is that it will explode like a bomb instead of percolating like a fountain.

There are numberless "breaks" and "bulls" which have actually become a part of history. Some of them are really classic. "Madame," said a flatterer to Madame Denis, the niece of Voltaire,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"how marvellously you played the part of Zaire!"

"Oh! Monsieur," replied Madame Denis, without affectation, for she was a woman of great sense, "one must be young and beautiful to play Zaire well."

"Not at all," was the reply. "You yourself are the convincing proof to the contrary." Here we have a "break" of the most exasperating type. On the other hand, there have been occasionally "breaks" so natural and so kindly that they have been the direct provocation of a witty reply, and in themselves have been a certain species of wit. These "breaks" M. Faguet calls academic "breaks." The Archbishop of Paris, meeting Beranger, said to him: "Monsieur, I have read all your songs." Beranger raised his finger in a sign of protestation: "No! Not all, Monseigneur." The Archbishop smiled, much pleased. The two had been living for a brief minute in the witty, courtly eighteenth century. Even Voltaire was occasionally guilty of "bulls"; that is, in his words, for in his behaviour he was guilty of a great many. One day he wrote to Frederic the Great: "They say that Colonel Camas died in bitter disappointment because he had not fallen in your sight. Major Knobertoff was at least lucky enough to enjoy that melancholy honour, from which fate may God preserve your Majesty."

❧

"All Morning."

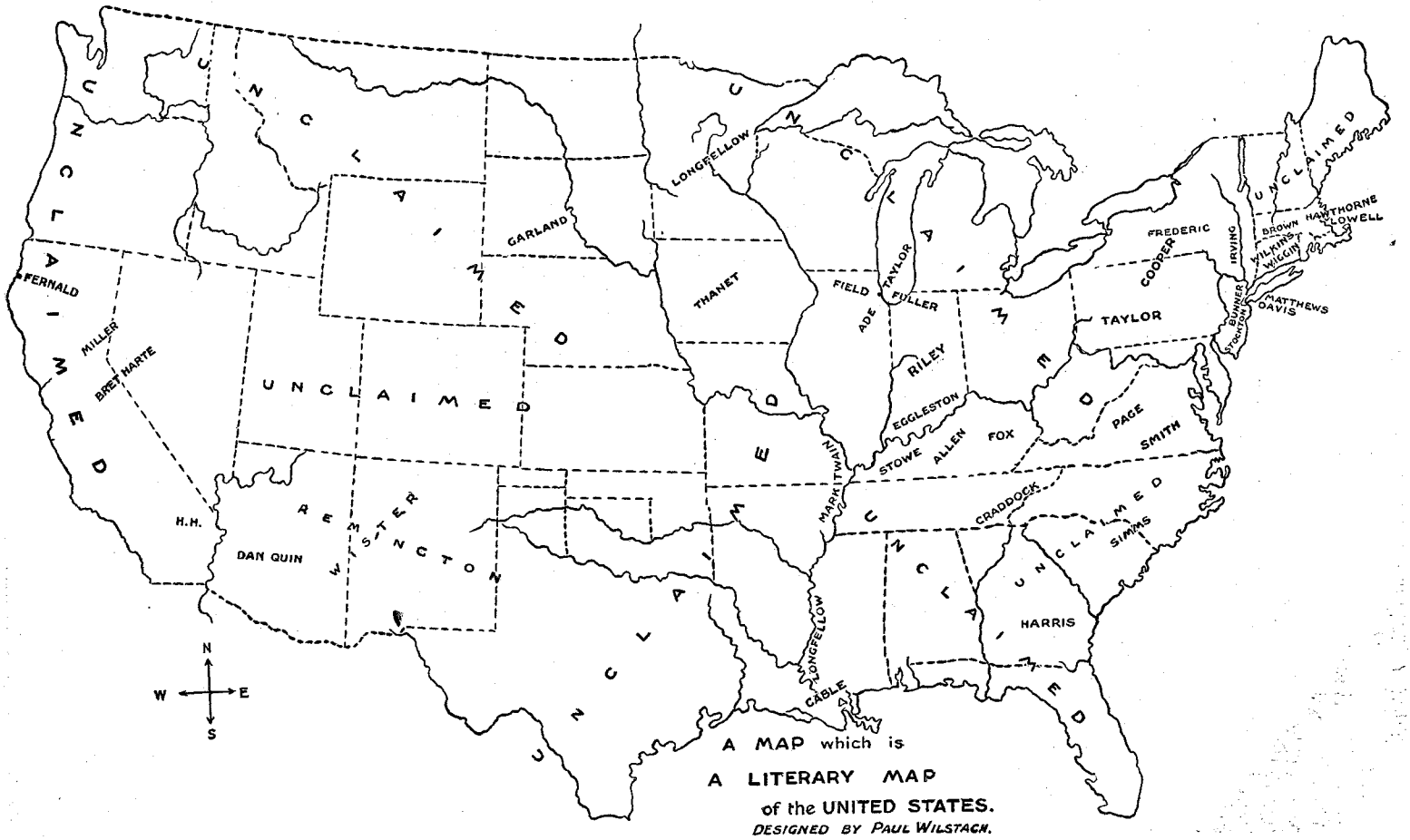
We have been rather uneasy in our mind of late over a small question of English usage, and we have decided to take our readers into our confidence with regard to it. For more years than we care to mention, we have been accustomed to say, for example, "He worked all the morning," "He was absent all the afternoon" and "He was busy all the week." Some time ago we heard a certain person make use of the expressions "all morning," "all afternoon" and "all week." For a while we thought that this was a little idiosyncrasy, very quaint and rather pleasing, and quite original with the individual in question. Of late, however, we have observed others also using the same abreviated form; and the other day we saw "all morning" in a printed book. Theoretically, of course, if one says "all day" and "all night," it is only consistent to use the analogous forms "all morning," "all afternoon," "all evening," and the like; but in language-making, consistency is very often conspicuous by its absence. What is troubling us is the question whether many persons really say "all morning," and so forth, and whether, therefore, we have been exceedingly obtuse in not discovering it long ago, or whether those who say it are comparatively few. We should be glad to have our readers enlighten us on this point; and if some philological authority like *The Critic*, for example, would discuss it, we should sit meekly at its feet and listen. It had so much to say last year about "sitting up late nights" that we are sure it will not fail us in our present extremity.

❧

Newly Staked Literary Claims.

Looking over the accompanying literary map of the United States, which originally appeared in THE BOOKMAN just four years ago this month, one is inclined mentally to suggest a very wide scheme of revision, for these four years have brought about, in a minor way, considerable changes in American literature. Here and there over the territory marked in the map "unclaimed" there have been driven various literary stakes. For instance, Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith and Judge Grant have laid claim to certain parts of New England; Mr. Irving Bacheller's name is now closely associated with the North Country; and the author of *David Harum* has taken his place beside Harold Frederic in Western New York. With Washington and Virginia various new names have become associated. Mr. Winston Churchill has written about this region both in *Richard Carvel* and in *The Crisis;* Washington is the scene of Mrs. Atherton's *Senator North;* and Virginia, which four years ago was assigned to Mr. Page and Mr. Smith, has since been invaded by Miss Wilkins, Miss Mary Johnston and Miss Glasgow. In the apportionment of Indiana, Mr. Booth Tarkington is a new writer who has brought claims that must be very seriously considered. Mr. George Ade, Mr. Dunne and Mr. Will Payne have come to join Mr. Henry B. Fuller in the work of finding in Chicago the background of their literary labour.

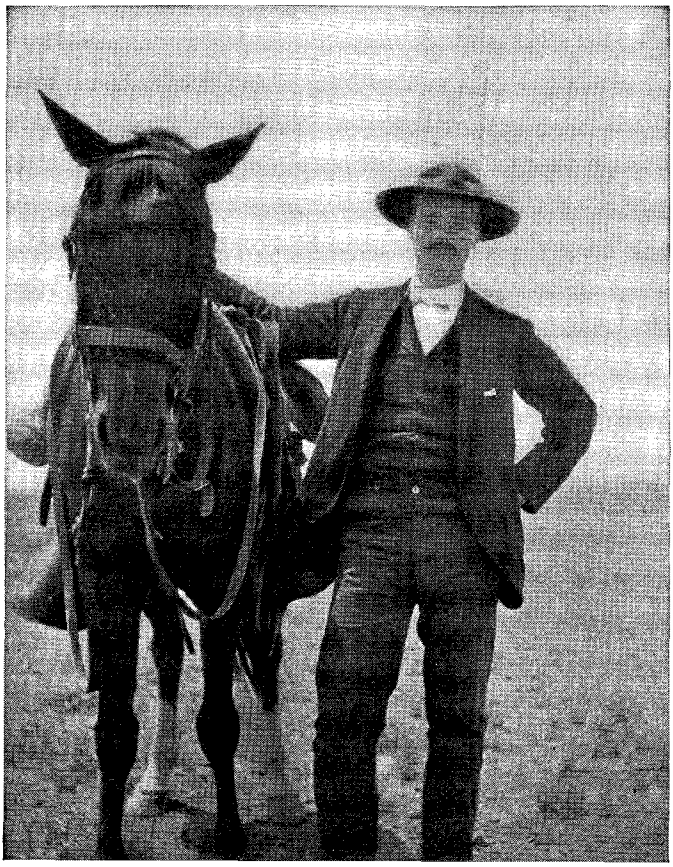
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A MAP which is
A LITERARY MAP
of the UNITED STATES.
DESIGNED BY PAUL WILSTACH.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In THE BOOKMAN map of four years ago the names of Mr. Owen Wister and Mr. Frederic Remington stretched across New Mexico and Arizona. But with his recently published *The Virginian,* Mr. Wister has driven into the soil of Wyoming a stake which seems likely to remain for a long time to come. It is not



Yours very truly
Owen Wister

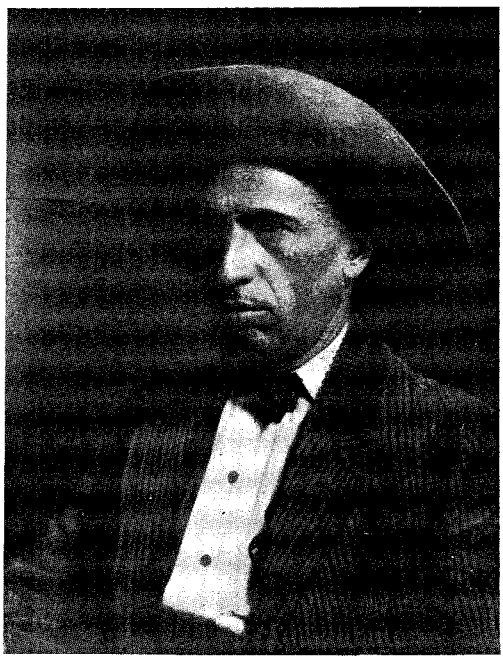
our intention here to comment upon this book beyond saying without hesitation that it is unquestionably the novel of the summer, and that with its success Mr. Wister is coming into the reward due to a good many years of conscientious labour. For by inheritance and early environment he belongs not to the scenes of his romance, but to the oldest East. He was born in Philadelphia; and in 1870, when he was a child of ten, he was taken to Europe, where he remained for three years. On his return to America he became a student at St. Paul's School at Concord, New Hampshire, entering Harvard in his eighteenth year. At both school and college he gave evidence of his literary tastes by editing school and college papers, and by writing the libretto of an *opéra bouffe* for the Hasty Pudding Club. In 1885 he was sent, on account of ill-health, to a Wyoming ranch that lay on waters tributary to the North Platte. This led to many visits at all seasons in various other States and Territories. Sometimes he made more than one visit in the same year. In 1893, for instance, after passing February and March on

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ROY FARRELL GREENE.

Texas ranches, he spent July, August and September in Wyoming, and October and November in Arizona. At first it was only for his health that he travelled; then it was the pleasure of the camp and the hunting life. His early literary tastes coming back, it struck him that this life was utterly unknown to people at large, save through caricature and the sensational press. And as he came to find friends among the cowboys and some Indians, and among not only army officers, but privates also, he began to try to portray what he knew and felt about the life. This caused the legal profession, in which he was then touching the first small fruits of success, to slip away from him and leave him a writer of American fiction. "What I most deeply value," he says, "are the many letters that have come to me from strangers in the West, assuring me that I have represented it faithfully. No one, I suppose, can escape inaccuracies. Anyhow, I have not. Once I spoke of Indians screaming like vultures, and vultures don't scream! But as my story did not turn on this point, and as it brought me a commending letter from a stranger living in the region where my events were supposed to take place, I am bold enough to hope that my blunders were on the surface."

Not very far away on the map from some of the regions to which Mr. Wister seems to have so secure a claim there is a portion of the Southwest that is connected with the name of Mr. Charles F. Lummis. Mr. Lummis is at present the editor of *The Land of Sunshine,* lately renamed *Out West.* He is the author of a number of books dealing with the Southwest and with Spanish-American history. An indefatigable worker, Mr. Lummis's knowledge has been derived at first hand. For years he was a resident of the Pueblo of Isleta, New Mexico being admitted to very close relationship with the people of that place. Through the friendships thus established, other pueblos were opened to him, until finally his acquaintance with them covered the whole of this region. Thoroughly familiar with Spanish—more or less in use among many of these peo-



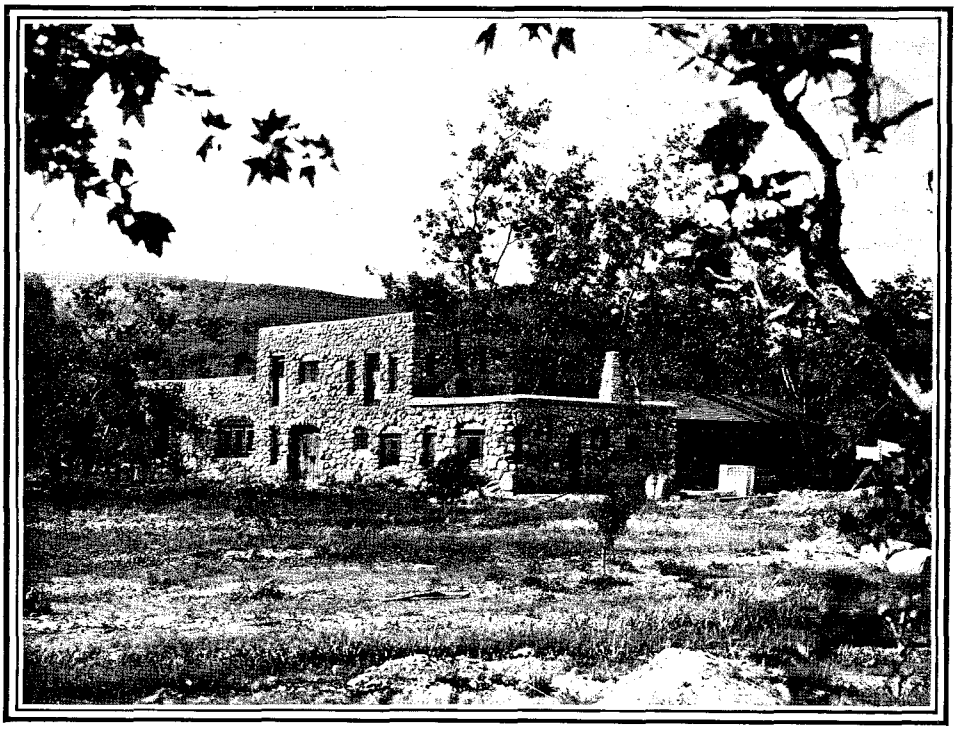
CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ples—and talking more than one native (Indian) language, his opportunities in this direction have been of the best. For long periods at different times in the past he has found a home with some of the best Mexican families in the territory, and a number of his books are made up of reminiscences and incidents of these sojourns among a particularly hospitable and interesting people, his acquaintance with whom has now extended over a period of seventeen years. His first book, *A Tramp Across the Continent*, published ten or twelve years ago, gained him recognition as a writer. It describes a journey on foot from the Ohio valley to the coast of California. *The King of the Broncos, The Enchanted Burro* and *A New Mexico David* are volumes of short stories and sketches of the Southwest. The old patriarchal life of the Mexican people, so rapidly disappearing under the influence of railroads and other modern improvements, is here set forth by one who has experienced it, both in good fortune and in adversity.

Mr. Greene, "Poet-Lariat"

Minor verse writers of the present day have more or less severe trials with which to contend; but Mr. Roy Farrell Greene, a volume of whose poems, under the title *Cupid is King*, is to be issued some time next month, is one of the first, we think, on whom has been inflicted the nickname of "the poet-lariat." As a writer of verse in the negro dialect and the Western farmer dialect, as well as in cowboy lingo, Mr. Greene has already won some reputation. He is a young man, having been born in Michigan in 1873. His father's farm in Kansas, and later a ranch in the Indian Territory—now Oklahoma—were the homes of his boyhood. On the ranch he brought a boy's hand to keeping up ranch fences, roping and branding cattle, and to the work of the spring and autumn "round-ups." His instruction was from a tutor, and later in a Kansas High School. From the school he turned to newspaper reporting, and city and polit-



THE HOME OF MR. CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ical editing of local dailies. For the last five years his name has been appearing frequently in many of our monthlies and weeklies.

Besides the verse which has won for him his curious nickname, Mr. Greene has written considerable in the line of what is known as "social verse." Here are two examples:

AN OLD DAGUERREOTYPE.

The rounded case shows age's tinge,
And just a trace of mould;
The back displays a broken hinge,
That still contrives to hold;
The pictured face within is faint,
The dust away you wipe
And see the limning of a saint—
An old daguerreotype.

The while she posed, a winsome lass,
The soul of girlish grace,
An artist prisoned 'neath this glass
The beauty of her face;
The curls that crowned her maiden brow,
The cheeks as cherries ripe—
A legacy from Then to Now,
An old daguerreotype.

'Tis meet that such a face, so pure,
Should with its smiles live on,
In hearts of later growth endure,
Though she herself be gone.
Her grave with grass is grown about,
Around it plovers pipe;
But she still lives and smiles from out
An old daguerreotype.

JACQUEMINOTS.

The roses on her breast are Jacks,
The heart that beats beneath is mine.
My faith in her doth not relax
Because the roses all are Jacks.
Forsooth, in getting at the facts
You'll find a quip of her design—
She wears of roses none but Jacks,
But heart and roses both are mine.

HADDON HALL, ONE OF THE SEATS OF THE DUKE OF RUTLAND.

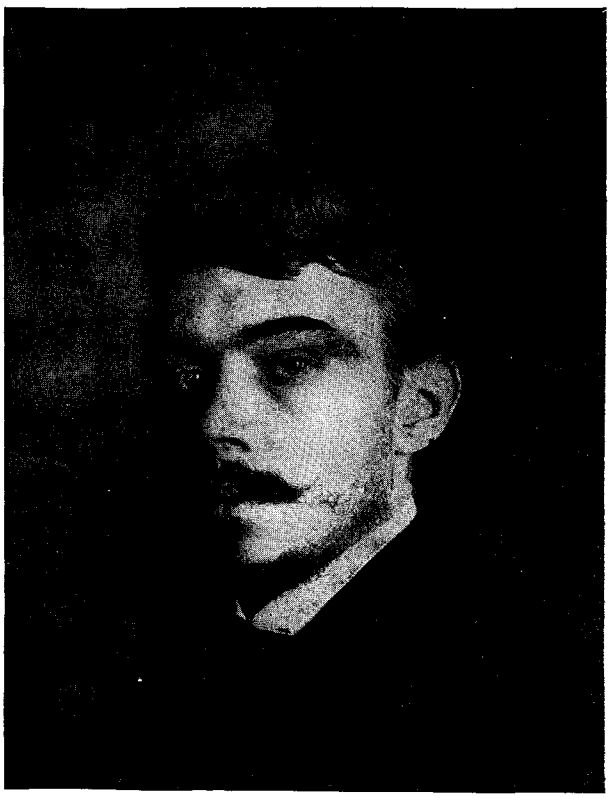
Mr. Major and Haddon Hall.

In making Haddon Hall the background of his latest romance, Mr. Major shows an estate which had been full of historic and literary associations ever since the Conqueror came over from Normandy. William the First gave the estate to his son, the "Peveril of the Peak," who there built the first Norman house in England. The most ancient portion of the Hall, as the world knows it now, probably dates from the days of Edward the Third. The noble gallery was erected about the time with which Mr. Major deals in his romance. The owner of Haddon Hall, the present Duke of Rutland, is a descendant of the Sir John Manners who married Dorothy Vernon.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Henry Harland.

Mr. Henry Austin Clapp of Boston has been writing a letter to the *London Spectator* protesting against the continual use of late by English people of the expression "I expect" in the sense of "I fancy," or "I suppose." The locution is, as Mr. Clapp says, thoroughly objectionable, and has a much more provincial sound than even the American "I guess." It was rather unfortunate, however, that Mr. Clapp should illustrate his censure of the English by quotations from Henry Harland's new book, *The Lady Paramount*. Mr. Clapp calls him "your Mr. Henry Harland," and evidently thinks that he is an Englishman. This mistake of Mr. Clapp's, however, is no worse than that of a good many other commentators who have lately been writing about Mr. Harland with a full knowledge of his American birth but with no knowledge at all of the facts of his life. Mr. Harland did not, as has been said by these persons, compose his early books in Rome, but here in New York, where he was employed for a time in the office of the Surrogate. He had to do his literary work at odd hours, and, in fact, performed most of it between two o'clock in the morning and breakfast time. In that way his first novel, and, in some respects, his most striking one, was written. This was the story of Jewish life in New York, called *As It Was Written*. The date of its publication is 1885, and the pseudonym under which it appeared was "Sidney Luska." He set his own name to his books only after he went to Europe in 1889. The vogue of his last two novels has led to the republication of *Grey Roses* and of another volume of short stories which preceded *The Cardinal's Snuff Box*. We recommend our readers to go back and try his first novel, *As It Was Written*. In some ways it is crude and amateurish, but none the less it has genuine power and reveals an unusual amount of imaginative force. One of his books, *Grandison Mather*, which appeared in 1889, had little success at the time; but now that Mr. Harland has become something of a celebrity, we should imagine that the volume would find many readers; for we are revealing no secrets when we say that the story of *Grandison Mather* is very largely autobiographical.



Yours always sincerely
H. Harland

❧

Henry Greville

The death of Henry Gréville removes from the list of French novelists a woman who had, perhaps, the distinction of being the most successful novelist of her sex that France has known since the time of George Sand. She was, at the time of her death,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HENRY GRÉVILLE.

not quite sixty years old, and had spent, as is well known, some of her early years in St Petersburg, where her father occupied an educational position. Her maiden name was Alice Fleury, and her married name Madame Durant. Her literary life did not begin until after she was thirty years of age. She may be said to have leaped into something like celebrity through two of her earliest novels, *Dosia* and *L'Expiation de Savéli*, the latter published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in 1876. A great many of the novels published by Henry Gréville during that period of her life have their scene laid in Russia, and their great success is undoubtedly to be ascribed, partly, at least, to the interest which was beginning to be manifested all over Europe, but especially in France, in everything Russian. No small part of that success, however, was also due to the fact that a number of Madame Gréville's novels are what is called unobjectionable, and may safely be put into the hands of the young. Her dialogue is clever, her stories not devoid of interest. Those who hailed her at the time of her first publications as a new George Sand were, it must be admitted, bound to be disappointed; she possessed neither the eloquent style nor the penetrating psychology of her great predecessor, and we doubt greatly whether any of her works, numerous as they are, will retain a place in permanent literature. Her literary activity was unflagging, and only a few days before her death, *Le Temps* began the publication in *feuilleton* of a new novel by her—*La Demoiselle De Puygarrou.* It is not generally known that the subject of one of her novels, *Frankley*, is a real incident in the life of an American university professor which was related to her during her trip in this country in 1886.

Several amusing anecdotes are told of her stay in the United States. She visited Wellesley College one day, was very much interested by all that she saw there, and addressed the students in the chapel. As she spoke English fairly well, she did not use French in her address —a fact which resulted in her telling the young women that one reason why she liked them was that they were "so homely!" The writer of these lines remembers having met Henry Gréville once in a peculiarly wrathful mood against Boston society. She had just discovered that a number of the people who went to her lectures were attracted there, not so much by what she had to say as by the desire of seeing the features of a celebrated person. The occasion of her discovery was a conversation she had overheard, in which a certain lady, on being asked whether she would attend one of the novelist's lectures, answered: "Oh, no; I have already seen her at my cousin's reception." On the whole, however, her recollections of America were very pleasant, and she always liked to refer to them.

Paschal Grousset.

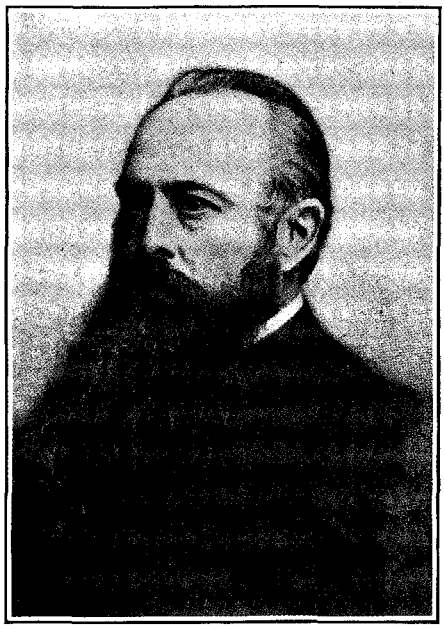
Much more stirring than the existence of Henry Gréville was that of Paschal Grousset, who also died in Paris a few weeks ago. Although he published a few volumes under his real name, he is mainly known as a literary man through the works he published under his assumed names of "Philippe Daryl" and "André Laurie." As a writer and journalist he is sure to retain a place in history, for it was a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

series of articles by him in a Corsican newspaper which brought him, after several retorts from Prince Pierre Bonaparte, to send on the 10th of January, 1870, a challenge to the latter that caused the killing by the Prince of young Victor Noir, who was one of Grousset's seconds. Later, Paschal Grousset was a member of the Paris Commune and its Minister of Foreign Affairs. After the defeat of the insurrection he was court-martialed and sent to New Caledonia, whence he escaped a few years later with Henri Rochefort. He did not return to France until after the general amnesty granted to the Communists, the intervening years having been passed by him in London, where he became the correspondent of *Le Temps,* thanks to his relationship to the editor of that moderate paper, Adrien Hébrard. During the last twenty years he became in France one of the chief leaders in the movement toward the development of physical education, giving also a great deal of time to literature. As Philippe Daryl, he wrote on history and political matters, his best book being *Les Anglais en Irlande.* As André Laurie, he composed, it is said, with the collaboration of his sisters, a number of clever juveniles, intended to acquaint French boys with college life in all lands. He reëntered active politics in 1893, and was elected a member of the Chamber of Deputies in 1898. His death occurred on the 11th of May, just on the moment when he had heard of his re-election to the new Chamber. He retained to the last his early political opinions, and died a Socialist.

Lord Acton.

The late Lord Acton was pretty generally described in the English newspapers at the time of his death as "the most learned man in Europe." This is so like the English, all of whose geese are swans. Not that Lord Acton was at all anserine; for he was a profound student of both history and of theology on its polemical side; but he was a colourless, unproductive scholar, whose learning was so sterilised as to be of no particular use to himself or to anybody else. What makes him worthy of notice is the fact that, although he was in so many ways un-English, he received



THE LATE LORD ACTON.

many of the honours which are usually reserved exclusively for Englishmen of the inner circle. In the first place, he was a Catholic, and received his early education in St. Mary's College at Oscott. Then, instead of going to one of the great English universities, he went to Germany and studied at Munich, devoting himself largely to the history of theological doctrine from a Catholic point of view. Finally, instead of marrying an English lady, he sought a wife in Germany—the Countess Marie Arco-Valley. All these things would seem likely to have put him out of touch with English life and out of sympathy with English sentiment. Nevertheless, he was made Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen; he sat in the House of Commons for seven years; was raised to the peerage in 1869; shared with Mr. Gladstone the almost unique honour of an election as Honorary Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford; and finally became Professor of Modern History at the University of Cambridge. Perhaps an explanation of this apparent anomaly is to be found in the fact that, although a Catholic, he was not in favour with the Church, and strenuously opposed the dogma of infallibility, sharing the views of Dr. Döllinger, of Munich, whose pupil

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he had been. The only publication outside of theological and controversial tracts to which Lord Acton set his name, was his inaugural lecture on the study of history, delivered at Cambridge in 1895. It is worth one's while to read this in order to see the workings of a mind which English panegyrists set above the mind of Mommsen. Having read it, one cannot easily avoid the conviction that Lord Acton was, *au fond,* a dull man.

The *Evening Post* of this city long enjoyed the distinction of being, so far as we have observed, the only newspaper in the United States to use the word "pronunciamiento" in its proper form. This distinction it has now lost, for lately it has been printing it "pronunciamento" with the same ignorance that characterises all other newspapers on this point.

Bret Harte's Life.

The official life of the late Bret Harte is to be written by T. Edgar Pemberton, the author of many well-known biographies of theatrical people. Bret Harte's family have offered to place all material at Mr. Pemberton's disposal, and, in fact, it was their desire that Mr. Pemberton should write his life. The biographer has also the same assurance from Bret Harte's intimate friends. Mr. Pemberton has known Bret Harte for over twenty years, and has been in close touch with him for the last seven years. Recently they were collaborating in a work which, it is said, Mr. Pemberton is to complete.

BIRD CALL

Out of the distance and dark
The cry of a bird,
Like some wonderful word,
As if the dear darkness had stirred,
And had dreamed the dawn lark.

Dear heart, dear and far,
Did you dream of a star
Or a bell, or a bird—
And I heard?

Zona Gale.

THE TRAIL OF TARTARIN

PART II. TARTARIN EN MARCHE.

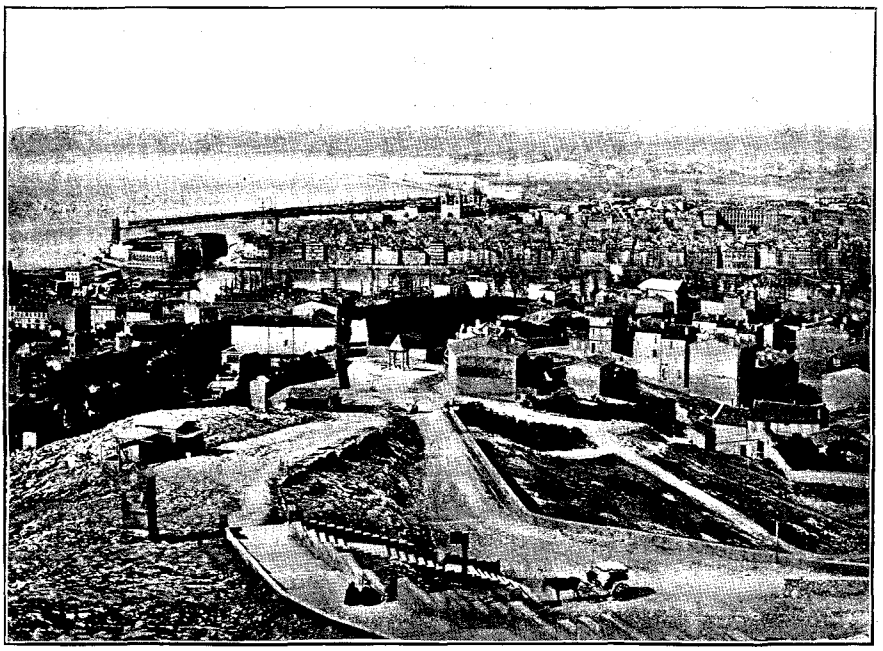
Probably there is no one who has spent many pleasant hours in the company of the Knight of La Mancha or of the Lion of Tarascon who has not mentally placed one hero or the other in some other environment and found huge delight in thinking over the queer adventures that would have necessarily taken place. This is perhaps less so with Don Quixote than with Tartarin. Cervantes's hero in the sixteenth century was a monstrous anachronism; in the present day he would be an absolute absurdity. Quixotism is a word which has been assimilated into our every-day talk; men of strange moods and unconventional impulses are everywhere dubbed modern Quixotes; but this is in a spirit which entirely ignores all the poor crazy Knight's mad eccentricities of deportment and appearance. The word Quixotism to the modern mind seems to convey an idea altogether amiable and admirable. It implies a certain kindliness, gentleness, old school courtesy and valour, combined with certain amusing, but very forgiveable, peculiarities. In India people used to call Colonel Thomas Newcome "Don Quixote," and in that happy touch Thackeray unconsciously recalled, not the poor, mad Knight, forever being belaboured and buffeted by lackeys at inns which he mistook for castles, but the gallant gentleman, *sans peur, sans tache, sans reproche.*

It is not so with Tartarin. You can

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

picture him just as he was, strident, gesticulating, pompous and soft-hearted, under any conditions of modern life. Daudet might have sent him to any clime or country, and he would always have been himself, true and amusing. He might have been sent to the Chamber of Deputies (and sat on the extreme Left or the extreme Right, as you will, and one is quite sure he would very worthily have represented his city of Tarascon and the Department of Bouchet-du-Rhône. He would have been a splendid and impressive figure at the Dreyfus trial at Rennes, no matter what happened to be his views and his sympathies. Think of him as vehement and irrepressible as a defender of the honour of the army and its generals; or, on the other hand, as a vociferous and demonstrative champion of the prisoner of Devil's Island, dictating to Pascalon long and bombastic epistles to *L'Aurore* or *Les Droits de l'Homme* or to the London *Times!* Perhaps we had better say at once the London *Times.* Have we not Tartarin's own word that, like Napoleon, he was popular in England?

One sweltering July afternoon the present pilgrim on the trail of Tartarin, like the great one himself, after a last reverent look at the little streets and squares of Tarascon, climbed into a railway carriage and began his journey toward Algeria and the lions of the Atlas. There is something deliciously humorous, and yet pathetic, in the last few minutes which Tartarin spends in the Tarascon railway station before the arrival of the express that is to take him on his first famous journey. Since early dawn all the town has been afoot, blocking the road to Avignon and the approaches to the little House of the Baobab, pressing and jostling about the gate, and quivering as each new weapon of destruction is brought out by the porters. Then Tartarin appears in the full costume of the Turk of tradition and slowly makes his way toward the railway station, followed by the brave Commander Bravida and Judge Ladevèze and the gunsmith Costecalde, and all the sportsmen and the populace. To avoid the pressure of a crowd, the station-master ordered the iron gates to be closed behind Tartarin and his staff.



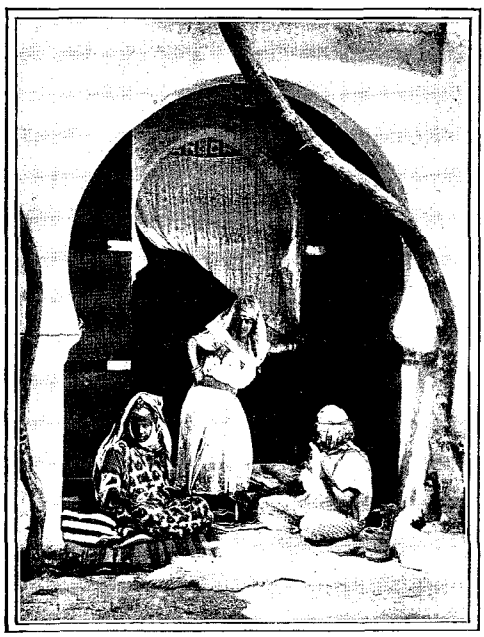
"At the first steps which he made in Algiers, Tartarin of Tarascon opened wide his eyes. He had pictured the place a city of the Orient, fairy-like, mythological, something between Constantinople and Zanzibar. He had stumbled into another Tarascon!"—*Tartarin de Tarascon.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tartarin walked up and down for fifteen minutes in the midst of his friends and the hunters. He spoke to them of his journey, of his noble game, and promised to send them skins. They wrote their names upon his tablets for a skin as they did at a ball for a country dance.

Tranquil and gentle as Socrates ere he drank the hemlock, the intrepid hero had a word for each, a smile for all. He spoke simply, with an affable air; you would have thought that before departing he wished to leave behind him a trail, as it were, of charm, regrets, kind memories. Hearing their chief speak thus to them, all the ca-poppers shed tears; some even felt remorse, among them Judge Ladevèze and Bezuquet, the apothecary.

The trainmen wept in corners. Outside,



"A regular cut-throat place that upper town. Little, narrow, black alleys, clambering upward on steps between two rows of mysterious houses, whose overhanging roofs, meeting together, form a tunnel."—*Tartarin de Tarascon.*

the populace gazed through the bars and shouted: "Vive Tartarin!"

At last the bell rang. A dull rumbling, a shrill whistle, shook the roof. . . . "Take your places, messieurs, your places!"

"Adieu, Tartarin! . . . adieu, Tartarin!"

Do not smile at his tears. It was Tarascon that he was leaving; the land of the bright sunshine, where people sing and dance and laugh; the land which Tartarin has called the "country of the Bon Dieu." Far be it from any one to deny the truth of Tartarin's words; yet one cannot evade the suspicion that it was of this little white town of Tarascon that Mr. Dooley was thinking when he coined his phrases about "the home of the brave and the land of the 'flea.'"

II.

Here and there about this round earth —even in its widely travelled parts— there may be found spots of which the ubiquitous Herr Baedeker and his host of collaborateurs have had as yet nothing to say. There still remain certain lines along which the weary pilgrim may travel without reading: "As the train emerges from the tunnel we see to the right the Château de Vistelles, besieged by Charles Martel in the Wars of the Spanish Succession. The train now passes through ——— (pop. 10,013), seat of the ancient château of that name," etc., etc. And it is only once in awhile in the pages of the red-bound books that we can catch glimpses of the streets and landscapes immortalised by Tartarin. The ship *Oasis* slips away from her Mole and lumbers southward, passing to the left the Château d'If. It must have been very early on the voyage that Tartarin succumbed to the throes of sea-sickness. Otherwise Daudet, consummate artist that he was, would not have missed the opportunity to have given us another of those memorable dialogues — Tartarin and the Château d'If—the Lion of Tarascon face to face with the gloomy castle where Edmond Dantès was imprisoned for fourteen years, and from which he emerged with the glory and wealth and power of Monte Cristo. The *Oasis*, as unheeding as the Zouave of the tale, rolled placidly along to the rhythmic thump of the engine, and soon the great rocks of the Marseilles harbour and the splendid hills behind faded into the mist.

They set the table on deck, beneath the awning, and it was there that we plied knives and forks and ceremoniously passed bottles and water carafes—four of us—the captain, the first officer, the ship's doctor and the present pilgrim, the only passenger, for the *Oasis* is not one of the express steamships which ply between the south of France and the French Algerian possessions, but a "tramp" in all that the term implies, running as her owners direct, which meant

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TARTARIN ON THE SANDS OF ALGERIA.—"TARTARIN DE TARASCON."

that on the trip in question her course was from Marseilles to Algiers, thence to Oran, Nemours, Melille, Gibraltar and Tangiers, and touching at some of the Spanish ports on her return to France. The ship's doctor was short and swarthy and black-bearded, with a rich fund of tales concerning Tartarin, only these tales were old and more generally connected with the name of Baron Mun-

"The turmoil of the Great Market."—*Tartarin de Tarascon.*

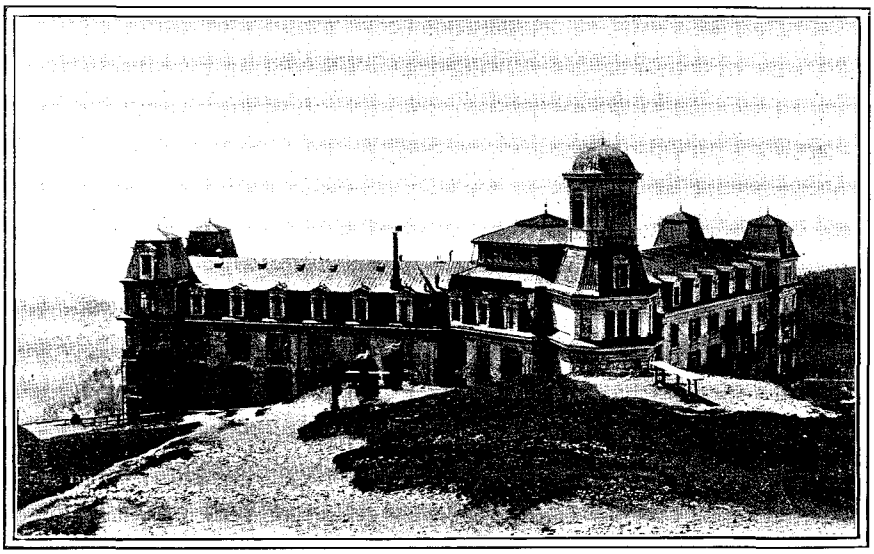
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chausen. The first officer was also a son of the south, but of a different type. Blond, slender, lithe and tall, he needed but an inch or so in height and twenty pounds in weight, and he could have answered to the name of any of Ouida's giant guardsmen. And the captain—Barbasson to the life! Barbasson down to every detail of face and form and speech and gesture. Red-faced, black-bearded, with black eyes that snapped with the gaiety of life, with a great laugh, and a great appetite, and a great relish of the *bon tabac Français,* he seemed literally to have stepped out of the pages of Daudet. In the native purlieus

The sea was shining in the distance. The white roofs gleamed in the moonlight. Sounds of belated guitars came softly on the breeze. . . . The Tarascon muezzin collected himself for a moment, and then, raising his arm, he began his psalmody in a high-pitched voice:

"*La Allah il Allah.* . . . Mahomet is an old rogue. . . . Orient, Koran, pashas, lions, Moorish women, are not worth a damn. . . . There are no *teurs.* . . . Only swindlers. Vive Tarascon!"

And while, in fantastic jargon mingled with Arabic and Provençal, the illustrious Tartarin was thus casting to the four corners of the horizon, on town, plain, mountain and ocean, his jovial malediction, the clear, grave voices of the other muezzins answered him from minaret to minaret, and the faithful in rapt devotion beat their breasts.



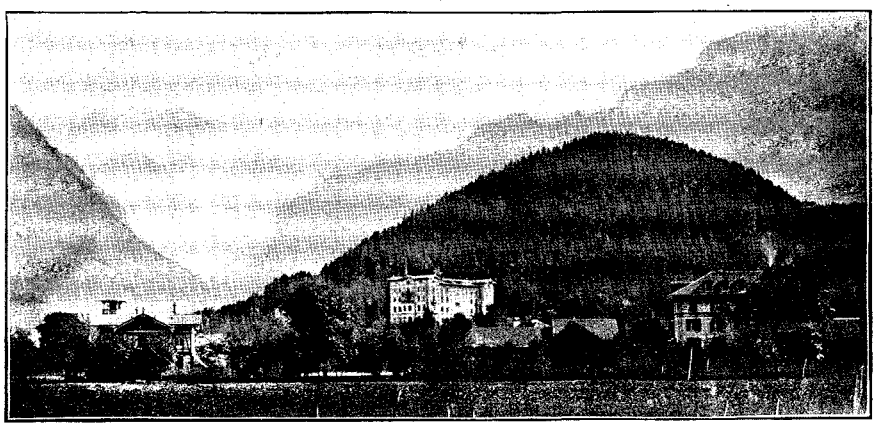
"At the same instant the vast hotel, with its three hundred windows, loomed up before him."—*Tartarin sur les Alpes.*

of Algerian cities, how many Bayas are there who laugh at thy quips and bewail thy infidelities, oh, genial Castan! Over Tartarin's own experiences with Baya, over the soft, luxuriant days of his Capua, over the episodes in the stage coach, the wiles of Prince Gregory of Montenegro and the disastrous night-watch in the copse of oleanders, it is best discreetly to draw a veil. In this part of his pilgrimage, one likes best to take leave of him at the moment when he is hurling his defiance at the East from the terrace of the minaret:

III.

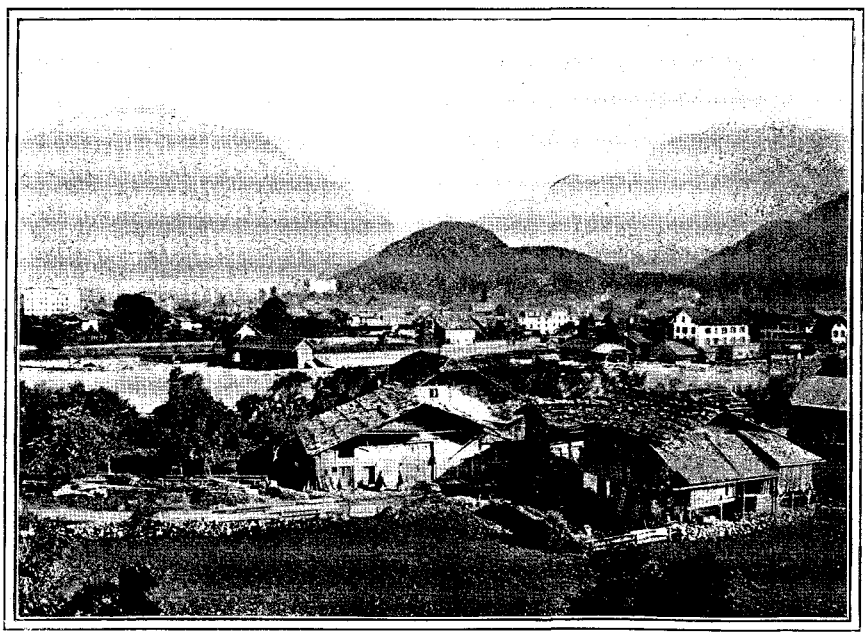
When once the figure of the intrepid Tartarin was completely rounded out and given life by the hand of his creator, many of his subsequent adventures and predicaments became immediately inevitable. Just as in the realistic novel when the first half is written as it should be, the author is absolutely unable to carry it out in any but one way, and becomes for the rest of the journey merely a puppet when face to face with his work; so the complex temperament and ambitions

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"The first object that daily struck his eyes beyond the fields of grass and corn, the nursery gardens, and an amphitheatre of solemn verdure, in rising stages, was the Jungfrau lifting from the clouds her summit, like a horn, white and pure with unbroken snow, to which was daily clinging a furtive ray of the still invisible rising sun."—*Tartarin sur les Alpes.*

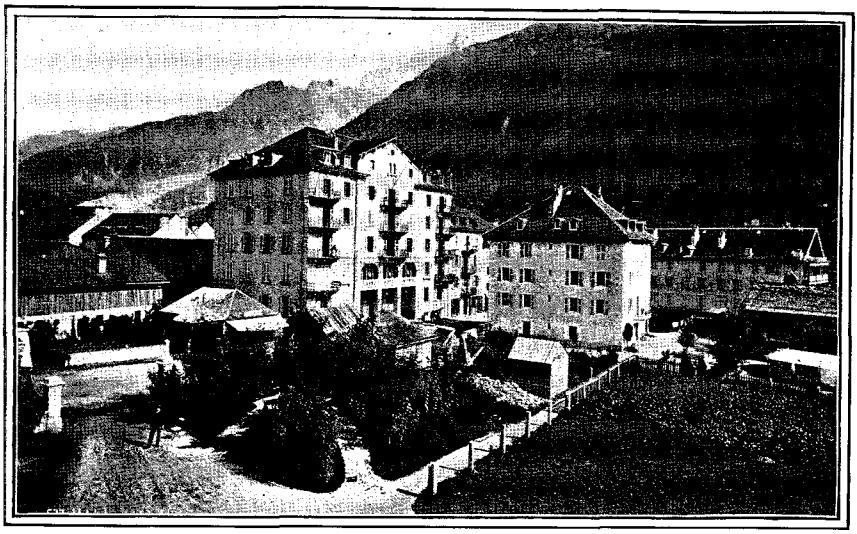
of Tartarin made certain exploits simply questions of time. The portrait Daudet drew of him in the villa of the baobab, and on his way to the club was one that could be adequately developed only by sending him off to realise his aspirations, by making him in turn lion hunter, Alpinist and colonist, disillusioned in all, and yet, by some strange chance, almost always accidentally triumphant. The legend of Bonnivard chained to the pillar in the dungeon of Chillon had for Tartarin a particular appeal; of course, there came the time when, by a strange irony of fate, the Lion of Tarascon found himself, under circumstances far from heroic, incarcerated and overwhelmed with humiliation and discomfiture in



INTERLAKEN.

"Whence Tartarin started on his memorable ascent to the Jungfrau."—*Tartarin sur les Alpes.*

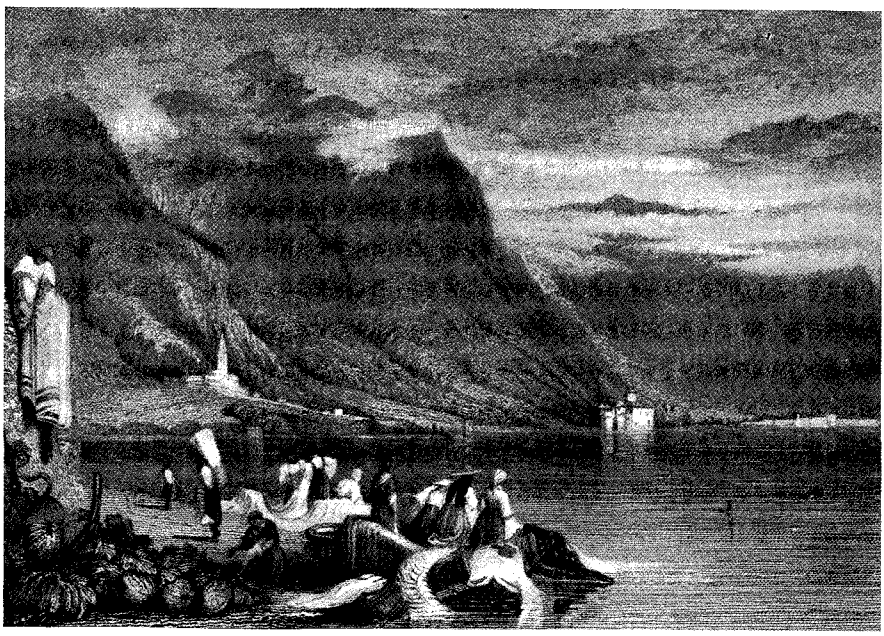
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Nine o'clock was ringing from the belfry of Chamonix of a cold night shivering with the north wind and rain."—*Tartarin sur les Alpes.*

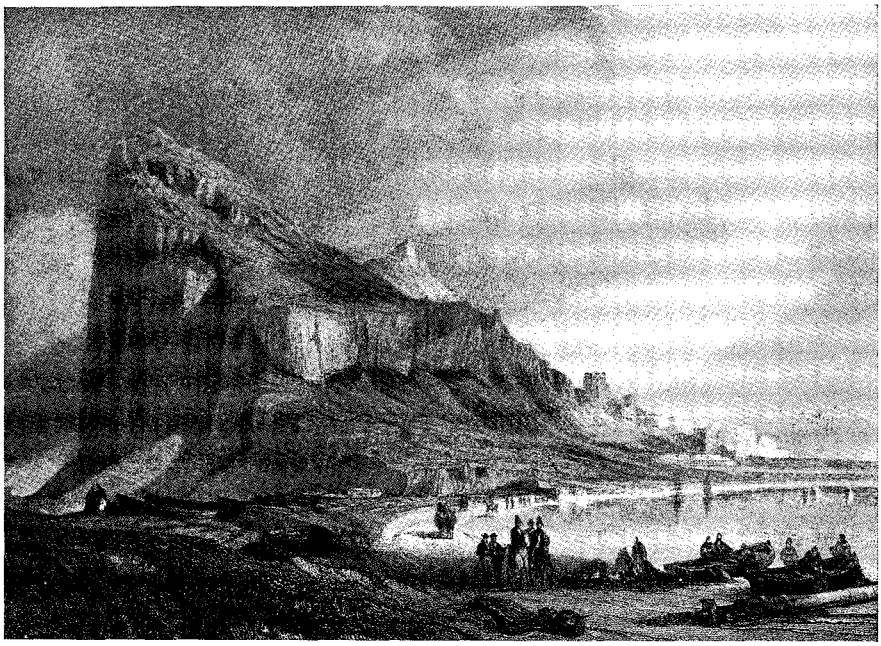
Bonnivard's dungeon. And it was just as inevitable that in the days when his glory had departed, on the return from the disastrous attempt at colonisation in Port Tarascon, it should have been his hand that unintentionally wrought harm to the sacred effigy of La Tarasque, the venerated *grand'mère.*

The trail of Tartarin on his memorable invasion of Switzerland is one which has been unconsciously followed, though less adventurously, by a great many in making the conventional tour; and as one takes the climbing railway leading from the shores of Lake Lucerne to the Rigi-Kulm, it needs but little imag-



"This castle of Chillon about which the P. C. A. had never for two days ceased to discourse to his dear Alpinists, and in which, by the irony of fate, he found himself suddenly incarcerated without knowing why."—*Tartarin sur les Alpes.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



GIBRALTAR—TARTARIN IN HUMILIATION.—"PORT TARASCON."

ination to picture the P. C. A. toiling painfully upward through the yellow fog and his astounding appearance among the guests of the hotel on the summit. The scenes of Tartarin's second series of exploits are all along the beaten paths of travel — Interlaken, Geneva, Chillon, Montreux, the Brunig Pass, Bâle, Lucerne—and it is in the contrast between these places as they are in reality and as they have appealed to the Tarasconian imagination that *Tartarin sur les Alpes* is builded. And what is more natural than that Tartarin, when his illusions begin to be shattered, should go to the other extreme and swallow greedily the confidences of Bompard, "The Impostor," who, in reply to Tartarin's comment on Switzerland, bursts out laughing, says that there is no Switzerland, and that the land bearing the name is nothing more than a vast Kursaal, manipulated by a company with vast resources, and engineered and machine-worked like the under stage of the Paris Opera.

"But the crevasses, my good fellow, those horrible crevasses. . . . Suppose one falls into them?"

"You fall on snow, Monsieur Tartarin, and you don't hurt yourself; and there is always at the bottom a porter, a hunter, at any rate, some one who picks you up, shakes and brushes you, and asks politely: 'Has monsieur any luggage?'"

To those who through long association with Tartarin in the pages of Daudet have come to think of him with real affection—that kind of affection which one gives to a select few in fiction: a select few such as Colonel Thomas Newcome, and Jeanie Deanes, and Little Dorrit, and good-for-nothing Rip Van Winkle, and Parson Adams, and Amelia Natty Bumpo, and, of course, the Knight of La Mancha—his triumphs, although they be the result of the most outrageous blunders, bring positive thrills. With him they share the glory of Tarascon's reception after the invasion of Algeria, and glow with pride over his light-heartedness and valour when face to face with the perils of the Jungfrau. To them *Port Tarascon* never can quite appeal. Tartarin shorn of his greatness; Tartarin dying in exile in Beaucaire! Then, somehow, the laughter ceases, the cloak falls away, and at the last moment is revealed the gentle, tender, kindly, warm-hearted being within.

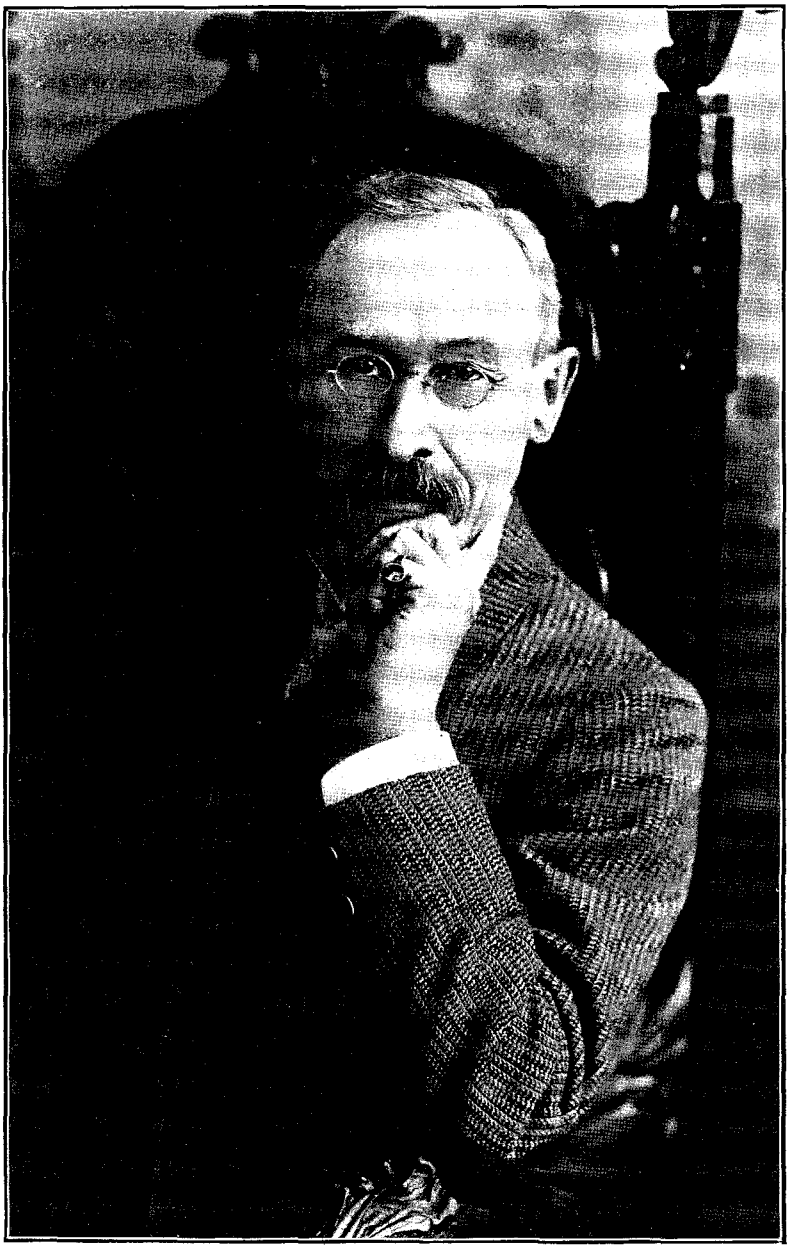
Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CONFESSIONS OF A DIME-NOVELIST

An Interview.

He carried no six-shooter at his belt; he wore no false whiskers to deceive me; he seemed "the mildest-mannered man that ever scuttled ship or cut a throat," this arch-author of romance, the king of dime-novelists, whose pen has tracked and slain more villains and rescued more heroines than Dumas himself. His editions are not measured by thousands, but by cart-loads; he probably holds the



EUGENE T. SAWYER.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

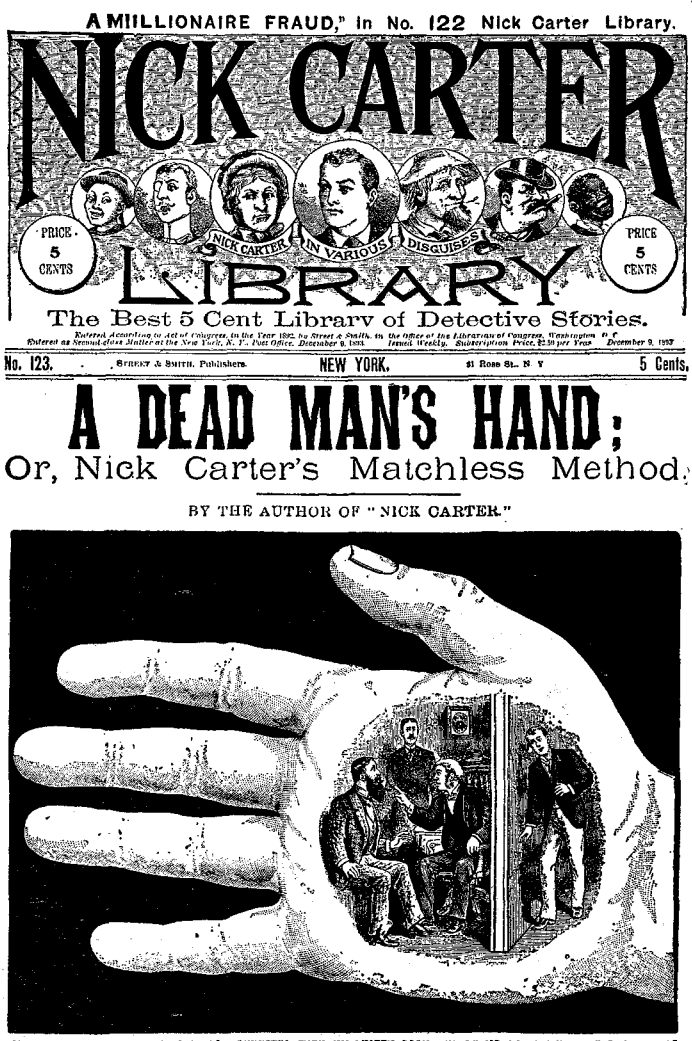
world's championship for story writing, with upward of seventy-five books to his discredit.

As the professional humourist has usually a mournful visage, so no doubt all writers of "yellow-backs" and "shilling shockers," to be typical of the trade, should wear a patient and gentle face. Nature flies to extremes; she delights in paradoxes, and Eugene T. Sawyer, author of most of the "Nick Carter" adventures, is himself a genial, sadly smiling gentleman, whose greatest care is for his geraniums when he leaves the office of the San José newspaper where he holds the city editor's desk. But he has his own philosophy to account for it, and his own reasons why he does not choose to "dress the part," like Charles F. Lummis or Joaquin Miller, in boots and buckskins and sombrero.

"To a man whose life is measured by yards of ribbon and pounds of cheese, or bounded by the four dingy walls of a counting house," he said, "a dime novel is a revelation and a delight. Most of my readers are mere 'supers' on the stage of life. They are not in themselves picturesque. Nothing romantic ever happens to them. For all these, hungry for something to take them out of themselves, the dime novel provides a thrill per page, the only real mental stimulus they are capable of. The heroes that strut through the pages of the 'yellow-back' are the only interesting persons they ever hobnob with. No wonder they love Nick Carter."

But it must not be thought that Mr. Sawyer takes his work seriously. The excitement that the chambermaid and stable-boy gets in reading these lurid escapades the author received in writing them. He not only has a record for quantity, but for speed.

"The fastest work I ever did," Mr. Sawyer said, "was once when I got an order by wire from Street and Smith, saying that one of their regular writers had failed them, and asking if I could send them a story of 60,000 words in four days. Of course I accepted. And that, too, was in the days of longhand, before typewriters were common. As usual, I procrastinated, and two days had elapsed before I thought about the story. Then I locked myself into my room and began, writing in lead pencil, while my wife cop-



CHICK HAD HIS EAR TO A TUBE WHICH CONNECTED WITH HIS CHIEF'S ROOM, AND BY MEANS OF WHICH HE WAS ABLE TO OVERHEAR ALL THAT WAS SAID.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ied my work in ink. I didn't eat nor sleep, living on coffee alone, till the novel was completed, in about sixty hours. In order to have the manuscript reach the publishers on time, I had to have it in the post-office at noon, and I caught that mail with something less than a minute to spare. When I saw *Captain Crash* in print, it was just like reading a new book. I had forgotten absolutely everything about the plot and characters, having written almost automatically."

"How do you go to work?" I inquired. "Do you block out your plot first, and have a general idea of your people?"

"I begin thinking with the first word set down, and not before," he said. "Of course, I must begin with something that will attract interest. The old method used to be something like this:

"'Help! Help! Help!' These words rang out into the air on a cold November night, in a little town not twenty miles distant from New York. Some one was in dire need, but the whole country seemed utterly deserted.

and then immediately there was a row of stars, after which the paragraph went on:

"Twenty years ago, Ephraim Gobson was the most respected citizen in New Potsdam, and Huldah, his sunny-haired daughter, was called the prettiest girl in the village, etc., etc.

But I fancy I revolutionized the opening of the dime novel. Writers for the magazines have learned how necessary it is to begin the plot with the first word, and do it perhaps more artistically, but it's the same principle. Here are some of my beginnings. For instance, in *Ramon Aranda, the California Detective,* I start:

"'We will have the money, or she shall die!'

or, in another one I thought rather striking:

"'Swear the defendant!'

and in *The Dead Man's Hand* the opening line was this:

"'It is a case of mysterious disappearance, Mr. Carter!'

Sometimes it is harder to get a good opener than a good title, though the title and the 'cover situation' are what usually sell the book. That last quotation is from *The Dead Man's Hand; or, Nick Carter's Matchless Method.* The main title was suggested to me by the publishers, who thought it would sell well, and from that phrase I built up the whole book."

"But what is your method when you're once started?" I asked. "No matter how cheap a tale is, it must be built up on some kind of system. You must have 'architecture' of sorts in order to hold the reader's interest."

"You are right," Mr. Sawyer said. "And, indeed, this particular kind of dramatic quality is hard to get. I doubt if many 'legitimate' authors could contrive to build up a plot with climax after climax, like a house of cards, so cleverly that at the last push the whole mystery would fall down. And that is what is necessary. The principle seems to be, first, that every chapter shall contain a sensation, then that these situation-sensations shall be cumulative, growing harder and harder for the hero, until at last the knot is untied in the most unexpected way possible. I make no sketch of my plot, nor outline my chapters, but I suppose I feel it naturally. I get my hero into an apparently inextricable situation,—bound and gagged on the edge of a bottomless pit, perhaps; then I get up from my desk, walk about the room awhile, light a cigar, then—sit down to my paper and pull him out of danger. Of course, there is some main thread in my mind. If a man mysteriously disappears, I have the solution in my head and work toward that."

"Are there no other 'unities' necessary in the dime novel," I said, "besides these considerations of suspense?"

"Yes! Decidedly. First, there is the moral 'unity.' The trend of the whole story must be moral. Virtue must triumph, vice and crime must not only be defeated, but must be painted in colours so strong and vivid that there is no mistake about it. The stories of the James boys are the only exceptions I know; but, after all, they came to grief at last. A criminal, according to dime-novel ethics, can never for a moment have a decent, charitable thought. We cannot deal with mixed motives. Remember, please, this is not life, but popular fiction. We are

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

playing with puppets—with villains, heroes, heroines and detectives. And they must pair off according to an established custom. The detective must not fall in love with the heroine, however beautiful, nor she with him, although he has rescued her from danger and dishonour. No, she is created to love the hero, and love she must. Our psychology is all ready-made and of the simplest kind."

"But how much do you get for these stories?" I asked. "I wonder that it is worth your while."

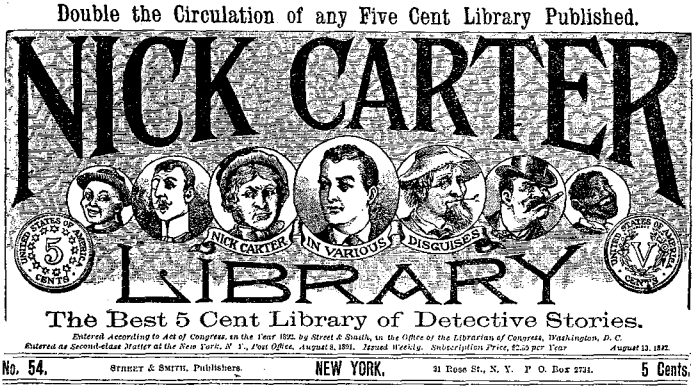
"Oh, I have retired long since," said Mr. Sawyer. "As I explained, I did it partly for the fun of it and the love of excitement. As to pay, I used to get fifty dollars apiece for the Nick Carters, and they ran to about 25,000 words. The Log Cabin novels were twice as long, or 50,000 words, and I got $100 apiece, so the pay averaged two dollars a thousand words. I 'Americanised' one of the Nick Carters from Gaboriau in three days once, and once I turned out three 50,000-word novels in a month. Then I did serials for the *New York Weekly*. I have written about seventy-five novels in all."

I gasped. "And Nick Carter was the most famous of your heroes?"

"He not only was, but still is! They have put other men at work on him. Indeed, even while I was writing I was one of three men who were creating his adventures, and sometimes we got each other into queer troubles. Why! Nick Carter was actually killed three times, and we had a hard time bringing him to life with any plausible explanation. And Nick Carter still goes on with his exploits. What's more strange, he doesn't grow old. He's still the young, impetuous, dashing detective that he was twenty years ago, and when I am in my grave I suppose my hero will still rescue unfortunate damsels and hold up ten hardened criminals with one gun. He's immortal."

"Where did you get your idea for him?"

"I used to be a court reporter in the early days here, when there was any amount of picturesque crime doing; and, besides that, I knew Vasquez well. He was the most noted of the Spanish Californian brigands. I've written a book about him. My court work led me into a pretty thorough acquaintance with all kinds of criminals, and I had plenty of


Double the Circulation of any Five Cent Library Published.

NICK CARTER

NICK CARTER IN VARIOUS DISGUISES

LIBRARY

The Best 5 Cent Library of Detective Stories.

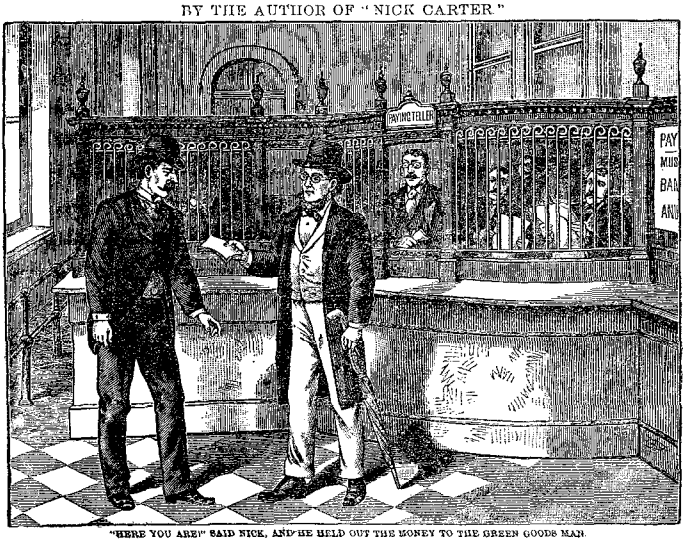
Entered According to Act of Congress, in the Year 1892, by Street & Smith, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C.
Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York, N. Y., Post Office, August 8, 1891. Issued Weekly. Subscription Price, $2.50 per Year. August 13, 1892.

No. 54. STREET & SMITH, Publishers. NEW YORK. 31 Rose St., N. Y. P. O. Box 2734. 5 Cents.

TRICKED AND TRAPPED;

Or, Nick Carter's Green Goods Haul.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NICK CARTER."



"HERE YOU ARE!" SAID NICK, AND HE HELD OUT THE MONEY TO THE GREEN GOODS MAN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

material in my head all the time. But perhaps my chief inspiration was old Ned Buntline, who was really the first one to write 'penny dreadfuls' and the inventor of the 'dime novel.' He made Buffalo Bill famous, but he was vastly more picturesque himself than Bill or than any of his own characters. He began by writing for the New York *Mercury*. He was a graduate of Annapolis, and served awhile in the United States Navy, during which time he fought thirteen duels with his brother officers and escaped without a scratch. He was in the Civil War as a colonel of a New York regiment of volunteers, but was cashiered for drunkenness and sent home. Then he reformed and became a temperance lecturer. In that capacity he came to San Francisco, and there I met him. On his way back East he stopped off at Laramie and met Bill Cody, and wrote a description of him for a leading New York paper. That began Buffalo Bill's fame. Then he wrote a series of tales in which Bill was the hero, and then a play for him in which they both, with Wild Bill and Texas Joe, took part. But Buntline began to drink again and the show dissolved, after which Buffalo Bill went on the boards on his own account and became a celebrity. Do you wonder that I find it easy to provide picturesque events and characters?"

"But your own life has been as quiet and peaceful as your novels are exciting," I suggested.

"Perhaps," he said, smiling. "I got into a thieves' kitchen in 'Frisco once. But my ventures have mostly been commercial. I have been a member of the Board of Education here in San José, and I have visited a schoolroom to see boys hiding my own novels behind their geographies! But now I'm in the newspaper harness, and not likely to get out of it."

I had heard that "'Gene Sawyer" was one of the best city editors on the Coast, and I wondered why he had never had a paper of his own.

"But I did!" he protested. "It ran for eleven days, and was called the *Garden City Times*. You'll never guess who was my associate—Edwin Markham, "The Man With the Hoe!" It was this way: We got a backer for the sheet, a man with more money than brains, and Markham and I started in to make the best paper in town. He was literary editor and reporter, and did clipping and stuff for the eighth page, while I did the rest, even rustling 'ads.' Well, in four days I got the advertisement of a liquor man, and it turned out that our 'angel' was a Prohibitionist and wouldn't stand for liquor 'ads.,' which were, of course, the best-paying business we had. Markham and I held a consultation and decided to go ahead alone. We paid our printers by scraping together all the money we had, and ran four days with 700 subscribers. After eleven days the printers wanted more money, and when we had paid them off, Markham and I gave up and walked out into St. James's Park and divided up $3.75."

"You must have travelled a good deal, Mr. Sawyer," I said, "for from your stories I see you are familiar with New York and the East."

"I was in New York for four days in 1865," he replied, "and upon that brief acquaintance I found my scenes. But, of course, the *mise-en-scènes*, like the characters of my novels, are purely conventional and do not vary. I can get together enough knowledge of places from guide books and maps to satisfy the very modest exigencies of the case; and when I am writing of brigands, of course, I can indulge in California local colour of my own knowledge. For New York, I used Harlem and Brooklyn freely, knowing how little New Yorkers themselves know of such places."

"How did you ever happen to begin such a career?"

"I must confess that I have always been a reader, as well as a writer, of dime novels, though I do not read only that class of literature by any means. I have read them since I was a boy, and still read them, now perhaps from curiosity and because of my knowledge of the technique of this particular kind of fiction. It is not, however, only the 'submerged tenth' who reads cheap stories. I have been into bookshops and seen bankers and capitalists gravely paying their nickels for the same tales their own elevator boys read. I have known literary men to confess that they had read tales as bad as mine with interest and excitement. Such yarns are about as good a remedy for brain fag as you could find. They're easy, and require little effort of the mind. You can read *The Pirate of the Caribees*

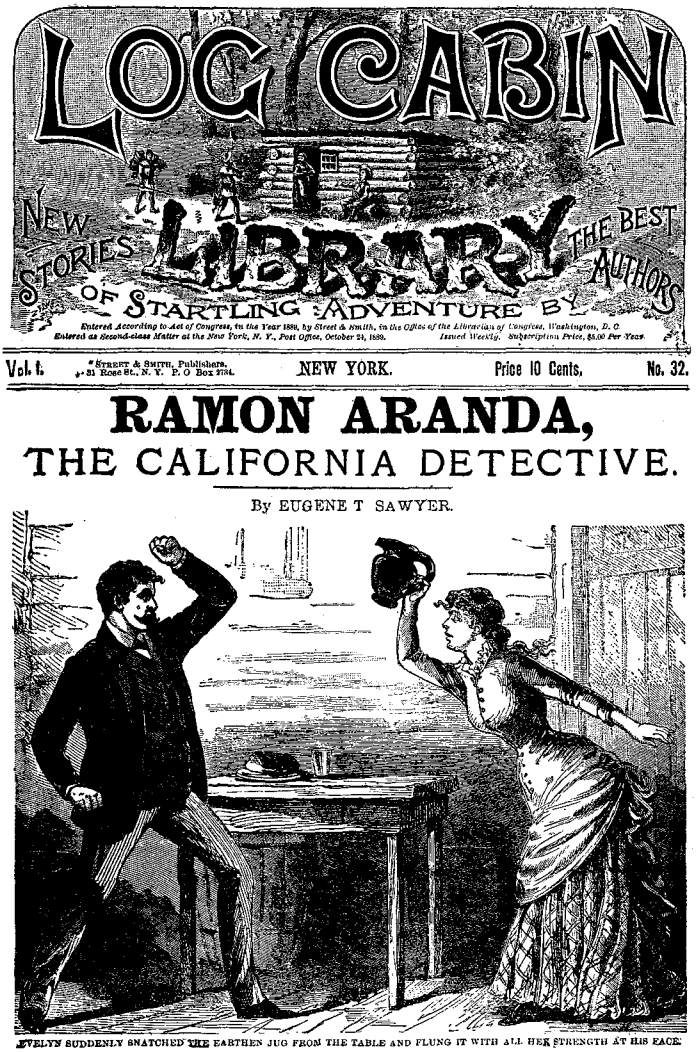
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when your nerves forbid ethical discussions. But as to my beginning, my first pot-boiling was done by accident. My wife was sick at home and I was nursing her. I soon had read everything in the house and had to borrow of a neighbour. All he had was a pile of *New York Weeklies,* and when I had finished them I was so absorbed in the gentlemen who gag bandits and ladies who wear daggers in their bosoms, human hounds and boy ferrets, that I thought I'd try it myself and have some of the fun of writing. I sent my stuff to the same weekly and got $150 by return mail. They say that dime-novel writers are born, not made. It isn't so easy as it looks. Of course, I never made any claims to literary quality, and never tried for a 'style.' My books were, frankly, 'pot-boilers,' and I think I have sense of humour enough to know where they stand. Still, Louisa Alcott did it once. I'm on a bad eminence, I know. But though my work was all trashy, it never pandered to any depraved tastes. For a dime novel you require only three things—a riotous imagination, a dramatic instinct and a right hand that never tires. I never revised a line or crossed out a word. But I doubt if every one could write that way, offhand, as it were, and turn out a story that a messenger boy could no more leave half done than a fox terrier could stop in the pursuit of a rat."

There was no doubt that he had a sense of humour. Dignified, gentle, affable, the quiet editor of a quiet paper in a quiet town, his work is, perhaps, as well known and as dearly loved as any author of repute. He has written not one, but many novels that have sold into the hundreds of thousands. Hall Caine and Marie Corelli might walk down Fifth Avenue hand in hand without creating the enthusiasm this grey-eyed man would meet were he recognised by the Great Unwashed as the original "Nick Carter."

And I am wondering if, rather than being remembered as another brighter light of a similar name is, by surreptitious fugitive bits of lewd verse and prose, I would not prefer to be known—in the hearts of the telegraph messengers—as the author of *Giuseppe, the Weasel, Murdered for Revenge, Looted in Transit* and *A Dead Man's Hand*—as Eugene Sawyer, the Best of Worst Novelists!

Gelett Burgess.



RAMON ARANDA,
THE CALIFORNIA DETECTIVE.

By EUGENE T SAWYER.

EVELYN SUDDENLY SNATCHED THE EARTHEN JUG FROM THE TABLE AND FLUNG IT WITH ALL HER STRENGTH AT HIS FACE.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ATTACKING THE NEWSPAPERS

It happened not long ago that some one, annoyed beyond measure by the way the world was wagging at that time, threw the blame of it all, as usual, on the newspapers. Slaves of novelty we may be, yet it is an odd thing about current writing that certain topics seem to recur in obedience to a rhythmic law, and to be discussed in about the same language. Society is a good-natured giant with no memory, and it is always safe to print a petulant article on the degeneracy of the press, and, for that matter, to revive the question, Is Woman Growing Worse, or Do Riches Corrupt their Possessor? And if a man have an emphatic little essay on any of these themes or on the subject of Progress and Paresis (showing how the buzz and hurry of our modern life smash our nervous system), we assure him he can have it printed and paid for four times a year if he changes his editor. Ebb-tide topics, some call them, because they emerge from the eel-grass of journalism whenever the waters of thought recede. But they are a sign of the moral steadfastness of the race, and a proof that the usual reader, whatever else he may be, is never the least bit *blasé*. One hears a good deal about the complicated modern man, his nerves and his haste, and his fevers and all that; but in so far as he is represented by the writings of the day, is he not a simple enough fellow? He takes his topics as he takes his meals—the same thing, at about the same intervals.

The press, it seems, is a tutelary institution of superhuman origin, having no other office than to safeguard our liberties and uplift our souls, and when it is perverted to a baser use it is as if an imp were to blow some ribald tune through Gabriel's trumpet. That, at least, is the spirit of these reproofs, newspaper writers being viewed, not as blundering men, but as fallen angels. We wish to be behind no man in rebuking sin, but we hold that it is sometimes proper to dismount from our moral cockhorse and talk more on the level. If we must attack the newspapers, let it be as critics, not as crusaders, for the people who write for them are under no stricter obligations than ourselves, and they are weak precisely where we are weak—in wit rather than in morals—the ratio being ten ninnies to one wicked man, both in the press and out of it. Some sort of a humane philosophy is needed for this theme; but there is rarely a sign of anything but a crabbed zeal and a moral standard far too big for any other business. And in spite of the devil's well-known intellectual charms, they call the "yellow" papers diabolical, and when every one's grudge against his newspaper is that it produces in him no sensation at all, they thunder against "sensationalism." The whole discussion is pitched too high, it seems to some of us.

No other profession is so wept over. An anonymous writer recently told how, as a newspaper man, he had started out with the noblest aims only to find that in order to succeed he had to "pander to the Most Low," that his public did not "care for good writing," and that "the worse a paper is, the more influence it has." So he suppressed part of the news, and coloured the rest, and levied blackmail, and became utterly cynical and so bad that he dared not look "his high ideals in their waxen faces." And the story was instantly caught up and reappeared in one place or another under the heading Can a Journalist be an Honest Man? followed by the most awful reflections. Newspaper men are always running down their profession; and if they are young they are apt to be very Byronic about it indeed, confessing to far higher talents and greater virtues than the public has any use for. And the augurs pounce upon these things as signs of the times, and throw us into a panic over the state of the country, and perhaps of the world, and we have the eloquence of our discouragement and pitch into the papers, particularly the one with the tall letters that the cook reads. There is a cruel emphasis on the moral side of the thing, as if we were to reprove every man we caught smoking a bad cigar.

It may be selfish, but a good many of us blame newspapers less for the harm they do than for the pleasure they fail to give. The loss of Mr. Godkin and Mr. Dana has, apart from everything else, diminished the available supply of mere heathen entertainment. From the eulogies of Mr. Godkin that appeared after his death you might suppose he was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

missed for his virtues alone; and, no doubt, he himself measured his success by the success of his causes. As if the whole story of a man's life could be summed up in the side he took! As a people, we are not particularly gracious in these matters, and we look our gift-horses in the mouth. The invigorating quality of Mr. Godkin's writing is worth a thousand times more to us than any reform he ever championed. A talent like his was a bounty alike for saints and sinners, which is precisely what a talent should be. From a heavenly point of view, it may make all the difference whether Mr. Godkin was right or wrong; but how can we pretend to a heavenly point of view when again and again we have seen him utterly wrong and wholly delightful? A man's opinions may be deeply grieved and the man enjoying himself all the while; and the readers of Mr. Godkin miss the lively company even of his prejudices. Reform is everlasting, but these personal gifts are not replaced. The press is a better news machine than it used to be, and as an opinion-mill it is quite as good; but it is harder to tell its writers apart, and behind the editorial "we" there is seldom a sign of an individual mind. That may seem a small matter, and if there were to be a mass meeting to-morrow for the reform of the press, you may be sure it would not be mentioned. But we are poor, weak fleshlings, and we remain on this earth, in part, at least, for the fun of it, and the intellect craves its cakes and ale, and, try as we will, we cannot love people for their views alone, or choose our friends for their principles. There is no use in trying to drag every cause before the court of conscience; some things must go to a lower court. But here, too, one might make a moral point as befits a Son of the Puritans, for *ennui* is the father of many sins, and blessed is he that makes us lively in our minds and keeps our naughty bodies out of mischief. He is better than a hair-shirt worn next the skin.

The land has long been insufficiently amused, and it seems as if even a patriot might own that it is a humdrum interval. The hewers of reform and drawers of morals have much the best of it, for there are a million sermons to one work of art. And, after all, the country must not only be saved but lived in, and the horizon wears an altogether secular smile, and between the clutches of conscience one must find something to do. The trouble with newspapers is that they are not more life-like, do not tell the whole story, do not speak in a natural tone of voice. They share this character with American literature, which is a literature of suppressed inclinations. It is only at rare intervals that there appears some one like Mr. Godkin, who has the air of being at ease with his own thoughts. This is merely the country's bad luck, and not at all to be remedied by the terrific moral invective we read now and then on the subject. Last month, for example, there appeared an even more fierce arraignment than the one we quoted above:

> Now between the timorous inanity of the respectable commercialised press and the insanity of the yellow journalism, where is the chance for light and leading for this newspaper-reading country? If the salt has lost its savour, wherewith shall this great democracy get the relish for public issues necessary for the proper digestion of the elements of the exacting problems of self government.

This does not represent our ordinary human feelings toward newspapers. It is a cannonade *en masse*, when what is needed is an invitation to the individual. It is absurd to blame any group of men because they do not hoist up morally all the rest of us; but it is a very serious thing, indeed, that any good, companionable mind should remain in hiding. That is what chiefly bothers us outsiders, such of us, at least, as are not worried to death about the world, lest somebody may break it. It is not at all necessary to be forever kissing the President's toe; nor need one be constantly trundling heavy loads over the cobblestones of his convictions, nor tied so tight to the "policy" that he cannot breathe. Say what you will about the public, we are not a pompous people, and we prefer a living man to any sort of a moral package, though, of course, it is not always safe to say so; and no doubt there are many to whom the platform is more delightful than the soul, and who enjoy nothing they disagree with. So if a good thing be brought to their notice, they worry about its possible influence, like the man who resents your enjoyment of the cool weather because it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

may be bad for the bean crop—bad for somebody or something somewhere—he is certain to find it out. It is in this spirit that they judge the newspapers, and it forces these discussions under the shadow of Plymouth Rock, where few of us can stay with any comfort.

F. M. Colby.

THE BASES OF THE DRAMA

II. The Actor.

Among the conservative-minded the actor, generically speaking, has created a slight prejudice against himself by a constant possessive reference to The Profession, as if his alone of all the æsthetic arts were removed above the plane of trade. But then, has not his brother of the paint-brush also been a thought arrogant in his monopoly of the title Artist? And is the degree Professor wholly free from the blame that attaches itself to self-constituted trusts? In the actor's case this rather theatric assumption of dignity comes on the reactionary swing of time's pendulum with the force of a tacit protest against the persecution of the ages. Yesterday the histrion stood a Peri at the social gate. The day before yesterday to be a strolling player was to take chances of being pilloried, whipped from the parish boundaries. But nowadays, when innocent amusement is legitimated, when Methodists dance and Quakers sing and Puritan husbands kiss their wives on Sunday, those same parish bounds are not large enough to hold the actor. He walks abroad encompassed with a grease-paint, lime-light glamour; social gatherings are flattered by his presence; the hoardings are decorated with his lithographed presentment, the rapt expression of an acolyte on its perennially youthful, clean-shaven face; public prints devote no more space to the affairs of nations than to a consideration of his personal habits, experiments in matrimony, his clothes. And then one runs across him on some fortunate occasion when the foolish portion of his public is not forcing him into an exhibitory pose, and finds him generally a first-rate good fellow, often a highly cultivated gentleman, with no nonsense but much everyday human nature about him. One rather sympathises with him, though without entirely acquitting him of complicity, because the world never will permit him, like other craftsmen, sometimes to leave his shop behind him at the end of his day's work. Then one realises that to do so would be an impossibility, from the inherent nature of his work. Other men earn their living by their hands, their heads, their vocal chords, while the actor's stock-in-trade is his full bodily presence and equipment, his complete physical man, no less than his psychic individuality. No one whose work is wrought by inward force and fire ever can absolutely lay aside its outward and visible sign. The orator, the preacher, the public man of any kind never can quite become again the undifferentiated private citizen; some turn of expression, some trick of his trade, sooner or later is bound to betray him. If you doubt this, call up your rector on the telephone, for instance, and note the mellow quality of intonation in the way he says Hello! And, spectacularly considered, while your rector is yours only as to so much of him as appears above the pulpit, by the same token the actor is yours from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot. Ability to demonstrate, not point of view, but the entire spiritual range, from virtue's highest soarings to the lowest depths of vice, is expected of him; his training is all in the nature of temperamental expressiveness; he must be able to run the full

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gamut of emotion in his art. Can you wonder, then, if when you put him side by side in invidious comparison with folk whose life-long habit is socially to repress, disguise, conceal, he may possibly appear somewhat exaggerated?

But all this concerns itself with the man. Let us now place him where he best likes to be and where he belongs: upon the boards. Here without impertinence he may be considered scenically. His private life is his private business, even as yours is yours; but here he is public property in the sense that the pyramids are public property, St. Peter's, or any other art-expression. As such also he must be respected. So long as he is the interpreter of an art-conception, for you, either as an individual or a mass, to thrust on him any mark of personal recognition, or to ask him to betray so much as a momentary cognisance of your presence, either as an acquaintance or an audience, is an impropriety of the first order of heinousness against dramatic art. Of course, a happy day will come when such an elementary rule in the ethics of the stage will be not only assented to but followed, but as yet both theatre and public are shameless sinners in this respect. For example, at a matinée performance of an attractive play given recently at one of the leading New York theatres the critical spectator's sense of illusion received a painful blow when the eccentric housemaid of the comedy returned to the stage after her every exit to bow and smile acknowledgments for the laughter her part and the rendering of her part evoked. When the amiable gentleman who presides over this particular temple of Thespis was remonstrated with, he came as near as a manager can come to a blush, and explained that he allowed this barbarous practice at matinées, "because it pleases the girls!" Now, while it always is gratifying to please the girls, nevertheless the stage has an educational duty toward the girls, one of which is, even in a flimsy comedy, not to give them spurious notions about art. The girls must be encouraged to play the game fairly if the drama is to grow artistically, as it should in a country where as an amusement it is deservedly dear to the public heart. The girls will have to be reminded that the stage is a room with a full complement of walls, and that though the one facing the auditorium is invisible, none the less it is operative, in the action of the play. What would be said of a housemaid in real life who, after leaving a room, should return to bow and smile and scrape to a wall!

A great man is said to have set a great example in resisting personal temptation to step outside the stage illusion. There is an anecdote about one William Shakespeare which, albeit apocryphal, is so good as to be what the Irishman termed a Benjamin Trovatore. While he was enacting some rôle, Queen Elizabeth tried to attract his attention with a greeting . . . and failed. Crossing the stage, as the custom of the day allowed, in front of him, again the Queen tried to attract Mr. Shakespeare's attention, and again she failed. Recrossing the stage, she dropped her glove before his eyes, but the challenge remained unheeded; the lady failed, the Queen failed, to divert the artist from his work. At the close of his scene, the courtier came to the rescue of the actor, but at no sacrifice of art. The exit speech was given with this impromptu supplement:

> And though now bent on this high embassy,
> Yet stoop we to take up our cousin's glove!

The fashion of a direct appeal from the persons of the play to the spectators belongs to a bygone era when at the drama's conclusion the characters lined up, and in quaint doggerel besought the suffrages of the men and women in front of them; but the epilogue, artificial as it now seems, at any rate was in consonance with the nature of play, and was far less inartistic than the prevailing vogue, which summons a corpse to rise and bow acknowledgments while the spectators applaud him for the verisimilitude with which he has just died! The invisible fourth wall of the scene must be respected. Let all the curses of the comminations rest on those who would remove the landmark!

All other æsthetic arts are motionless, or mute, or inarticulate. All other æsthetic arts tell their story by arresting, symbolising, crystallising life. But after life has been translated into drama, for its presentation it must undergo a retranslation through a living medium, employing real men and women to embody fictitious

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

men and women. This is one of the many conditions that complicate a cold-blooded exposition of the theatre, and this also is a prime reason why art as such, with unwavering hand, must draw her magic circle about the play, because moving with the movements of life before our eyes, speaking to our minds, our hearts, with the human voice, too often in criticism it happens that the eidolon usurps the place of the original; too often the drama is measured by the standards of life without a proper understanding of its licenses and limitations in the realm of art.

But to return to the actor. Not for one minute is it to be supposed that in foregoing his estate as an individual while on the stage is he to renounce his individuality. On the contrary, this is one of his paramount tools. A master mind creates a master part; a Hamlet, for example, which, over and above its acting opportunities, is strongly individual, a tremendous personality; no artist can hope even approximately to realise Hamlet unless he brings a marked personality of his own to the interpretation; and the more he allows this positive force of his to be swayed and dominated by that of Shakespeare's creation, the more will his own personal gifts and quality delight and dominate his audiences. Many a man has played Hamlet acceptably, intelligently, while but few have realised him, for the reason that it needs genius not only to enter into genius, but also to assimilate and interpret it with illumination. And of these few ideal Hamlets no two have been alike, according to that mysterious law by which no two faces are exact counterparts, no two voices vibrate in perfect unison. The similarity between all master-renderings of Hamlet or of any other great part will be found far below the surface in a general fidelity to the psychic and spiritual lines on which the part was conceived. Superficial variants do but emphasise the underlying structural identity, just as in the case where four men bearing testimony to a supreme event and desiring above all things to announce it truthfully to the nations differed as to many minor particulars in their several records—differed in all but the essential truth.

The exact relation of actor to part always has been a topic fruitful in debate. Certain artists of high achievement depose that while on the boards their consciousness never for one minute lets go of itself beneath the studied rôle; that the stage always remains the stage and themselves actors, playing a part. Others declare that for the time they become so completely merged in the character they personate that it amounts to an obsession in which they seem actually to be living out the life of the marionette within the puppet-booth, the person in the play. Probably each school impinges more upon the heels of the other than it is quite aware of doing; probably a thin overlay of consciousness always is awake to the artificial surroundings, the absence of genuine passion in its antiphones, the presence of the multitude. And, meanwhile, probably the understrappers of the sub-consciousness are bearing the brunt of the artistic burden by a hypnotic self-surrender to the occasion's emotional demands. It is likely that the histrions who are the readiest to explain by what methods they arrive at an effect achieve their finest triumphs when by some happy accident they forget both their method and themselves and play the part with an abandon, a spontaneity that would appear to be the result of Heavenly inspiration. But what an amount of serious preparation the inspirational moment presupposes! The temple must be built, must be kept in order, before ever the divine spirit will descend to dwell therein. Great results in the art of acting can spring only from great cultivation of great natural endowments. This cultivation may have been acquired in no academy; generally it is the pupil of that severest, most uncompromising master, experience, but in some way or another it surely must have been paid for, and at no mean price. Watch the amateur, the talented amateur, at a rehearsal: often he delivers his lines well, with refinement and some hint of dramatic gift, but the chances are that while the other actors are speaking, instead of suffering their communication to reflect itself in his countenance, his attitude, he has relapsed into his private character and is merely awaiting his own turn with rigid impassivity. Rarely does he project his entire being into his rôle; rarely does he comprehend that his telling work must show itself in those silent spaces between the lines. It is in the way

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an actor receives communications, rather than that in which he delivers his own, that his art is most severely taxed; for, paradoxical as it sounds, the greatest art in acting consists in being acted upon. A splendid result in histrionism implies primarily a perfect conception of the desired effect, no matter how lofty the ideal, how unattainable its realisation seems to be. And then every muscle of the body must be plastic, every tone of the voice flexible, a trained servant whose implicit response to its owner's will is fixed beyond all doubt. When on such a truly modulated instrument a high conception plays, then one understands why the names of Siddons, Garrick, Rachel, and other hierarchs of a perishable art-expression will live side by side with those of Raphael, Canova, Michelangelo, and all who have left visible memorials of their genius. It is by the intrinsic truth of this conception, this ideal of a part, verified by the artistic consistency with which he carries it out, that an actor must be judged, and not by his explanation of what methods he may think he employs when interviewed. An artistic result of any value always must transcend all calculated methods, though these may have been used as leading strings till the artist has found his power. Were this not so, every apt pupil would develop into a master, every conscientious artisan become a sublime artist. Herein also lies the reason that while good—yes, very good—actors are legion, great actors are the rarest of the rare. To act is a first instinct with the human child, born of the self-preservative need that enables a chameleon to change its hue; accordingly, any intelligent person can acquire the rudiments of the art and learn to play at least a limited range of characters acceptably; but technique and intelligence are not enough. The untaught, unteachable faculty of affecting an audience with a sense of spontaneity and charm is a talent to be prayed for; but that is not enough. Add to physical equipment an honest craftsmanship and that indefinable personal quality called magnetism, then add to these the power of forming a true and consistent ideal of the concept of a great creative genius, and you have the great interpretative genius, the high-priest of histrionic art.

Is it asked which of the two arts, the creative or the interpretative, is the higher? Let us dispose of the question by calling them sequent, complementary. Also, let us recognise that great dramatists are rarer than great histrions. The world has seen many Hamlets to one Shakespeare.

A fact so obvious as to seem a truism may here be stated with regard to the relation between the personality of a rôle and that of its exemplifier: an actor never need be, often should not be, that which he is called upon to simulate. The historic ghost usually is an able-bodied man. The Juliets of fairest renown have been of an age to be mother, sometimes, it is whispered, grandmother, to "Come Lammas eve at night she shall be fourteen," and this for the reason that it takes the sophistication of the thirties histrionically to depict the unsophistication of the teens. The art of it all consists in presenting to the audience an effect of reality, not a meretricious realism. The drunken character must needs be sober; the starving heroine will do her best work if, as a woman, she is well fed. The "old man" may well be advanced in years, since the youthful are prone to exaggerate the decrepitude of age; but even so, the "old man" must have a robust physique to sustain the illusion of senescence, the quavering voice, the feeble gait, at an even level, night after night and matinées!

It is not to be doubted that in assigning rôles the happiest results arise when some chord in the temperament of the impersonator vibrates sympathetically to the strain in which the dramatist conceived the part. Does this imply, asks some one, that for a man to play Iago well his nature must be streaked with treachery, that a successful Lear will be an unreasonable parent in domestic life? Heaven forfend! It means that for the time being the actor must be able to project himself with sympathy into the mould that fashioned Lear; that he must enter with illumination into the psychism of treachery. Often it happens that the most felicitous characterisations are in rôles whose salient proclivities are complementary to, or alien from, the actor's own. Stage villains often are exemplary members of the community; clowns, notably, are sad in private life. The actor's art lies in his ability through his imagina-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion to place himself in such close rapport, psychic and temperamental, with his rôle that wherever it may lead him he can translate it to his audiences with love. And here let me say that the pronoun "he" is used inclusively, since a large proportion of the world's famous actors have been actresses. The highest tribute a play can receive is that people seeing it forget that anybody wrote it: the highest tribute an actor can receive is that people seeing him forget that he does but play a part. After all, it is with the results that audiences are concerned, not with the multifold processes requisitioned to produce them. Frequently it is inquired, "Does So-and-so cry real tears upon the stage?" Or it is complained that So-and-so no longer can be young enough for rôles of youthful romance. Or it is asserted that the great So-and-so does not act, but simply *is* his part! Does it never occur to these fatuous souls what acting, what perfection of acting, dwells in simply being a part, and not one, but many parts, and not only on one golden night of inspiration, but at the end of a long day's travel, or after having heard bad news from home, and year in and season out. At least give the artist credit for concealing the little arts of art! When So-and-so ceases to affect his audiences with the illusion of romantic youth, then, and not till then, proclaim him histrionically old! And as for crying real tears, that is a matter of temperament, of stage habit, or method of producing an effect. The question is, "Does So-and-so make you and me cry real tears?" If so, ah, then, what art!

The cardinal rules of conduct apply equally to art: as a man spiritually must lose his life that he may find it, so must the artist surrender all self-consciousness that he may arrive at the ideal expression in his art. The artist's quest of truth is like the test of Merlin's "Siege Perilous;" when a man took his seat in that magic chair, seeking its gifts of knowledge and understanding for selfish ends, it seized on him, engulfing him to his destruction; but when one came there single of purpose, and, seeking the noblest ideal, to such it vouchsafed a clear-eyed vision of the truth!

Marguerite Merington.

ESTRANGEMENT

It was so hard to say good-bye,
To drift apart from you,
But harder still to live the lie
That swept the long years through.

Oh, better, dear, it were that we
Down different paths should stray;
Better for us to part than be
So close, yet far away!

Charles Hanson Towne.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RODS AND GUNNELS

He who knows but one class of tramps can no more understand that class of tramps than he who knows but one language can understand that language. This is indisputable. And out of this non-misunderstanding, or partial understanding, much erroneous information is given forth to those who do not know tramps at all. And not only is this unjust to those who do not know, but it is unjust to the tramp. It is the intention of this brief article to correct some of this misinformation; and it is as an old-time tramp, a "comet," one who has served his "road-kid" and "gay-cat" apprenticeship, that I shall speak thus authoritatively.

When I say that the average tramp does not understand Trampland, it will be readily understood that the average sociologist, tentatively dabbling, does not and cannot understand Trampland. A single instance of this should suffice. Now it is notorious that Eastern tramps do not know how to "railroad." The tramp whose habitat has been confined to the East and South can no more "hold down" a train in spite of a "horstile" crew than can he step into Rockefeller's office and "hold down" Standard Oil. Conditions do not demand it. He is not trained to it. The crews are rarely "horstile." Speaking out of my own experience, I have been but twice put off trains between the Mississippi and the Atlantic Ocean; while west of the Mississippi I have been put off, and thrown off, and beaten off more times than I can recollect.

But the instance I have in mind. In professional Trampland the United States over, "riding the rods" has a specific meaning. It characterises, not various kinds of acts, but one particular act. Yet the average Eastern tramp and the average Eastern tramp-investigator do not know what this particular act is. The ordinary tramp hears the professional tramp, the comet, or the tramp-royal, speak of "riding the rods," and, utterly ignorant of what the rods are (because he has never had to ride them), he confuses them with the gunnels and concludes that he, too, has "ridden the rods." And not only this, for he describes the operation to the tramp-investigator, poses on the gunnels before a camera, and the erroneous picture is reproduced in our magazines, labeled "Riding the Rods."

Now, what are the gunnels? As correctly described but incorrectly named, they are "the truss rods which, after the fashion of bridge trusses, support the middle stretch of the car between trucks." They are heavy iron rods which run lengthwise with the car, and which differ in number and shape according to the make of the car. While they occur on passenger coaches, no one ever dreams of riding them except on freight cars. And by those who know and who set the pace in Trampland, they are named "gunnels." And be it remarked parenthetically that criteria are required in Trampland as well as any other land. Somebody must set the pace, give the law, sanction usage.

Anybody with arms and legs can ride the gunnels. It requires no special trick or nerve, and this in the face of the dictum of the ordinary tramp (the "gay-cat" and stew-bum), who swells pridefully and narrates valorously in the presence of the stray and passing sociologist.

But to "ride the rods" requires nerve, and skill, and daring. And, by the way, there is but one rod, and it occurs on passenger coaches. Idiomatically, it becomes "rods," just as idiomatically we speak of "riding trains." As a matter of fact, I have never yet met a man who made a practice of riding more than one train at a time. But to return. One

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

never rides the gunnels on "passengers;" one never rides the rods on "freights." Also, between the rod on a "four-wheeler" and the rod on a "six-wheeler" there is the difference of life and death.

A four-wheel truck is oblong in shape, and is divided into halves by a cross-partition. What is true of one-half is true of the other half. Between this cross-partition and the axle is a small lateral rod, three to four feet in length, running parallel with both the partition and the axle. This is *the* rod. There is more often than not another rod, running longitudinally, the air-brake rod. These rods cross each other; but woe to the tyro who takes his seat on the brake-rod! It is not *the* rod, and the chance is large that the tyro's remains will worry and puzzle the county coroner.

Let me explain how such a rod is ridden. One may take his seat on it when the train is stationary. This is comparatively easy. But the "comet" and the "profesh," the men who ride despite "horstile" crews, are wont to take their seats while the train is under way. This is how it is done, and since I have done it often, for clearness let me describe it in the first person:

The train is pulling out and going as fast as a man can run, or even faster. Time, night or day; to one who is familiar it does not matter. I stand alongside the track. The train is approaching. With a quick eye I select the coach and truck—the for'ard truck, so that, sheltered by the cross-partition, I shall avoid "punching the wind." I begin to run gently in the direction the train is going. As "my" truck comes closer I hit up my pace, and just before it reaches me I make one swift spurt, so that when it is abreast of me the respective velocities of the train and myself are nearly equalised. At this moment (and it must be the moment of moments and neither the moment before nor the moment after), at this moment I suddenly stoop, reach under the car and seize hold of the first gunnel; and at this same instant I lift my feet from the ground, swing my body under the car and bring my feet to rest on the brake-beam. The posture is undignified and perilous. My feet are merely resting, my whole weight is supported by my arms, the car above me is rolling and jolting, and my back is toward the rails singing beneath.

But, hand over hand, I haul myself in till I am standing in a doubled position on the brake-beam. It will be noted that I am still *outside* the truck. Between the top of the truck and the bottom of the car is a narrow space, barely sufficient to admit a man's body. Through this I squeeze, in such manner that my feet still remain *outside* the truck on the brake-beam, my stomach is pressed against the *top* of the truck, and my head and shoulders, unsupported, are *inside* the truck. I say "unsupported," and I mean it, for beneath my chest is the rapidly revolving axle. This I dare not touch, but must thrust my head and trunk, snake fashion, over and past it and down till I can lay my hands on either the brake-rod or the cross-rod. This done, my head and shoulders are now lower than my hips (which are on top the truck), and I must draw my hips, legs and feet over and down across that moving axle without touching. Squirming and twisting, this is accomplished, and I sit down on the cross-rod, back resting against the side of the truck, one shoulder against the cross-partition, the other shoulder within a couple of inches of the whirling wheel. My legs are disposed along the rod to where my feet rest on it at the opposite end within an inch or so of the other wheel. More than once I have had a wheel rasp against my shoe or whizz greasily on my shoulder. Six or eight inches beneath me are the ties, bounding along at thirty, forty, or fifty miles an hour, and all in the world between is a slender swaying rod as thick as a man's first finger. Dirt and gravel are flying, the car is bounding overhead, the earth flashing away beneath, there is clank and clash, and rumble and roar, and . . . this is "riding the rods."

As I write I have before me my "ticket." I have ridden countless miles on it. It is a piece of three-quarter-inch pine, well seasoned, four inches wide by five long. Across it a rude groove has been gashed with a jack-knife. Into this groove the rod fits, and on this piece of wood the man sits. It is a small affair. When not in use I carried it in my hip pocket. Yet I have seen the passing sociologist and tramp-investigator, in the course of mis-describing rod-riding,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

speak of "tickets" which were four-foot planks!

I remember being "ditched" on a little "jerk" road in the French country near Montreal. With me were two other "stiffs," Vancouver Ned and Chi Slim. Vancouver Ned was a tramp-royal. He was just back from across the pond and was returning to Vancouver. Chi Slim, as his "monica" denotes, hailed from Chicago. He thought of himself as a "blowed in-the-glass stiff," and so far as his experience went he was so blown, but his experience was quite limited. His seven years of tramping had been narrowly confined. He was not a product of rigid selection. A certain repressed eagerness alternated with fits of timidity, and one could see at a glance that this was his first big adventure. He had broken out of his habitat and was at last on the great "road." And as befitted one honoured by the companionship of a "comet" and a tramp-royal, he deemed it necessary to put on a wise "front." He was a bold, bad man, and the chests he threw amused Vancouver Ned and me. Since he was bound West, we knew he stood in need of education, and Vancouver Ned kindly proceeded to "put him wise" concerning the "railroading" he would have to do ere he achieved West. Vancouver Ned mentioned riding the rods as necessary for getting over the ground. Oh, he knew all about riding the rods, did Chi Slim; he was no "gay cat." I saw that he needed fetching down a peg or so, told him that I knew he did not know, and challenged him to go down to the railroad yards and show us the rods. He led the way confidently, and, as we had suspected, pointed in triumph to the gunnels!

Another current and widespread misconception is that the train crews (the "shacks"), if they wished, could prevent all tramps from riding. It is undeniable that if they tried they could prevent many tramps from riding, but it is deniable that they could prevent all. There are probably some several thousand tramps in the United States who can successfully defy any such attempt, while the very attempt would develop many thousand more—the men who "hold down" trains in spite of the crews "horstile" or otherwise. I have forced an Overland Mail to stop five times, and then indulged the anxious-eyed passengers with a rough-and-tumble with the "shacks" before I was finally "ditched." But this was in broad daylight and I was handicapped. Had it been night time, barring accidents, they could not have kept me off. But they were carrying the mails, and a policy of stopping five times for every tramp along the track is on the face of it absurd. As Josiah Flynt has pointed out, to completely rid a railroad of tramps a police service is necessary. The trainmen have other functions to perform. And as to the brakemen being passively consenting parties to the free freightage of hobos, well, and what of it? It's easier to than not to; and further, more than one over-zealous "shack" has been strewn in fragments along the right of way by tramps who elected to become "horstile."

The point of this article is: *that when the lesser local tramps are themselves ignorant of much of the real "road," the stray and passing sociologist, dealing only with the lesser local tramps, must stand in corresponding ignorance.* Such investigators do not deal with the genuine "profesh." The tramps they probe and dissect are mere creatures, without perspective, incapable of "sizing up" or understanding the Underworld in which they live. These are the *canaille* and *bourgeoisie,* these "gay cats," "bindle stiffs," "stake men," "shovel bums," "mushers," "fakirs" and "stew bums." As well might the Man from Mars get a lucid and philosophic exposition of twentieth-century sublunary society from a denizen of Mulberry Street as the stray and passing sociologist get a clear and searching exposition of the "road" from these men.

The "profesh" do not lend themselves to putting inquisitive "mugs" wise. They do not lend themselves to putting any one wise save their own "prushuns." Nor can the superficial investigator come to know the "profesh" by merely "hitting the road." So far as they are concerned, he will be despised as a "gay cat," or, in more familiar parlance, as a short horn, a tenderfoot, a new chum. He cannot know the "profesh" until he has hobnobbed with them, and he cannot hobnob with them until he has qualified. And he may be so made that he can never qualify. Thousands of men on the "road" are unfit to be "profesh;" it is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

impossible for them to be "profesh." The "profesh" are the aristocracy of their Underworld. They are the lords and masters, the aggressive men, the primordial noble men, the *blond beasts* of Neitzsche, lustfully roving and conquering through sheer superiority and strength. Unwritten is the law they impose. They are the Law, the Law incarnate. And the Underworld looks up to them and obeys. They are not easy of access. They are conscious of their own nobility and treat only with equals. Unless the investigator qualify, as Josiah Flynt qualified ("The Cigarette"), he will never know them. And unless he be able to qualify and know them, he will be no fit exponent of the Underworld to the Upperworld.

Jack London.

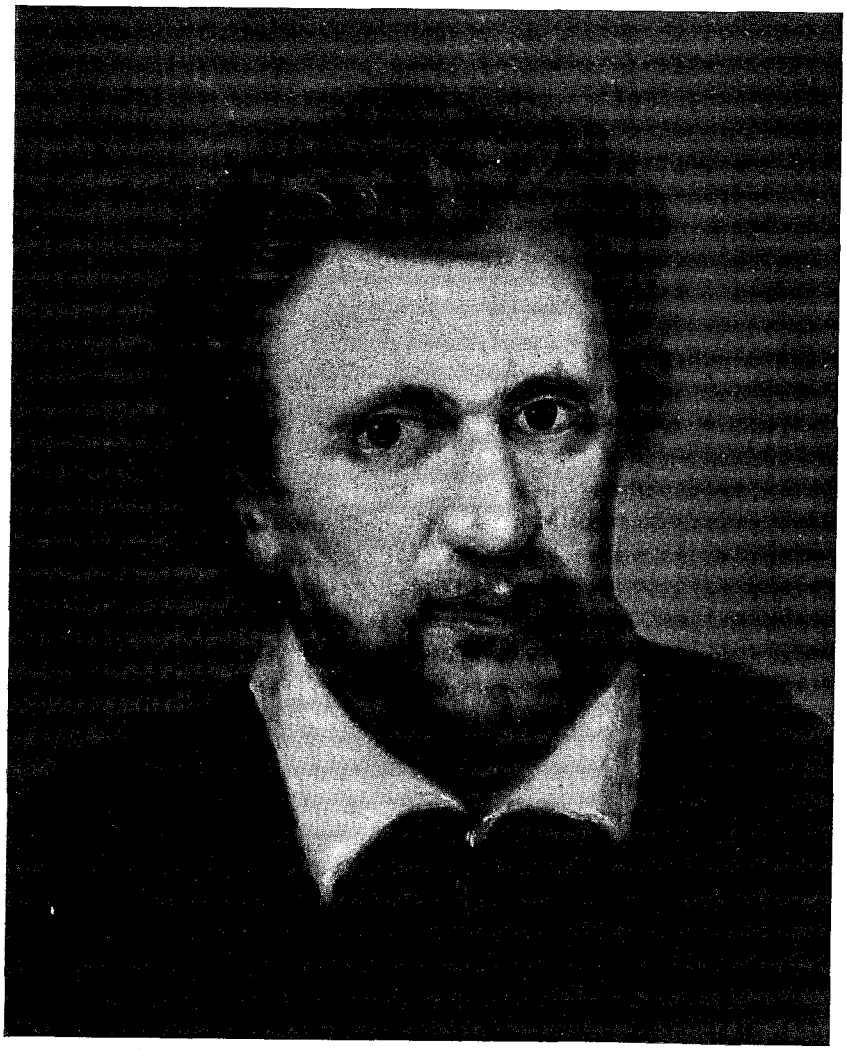
THE POETS LAUREATE OF ENGLAND

The practice of crowning with laurel victors in intellectual contests is said to have prevailed under the Roman Empire from Domitian till Theodosius, when it was abolished as a remnant of paganism. Petrarch was publicly crowned in the capitol of Rome, in 1341, and a picturesque description of the scene is preserved in Gibbon; Chaucer's Clerk of Oxenford, in the *Canterbury Tales,* says he has learned the story of Griselda from Petrarch, "the laureate poete." Tasso was laureated *post mortem* in April, 1595, the poet having unfortunately died the night before the ceremony was to have taken place. From an early period in the history of our English Court we find mention of an officer called "Versificator," *Protovates,* or *Archipoëta,* and in the thirteenth century the stipend attached to the post was one hundred shillings per annum. Robert Baston was minstrel on these terms to Edward II., whom he accompanied "up North;" but the victory he was especially engaged to celebrate did not come off. Baston was captured by the Scots, and had to write a poem to *their* taste before he could obtain his release. Chaucer had a pitcher of wine daily from the well-stocked table of Richard II., besides several royal grants. Chaucer was addressed as "laureate" by poetic disciples. Gower and Lydgate were also styled "laureates." "Beastly Skelton," whom "heads of houses quote," was, we know, *laureatus* at Oxford, as having attained his Baccalaureate in grammar, rhetoric and poetry; and in 1493 he was honoured with the same decoration at Cambridge. In 1504, Henry VII. marked his appreciation of his poetic skill by bestowing on him a dress, apparently of white and green, on which was embroidered in letters of silk and gold "Calliope." Skelton repeatedly described himself as "poet laureate." Henceforth the title became applied to the royal versificator. Gascoyne, Lyly and Richard Edwards were all Court poets in the earlier part of Elizabeth's reign. In February, 1591, the Queen gave proof of her appreciation of "The Faerie Queene" by granting Edmund Spenser a pension. The pension was to have been £100 a year, but Burleigh protested against such extravagance as unseemly, and the poet eventually received a grant of half that sum.

If a Court pension be sufficient to confer the title, Drayton and Daniel have similar claims with Spenser. Drayton was painted bearing a very bright laurel wreath, which gleams to this day in the National Portrait Gallery, just below the satyr-like portrait of Ben Jonson, and cheek by jowl with the Chandos Shakespeare. But it is more correct to withhold the title until we come to 1st February, 1616. On that day Ben Jonson received the title of Poet Laureate, and a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pension of one hundred marks, by Letters Patent under the Great Seal. The patent under which the existing laureateship is held is dated 26th March, 1630. By the terms of the renewed grant "for acceptable service done unto us and our said father by the said Benjamin Jonson," the annuity was augmented from one hundred marks to "one hundred pounds of lawful money," in addition to "one terse of Canary Spanish wine yearly," from the palace cellars at Whitehall. The pension was to be paid quarterly, and was the same sum that was paid to the King's physician. Jonson certainly earned every penny of his salary by the splendid series of masques which he produced in conjunction with Inigo Jones. Upon his death in August, 1637, the laurel was, after a delay of sixteen months, conferred, mainly through the interest of the Queen, upon Sir William Davenant. There was a rival in the field, Thomas May, who wrote thus tolerantly of his successful opponent: "He continued very steadfast in his old road, adhered to his old principles and his old friends, writing from time to time new poems, exhibiting new plays, and having the chief direction and management of the Court diversions so long as the disorders of those times would permit." But, alas! the



BEN JONSON, FIRST POET LAUREATE. APPOINTED 1616.
After Gerard Honthurst.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"troubles" supervened, and our brave laureate girded on his sword and fought at the siege of Gloucester; subsequently he was taken by the Roundheads and tried for his life. Milton, however, is said to have spoken on his behalf, a compliment which Davenant had the good fortune to be able to return in 1660. Martyn is said to have characterised him as a rotten ras-

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT, SECOND POET LAUREATE. APPOINTED 1638.
After Faithorne.

cal, not worth sacrificing. A wag remarked he trusted Davenant would never be blind, for if he were, he'd have nothing to hang his spectacles on. Suckling has a similar gibe in his *Session of the Poets*.

At the Restoration, Sir William Davenant, who had been poet laureate to Charles I. after the death of Ben Jonson, resumed his nominal presidency in the English world of letters by becoming poet laureate to Charles II. He was then fifty-four, and held the resumed post till his death in the year of the great Clarendon's fall, 1668. The performance of which he was proudest, however (and a literal *pièce de resistance*), was written while he was out of office. This was *Gondibert* (1651), an heroic poem, which Hobbes (the only man known to have read the poem through, as attested by his notes upon it) thought would last as long as the *Æneid* or the *Iliad*. Any attempt nowadays to read the poem continuously ends, says Professor Masson, in gentle stupefaction. Poor hand though he was at epic or lyric, in Davenant's plays there are still signs of faithful allegiance to the *grand siècle* of the English drama. His veneration for the memory of Shakespeare took, as is well known, a rather extreme form, for he accepted with an amused grin the improbable imputation that Shakespeare was his natural father. The lines "In Memory of Mr. William Shakespeare," by a man who had seen Shakespeare and been patted on the head by him, are not devoid of a certain interest:

> Beware, delighted poets, when you sing
> To welcome nature in the early spring.
> Your numerous feet not tread
> The banks of Avon; for each flower,
> As it ne'er knew a sun or shower,
> Hangs there the pensive head!

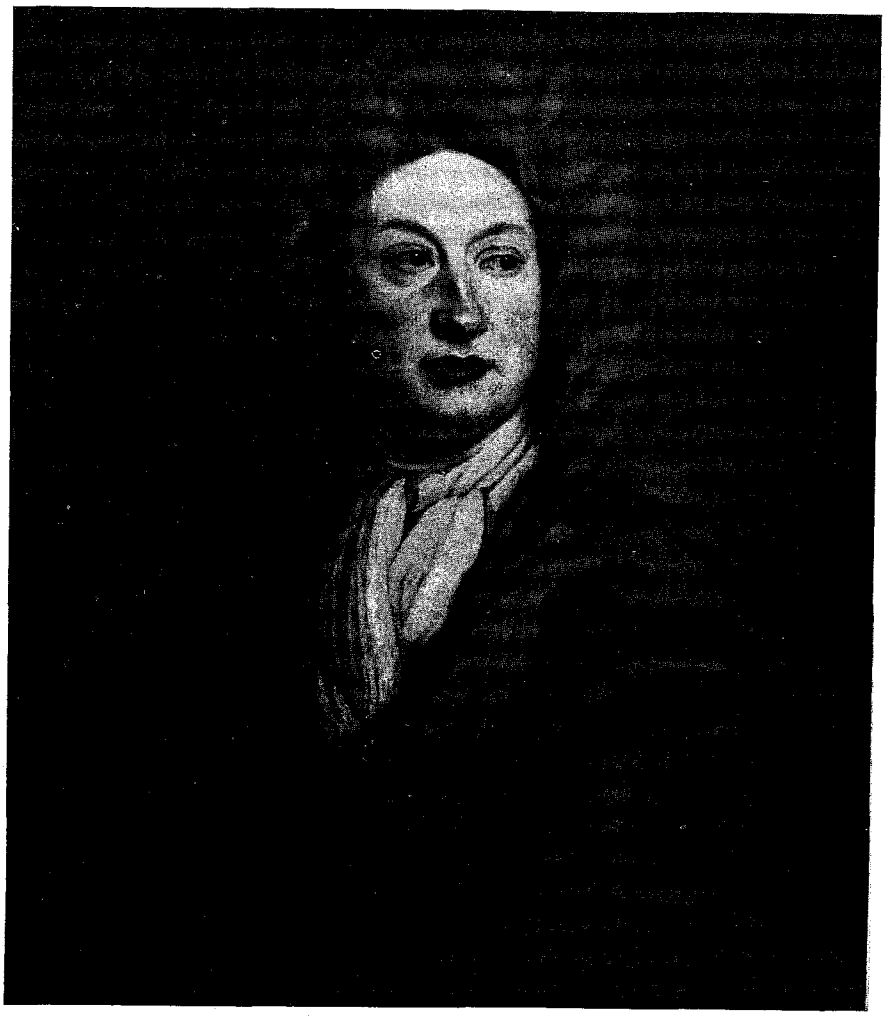
Davenant died on 7th April, 1668, and was buried in Westminster Abbey in a walnut wood coffin, which, Aubrey informs us, was the finest coffin Sir John Denham ever saw. On his tombstone was inscribed:

> O rare Sir William Davenant!

A successor was appointed in August, 1670, the posts of poet laureate and historiographer royal being temporarily combined and the salary fixed at £200, which was subsequently doubled. The offices had the further advantages of being sinecures. John Dryden would have been a wealthy man when he secured this appointment but for the fact that the royal salaries were usually two or three years in arrear. Of this laureate's numerous coat-turnings, and how he was satirised respectively by Buckingham, Shadwell and Blackmore as "Bayes," and as "Lau-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

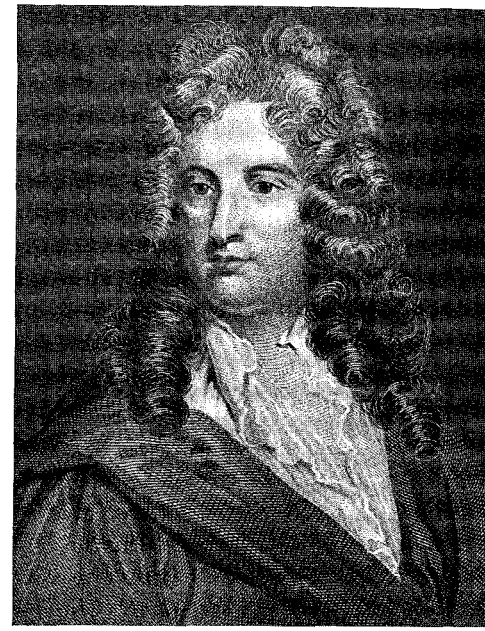
rus," it is necessary to say very little. Though first prominent as a panegyrist of Oliver Cromwell, he became a high and dry prerogative man, and no poet can have estimated the laurel crown so highly as he did, for rather than relinquish it, as he would otherwise have had to do when James II. came to the throne, he abandoned his religion and turned Roman Catholic. He was, however, in 1689, dispossessed of his place upon political grounds (for he could not as a Roman Catholic take the oath of supremacy and abjuration), in favour of his rival, Thomas Shadwell, and he died in Gerrard Street, Soho, a pensioner, not of the King, but of the Earl of Dorset, on 1st May, 1700. He was buried in Poet's Corner, hard by Chaucer and Cowley. His successor, Shadwell (whom he survived), was "an honest man," in the sense of being a good Whig; he was also an excellent fellow, very fat, but full of fun and good humour, as well as a clever epitomist of "humours," of "the tribe of Ben." Dryden, however, as might have been expected, did his best to make things uncomfortable for him. The capacity of the English tongue as an instrument of satire was hardly known until "Mac Flecnoe" appeared. Of the new Laureate he wrote:



JOHN DRYDEN, THIRD POET LAUREATE. APPOINTED 1670.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WILLIAM SHADWELL, FOURTH POET LAUREATE. APPOINTED 1689.



NICHOLAS ROWE, SIXTH POET LAUREATE. APPOINTED 1715.
After Sir Godfrey Kneller.

The midwife laid her hand on his thick skull
With the prophetic blessing: Be thou dull,
Drink, swear and roar; forbear no lewd delight
Fit for thy bulk—do anything but write.
Eat opium, mingle arsenic with thy drink,
Still thou may'st live, avoiding pen and ink.

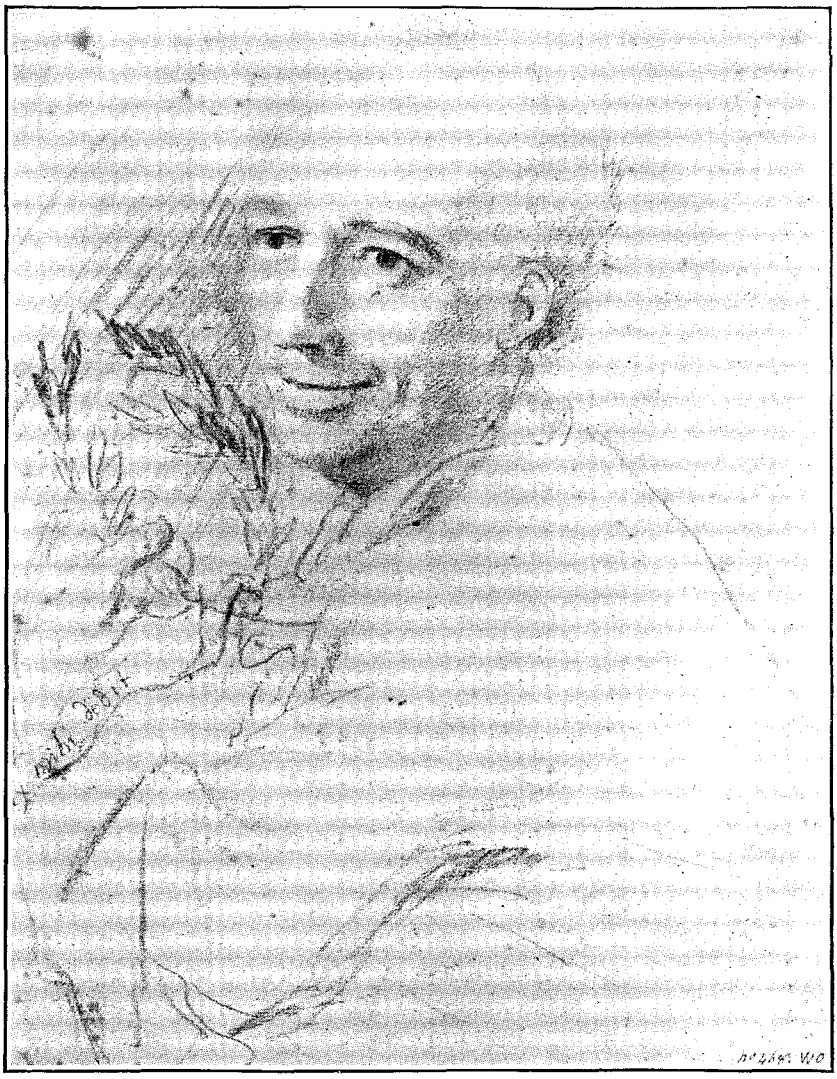
Mature in dulness from his early years;
Shadwell alone of all my sons is he
Who stands confirmed in full stupidity;
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.

Shadwell did not long enjoy the honour of Dryden's full-blooded satire. He died suddenly at Chelsea, in November, 1692; the report that he died from an overdose of opium (to the habit of which he was a victim) was denied by Brady, who preached his funeral sermon. He was succeeded by Nahum Tate. The reason for Tate's appointment does not appear upon the surface. He was an Irishman, an alumnus of Trinity College, and a man whose ability seems to have been superior to his character. He was probably the poet, as Brady was the theologian, of Tate and Brady's famous new metrical version of the Psalter. One of these, "As pants the hart for cooling streams," is still familiar in slightly variant forms. In another, "The Prince who slights what God commands, exposed to scorn must quit the throne," a political allusion has been scented. Tate also wrote a poem on tea, and produced an essentially tea-cup adaptation of "King Lear," with a happy ending, which was very popular in the eighteenth century. He "edited" in a similar way Webster's "Duchess of Malfy." Pope wrote of him straining "from hard-bound brains eight lines a year;" but he was not devoid of imagination, and his picture of obsequious choirs of angels welcoming Queen Mary II. into Heaven was the quintessence of courtliness. His pliancy could not prevent his ejection in 1715, and he died the same year in the Mint, where he was forced to seek shelter by extreme poverty. On the accession of George I., Nicholas Rowe, who was an ardent Whig, was appointed to succeed Nahum (1st August, 1715). Rowe, of course, is well known to students of literature and history, a pretty and a cultivated man, author of two famous sentimental

NOTE.—Of Nahum Tate, the fifth Poet Laureate, there is, so far as we know, no portrait in existence. Otherwise the set is complete. —*The Editors of* THE BOOKMAN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tragedies, *Jane Shore* and the *Fair Penitent*, and the first "editor" of Shakespeare. What little we know of Shakespeare, apart from legal documents and internal evidence, is mainly due to Rowe's collaborator in this edition, the actor Betterton.



LAURENCE EUSDEN, SEVENTH POET LAUREATE. APPOINTED 1718.
By Jonathan Richardson, Sen.

Less known is the fact that the "gallant, gay Lothario" is a creation of Rowe's in the *Fair Penitent.* Rowe died on 6th December, 1718, and was buried in Poet's Corner. He executed in his later years several official New Year odes, addressed to the King. In former times the poet had, as a rule, confined the display of his art to some great or public occasion, but henceforth it became the custom for the laureate to compose at least twice a year, on 1st January and on the King's birthday, odes in praise of the monarch, which were set to music and sung (after rehearsal at the "Devil Tavern," Fleet Street) by the children of the Chapel Royal. At first they were usually printed separately on broad sheets. After 1731 and 1758, respectively, they were commonly printed in *The Gentleman's Magazine* and in *The Annual Register.* This was the kind of thing:

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COLLEY CIBBER, EIGHTH POET LAUREATE. APPOINTED 1730.

By Vanloo.

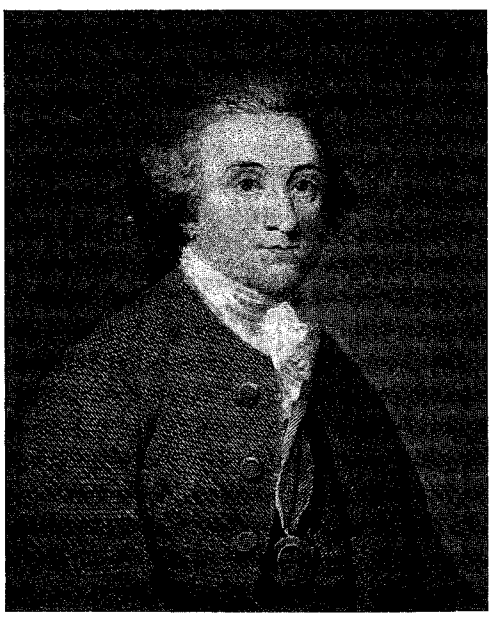
Again the circling year its course has run,
And brought about the day that glads the sun.
That by Great GEORGE's most auspicious birth,
Brought down celestial virtues upon earth.
Let Rome no more her boasted worthies praise,
They all must yield to GEORGE's brighter rays.
* * * * *
From Charles Restored short was our term of bliss,
But GEORGE from GEORGE entails our happiness.

It was left to the Duke of Newcastle, who was in 1718 Lord Chamberlain, first to prostitute the laureate's office by offering it, upon Rowe's death, to Laurence Eusden, a "promising" minor fellow of Trinity, Cambridge; Eusden took courage upon this promotion to take holy orders, and turned out a drunken parson, the "parson much bemus'd in beer," of "Pope's Epistle to Arbuthnot."

The appointment gave occasion for the Duke of Buckingham's "Election of a Poet Laureate," and henceforth, during the eighteenth century, the topic became a favourite one for the satirist. The beer bottle proved fatal to the Rev. Laurence Eusden in September, 1730, and he was succeeded by the well-known actor, playwright, autobiographer, and hero of *The Dunciad,* Colley Cibber. There were at the time "many authors whose merit wanted nothing but interest to recommend them to the vacant *laurel,* and who took it ill to see it at last conferred upon a comedian." Among the fond aspirants were mentioned oftenest Pope, Dennis, Theobald and Stephen Duck, the thresher. More envious still was the Grub Street nonentity, who apostrophised the King

Great GEORGE, such servants since thou well canst lack,
Oh! save the salary, and drink the sack.

Cibber, nevertheless, got both sack and screw by appointment dated 3d December, 1730, Duck was consoled by a pension from the Queen, but Pope remained to lead the pack of Cibber's numerous tormentors. Cibber's egregious vanity, a foible not unheard of in his profession, made him a conspicuous mark, and his odes were exquisite nonsense indeed; but, as Johnson said, Cibber himself was very far from being a blockhead. In the comedy of *The Provoked Husband* he



WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, NINTH POET LAUREATE. APPOINTED 1775.

After Wilson.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

did work equal to Vanbrugh's, and his *Apology* is in its way a masterpiece. The reason for Pope's venomous hatred of him has never been quite fully explained, but Cibber bore the brunt of it with an equanimity worthy of a Chesterfield or a Lord North. On Cibber's death, in December, 1757, the Duke of Devonshire offered the post to Gray, who refused it, as an office calculated to humble its possessor. It was offered to Gray as a sinecure, but when the offer was transferred to William Whitehead, the latter was still expected to pay

His quit-rent ode, his pepper-corn of praise,

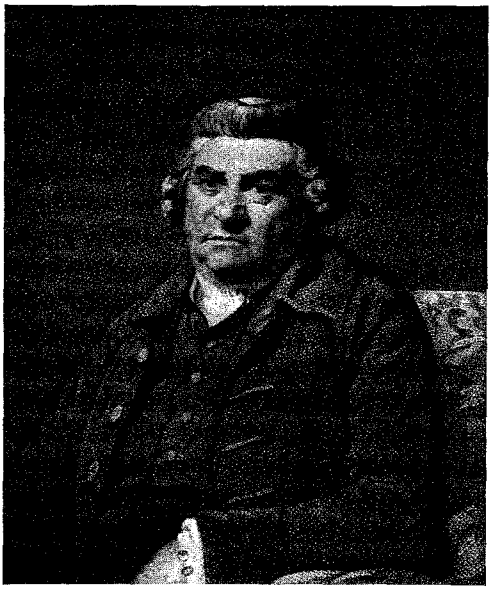
which is rather surprising, says Mason, for George II. would readily have dispensed with hearing poetry for which he had no taste, and music for which he had no ear. But Mason was evidently rather piqued (in spite of his friend Gray's remark upon the lamentableness, among the petty tribe of scribblers, to find beings capable of envying even a poet laureate) at not having the laurel offered to himself. How else are we to explain this strange exordium to his sketch of Whitehead?—"It would be vain to conceal that he was of low extraction. Let it be then boasted, rather than whispered, that he was the son of a baker." The supine posture which Whitehead adopted under the lash of Churchill—

Whitehead, who in the Laureat chair
By Grace, not Merit, planted there . . .

caused him to be regarded as a very poor creature; his works had to be issued anonymously, and the public applauded both a farce and a poem of his "because it was not known they were Whitehead's." Many "copies" by him are found in the well-known, little traversed treasuries of eighteenth-century occasional verse—Dodsley's, Pearch's and Nichols's. He died 14th April, 1785, and upon his interment in South Audley Chapel the following epitaph, intended for his monument in Westminster Abbey, had to be discarded as a misfit:

Beneath this stone a Poet Laureat lies,
Nor great, nor good, nor foolish, nor yet wise;
Not meanly humble, not yet swell'd with pride.
He simply liv'd—and just as simply died:
Each year his Muse produced a Birth-Day Ode,
Compos'd with flattery in the usual mode:
For this, and but for this, to GEORGE'S praise,
The Bard was pension'd, and receiv'd the bays.

He was succeeded by a great scholar and a very worthy man, Thomas Warton, who wrote his first ode for George III.'s birthday on 4th June, 1785. The chaplet fresh from the brows of Eusden and Whitehead, it must be admitted that he handed on with little additional glory to the consummate Pye. His professional odes were, perhaps, as good as such forced schoolboy exercises could well be



THOMAS WARTON, TENTH POET LAUREATE. APPOINTED 1785.
After Reynolds.

expected to be, yet they gave rise to *The Probationary Odes for the Laureateship*, a highly diverting series of burlesques which broke the ground for the more durable humour of *Rejected Addresses*. It is as a scholar and historian of English poetry that Warton is deservedly famous; as a practitioner of verse he is most thought of as reviving the sonnet form, and as contributing, especially by his fine feeling for architecture, to the Gothic revival. The eminently respectable Dr. H. J. Pye was appointed to succeed Warton in the summer of 1790. He was a safe man in those revolutionary

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

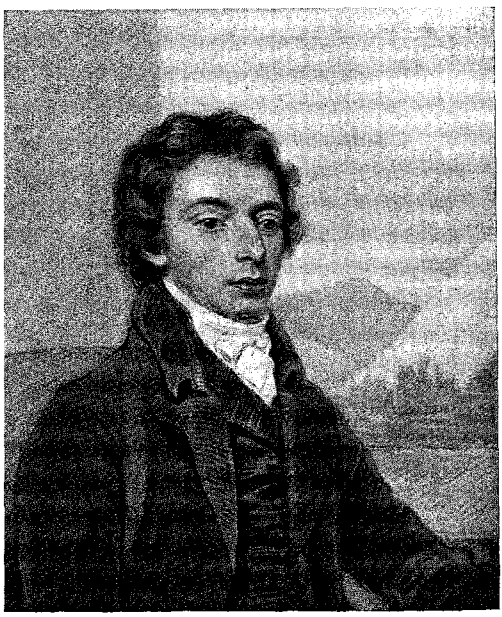
HENRY JAMES PYE, ELEVENTH POET LAUREATE. APPOINTED 1790.
By Drummond.

times. He was especially fitted to shine as a police magistrate, and he did, in fact, write an admirable compendium of the duties of a justice of the peace. If while still of tender years he could have been induced, like Blackstone, to utter a "A Lawyer's Farewell to His Muse," we should have been spared many examples of the "art of sinking in poetry." As a poet, Pye sank below Whitehead. His reputed *magnum opus* was a lengthy epic called *Alfred,* but the chief event of his laureateship was the commutation of the annual perquisite of a tierce of canary for an annual payment of £27. This payment is still made to the Poet Laureate by the Lord Steward's department for a "butt of sack."

Pye was always made fun of as a poet, and unfortunately there was another poet in the House of Commons at the same time, called Charles Small Pybus. In Pye's New Year's odes are perpetual references to the coming spring. In the dearth of topics, each tree and field flower is described; the lark and every other bird that could be brought into rhyme were sure to appear, and this poetical and patriotic *olla podrida* is said to have evoked the impromptu:

When the Pye was opened, the birds began to sing,
And was not that a dainty dish to set before a king?

From the time of George III.'s illness in 1810 the birthday odes fell into abeyance, but the New Year odes continued even in Southey's time to be demanded by the "Musicianers," to whom the vocal rendering no doubt meant perquisites. In succession to Pye, the authorities had the impudence to offer the post of Poet Laureate to Sir Walter Scott. He refused a place which he feared might stick like a piece of "court plaster" to his reputation. Southey's appointment is dated October, 1813, Pye having died in the previous August. The salary was less than his fee for a single *Quarterly* article, but Southey accepted it as a "godsend," and devoted the proceeds to insuring his life for £3000. He was forty at the time, but his Toryism was still heady and he had to submit some of his *Carmina Triumphalia* to the ripe maturity of Croker! Nor can his fervour have greatly diminished when, in 1820, he wrote his daring "Vision of Judgment," describing George III.'s ascent into Heaven, so cruelly lacerated by



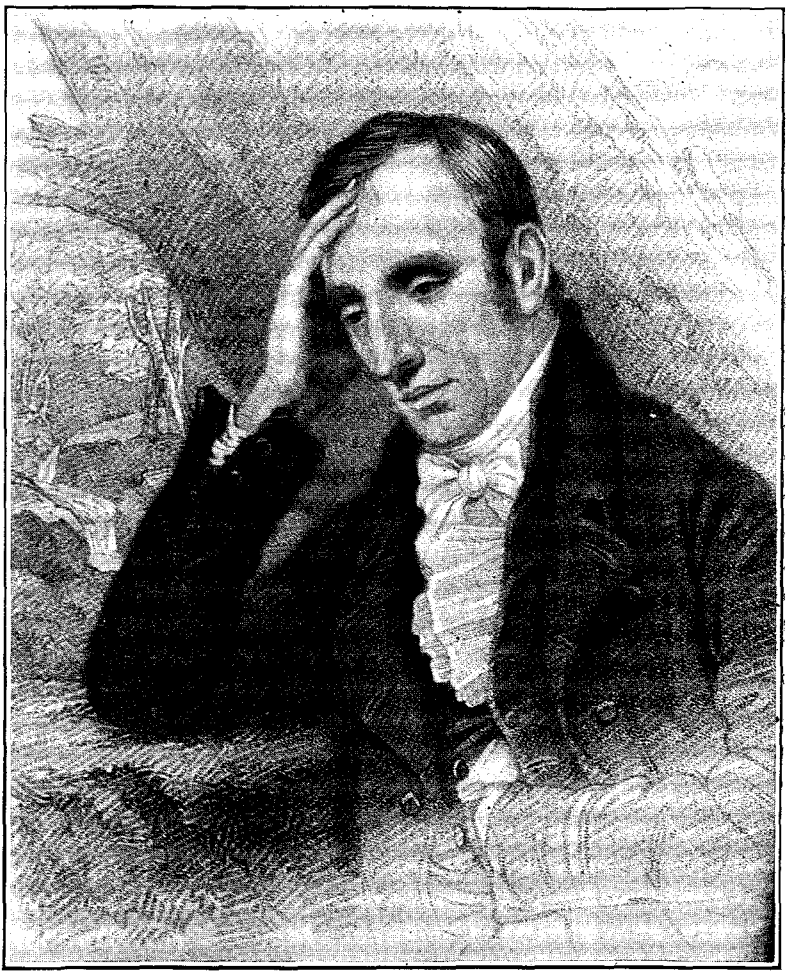
ROBERT SOUTHEY, TWELFTH POET LAUREATE. APPOINTED 1813.
By Edridge.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Byron. Southey, it will be remembered, in Byron's complementary "Vision" was dragged to the celestial gate by Asmodeus as a libeller of history and ordered to read his spavin'd dactyls to the cherubim and seraphim, who fled in dismay, while George (who subsequently profited by the confusion to "slip into Heaven"), mute till then, exclaimed: "What! What! *Pye* come again? No more—no more of that!" Byron admitted, however, of the multo-scribbler:

The varlet was not an ill-favoured knave;

and elsewhere he went so far as to say that to have his head and shoulders he would almost have written his "Sapphics." A great writer and a distinguished Poet Laureate, but hardly even a second-rate poet, Southey died on 21st March, 1843—he had been dead to everything but books for some years previous to this. Sir Robert Peel offered the vacant post to Wordsworth, who at first declined, but finally, shameless sinecurist that he was, accepted the post on the express stipulation that no duties whatever were to be attached to the salary, amounting, it is believed, to £99 per annum.



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, THIRTEENTH POET LAUREATE. APPOINTED 1843.

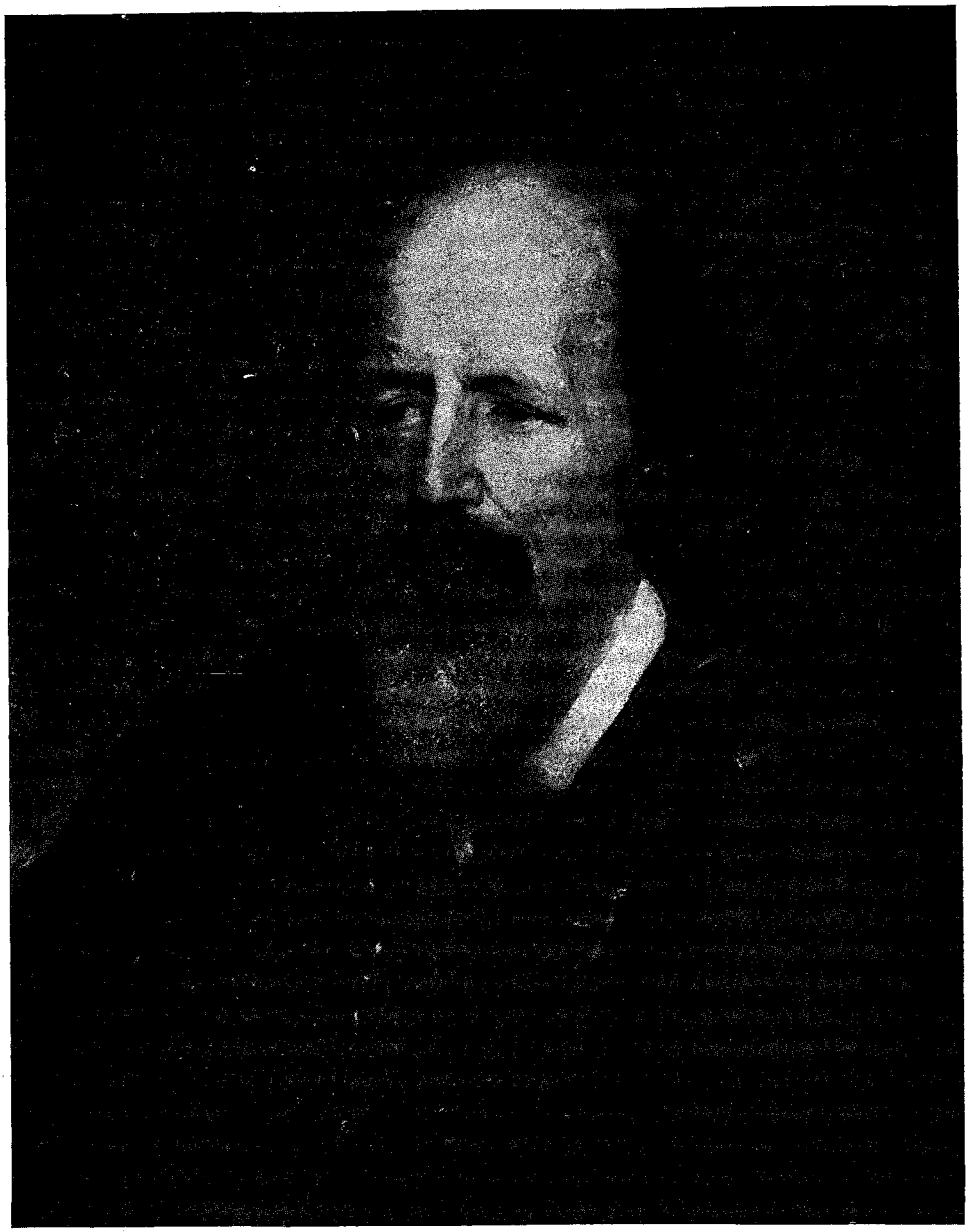
Who would not be
The Laureate bold,
With his butt of sherry,
To keep him merry,
And nothing to do but to pocket his gold?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He even refused to buy a court dress when, in May, 1845, he went to a state ball, and afterward attended a levee. He submitted, however, to be forced into the garments of Samuel Rogers, and girded himself with the sword of Sir Humphry Davy. More extraordinary is the circumstance that Tennyson was squeezed into the same suit when he went to a levee as Wordsworth's successor. In 1847 Wordsworth set his name to an ode upon the installation of the Prince Consort as Chancellor at Cambridge, but this was probably written by his son-in-law, Quillinan. Wordsworth died 23d April, 1850, and on 19th November, Tennyson was appointed Poet Laureate in his stead, the warrant being signed by the then Lord Chamberlain, Lord Breadalbane. It had in the first instance been offered to Rogers, who declined it on the ground of age. The transference of the offer to Tennyson was due in part to Prince Albert's admiration of *In Memoriam*. Lord John Russell, who was also to some extent responsible, appealed to Rogers early in October for confirmation by the veteran of the Queen's high opinion of Tennyson, about whose "character and position" the inquisitive John requested special information. The Queen herself is represented as expressing anxiety to maintain the office; first, on account of its antiquity, and secondly, as "affording a connection through the household between Her Majesty and the poets of the country." Tennyson at first wrote a letter declining the post, but after dinner a better spirit supervened, and he gladly accepted the chaplet, "greener from the brows of him who uttered nothing base." In March, 1851, he wrote his fine dedication "To the Queen," and among other official or semi-official poems were odes "On the Death of the Duke of Wellington" and "On the Opening of the International Exhibition," the two "Welcomes" to Alexandra and Alexandrovna, the dedication of the *Idylls* to the memory of Prince Albert, and the Epilogue to Queen Victoria. Lastly, in 1887, he wrote the fine Antiphonal hymn, "On the Jubilee of Queen Victoria." He seems to have gradually acquired a fondness for his position as the Queen's "old poet," a position which he invested with dignity for upward of forty-two years, the longest tenure by far upon record. Upon his death on 6th October, 1892, a number of people who ought to have known better demanded that the office should be abolished. Such a clamour had as much sense in it as a demand to abolish the post of Commander-in-Chief upon the death of the Duke of Wellington, or William IV.'s petulant request that the money destined for his coronation should be diverted from the purpose of a pageant and go quietly into the Civil List. Here was an office with a most interesting history, the traditions of which had been transmitted in direct succession from Ben Jonson and Dryden! A strangely defective sense of historical continuity must those worthy persons have had who would have buried the chaplet along with Tennyson in Westminster Abbey! Instead of raising a tactless clamour for the abolition of the bays, it was obviously the enlightened policy of the minor poet to insist, not only upon the retention of the office, but also upon the resuscitation of its legitimate duties. In this way the laureateship might be made to return a small, but secure, annuity to a not undeserving body of public servants—the parodists of the period. The laureateship may have had a somewhat undistinguished tail in the persons of such writers as Tate and Eusden, Whitehead and Pye, yet the roll of its members is, upon the whole, an extremely creditable one, including, even if we omit Spenser, four great poets, six excellent scholars, and, excluding the too convivial Eusden, a round half-dozen of witty companions and good fellows. Bearing in mind the somewhat incongruous fact that the author of "Wat Tyler" had lived to become Poet Laureate, the dominant feeling in the world of letters in 1892 was probably that Mr. Swinburne ("Aut Swinburne, aut nullus") might have well been selected as successor to Tennyson. Mr. Swinburne's own sentiment upon the matter is said to have taken the form of a conviction that the duties might safely be entrusted to Lord De Tabley. Neither course was taken, however, and it seemed for a time as if the title, as well as the duties of a Poet Laureate, were to be allowed to fall into abeyance. Anarchy reigned on Parnassus. Anxious spirits there were that deemed the constitution in danger, and wrote distractedly to the *Times*. A priest of Delphi had bestowed a branch of bays

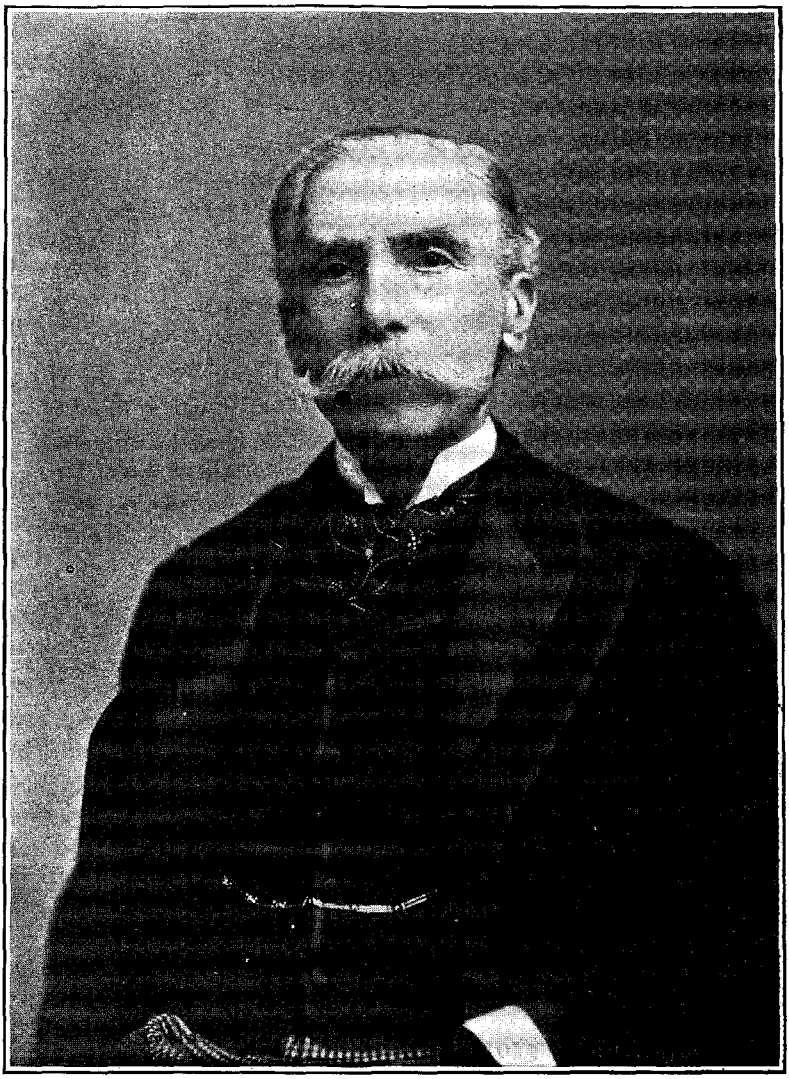
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

upon one of the ten candidates, who had buried it in Tennyson's tomb. Strange omen! Still the lyre remained unstrung, and the Crown unsung—in the Tower. For over three years the Lord Chamberlain accumulated the salary of the Poet Laureate, and Lord Salisbury deliberated maturely. Eventually, on New Year's day, 1896, a pleasant surprise was sprung upon the public by the appointment of Mr. Alfred Austin. Mr. Austin's genuine and intimate love of nature, expressed in one of the most charming of modern idylls, "The Garden That I Love"—this and a patriotism as uncompromising as that of "Form, Riflemen, Form," and "Hands All Round," have qualified him to be, in two important re-



ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, FOURTEENTH POET LAUREATE. APPOINTED 1850.
From a painting by G. F. Watts, R.A.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ALFRED AUSTIN, FIFTEENTH AND PRESENT POET LAUREATE. APPOINTED 1896.

spects, a worthy continuator of recent tradition. Amidst the good wishes of the multitude of readers and the carpings of numerous detractors, he carries into a new reign and a new century the traditions of an ancient office which has not a few interesting and many quite unipue features. *Thomas Seccombe.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A MORNING

The glad, mad wind went singing by,
  The white clouds drove athwart the blue,
Bold beauty of the morning sky
  And all the world was sun and dew,
And sweet, cold air with sudden glints of gold
Like spilled stars glowing in the cedars' hold.

I laughed for very joy of life,
  Oh! thrilling veins, oh! happy heart,
Of this glad world with beauty rife,
  Exult that we too are a part!
Rejoice! Rejoice! that miracle of birth
Gave us this golden heritage of earth.

Oh! bold, blue sky, oh! keen, glad wind,
  I wonder me if this may be,
That some day, leaving life behind,
  Our eyes shall view new land, new sea
So exquisite that, lo! with thrilling breath,
We shall laugh loud for very joy of death.

Theodosia Garrison.

MR. DAVIS AND THE REAL OLANCHO

When, in Richard Harding Davis's *Soldiers of Fortune,* Alice Langham asked her father if he had ever met Robert Clay, his answer placed the scene of the story.

"Very often," he said. "He sails tomorrow to open up the largest iron ore deposits in South America. He goes for the Valencia Mining Company. Valencia is the capital of Olancho, one of the little republics down there."

A little later Mr. Davis confidentially informs his readers that "Olancho, as many people know, is situated on the northeastern coast of South America, and its shores are washed by the main equatorial current."

That the actual scene of the novel has not been widely identified is quite remarkable, for within a year from the beginning of the story in serial form the real name of Valencia was on every one's lips. A brave Spanish fleet sailed from its port to meet a baptism of fire, defeat and death before the guns of Admiral Sampson. American soldiers fought their way to Valencia's gates, and after one of the shortest wars in history, the United States looked on with pardonable pride while her representatives trans-

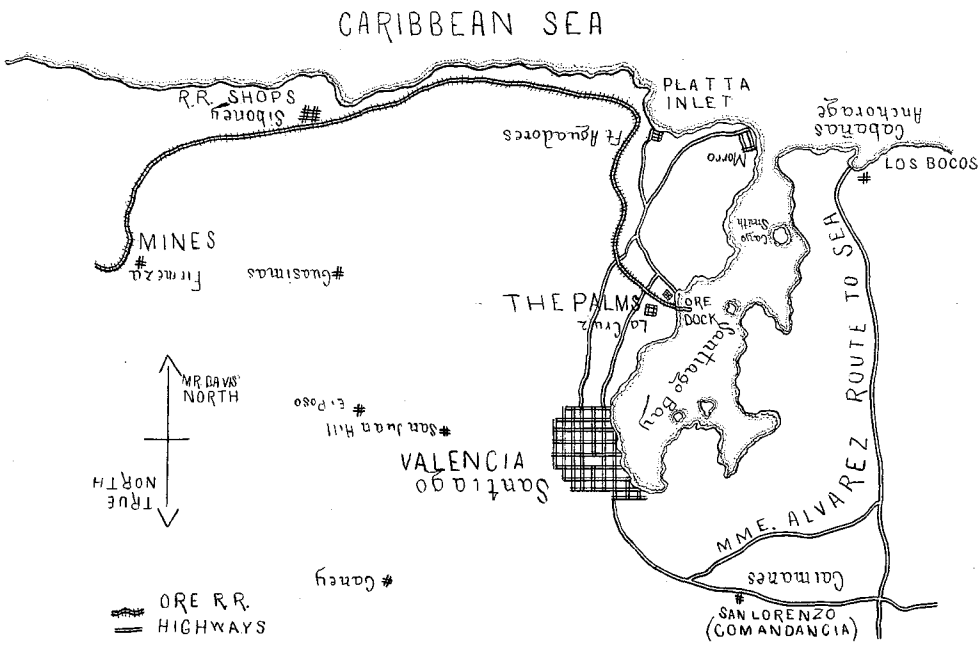
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

formed the city—long known for its filth and disease, even in peaceful times—into one of the healthiest and cleanest of tropical ports.

To carry the really striking series of coincidences still farther, it may be said that the line of the little ore railway of the Valencia Mining Company practically marks the extent of the army's operations. Shafter landed the major portion of his forces in front of its shops, and from that point the start was made for the battle of Las Guasimas. For several days the site of the railroad shops marked the base of supplies, and mule trains were loaded there with ammunition for the battle of San Juan hill. At the other end of the line, from the balcony of the Palms, Cervera's ships could have been seen swinging at anchor within pistol-shot of where the *Vesta* was moored, and from that coign of vantage, a few days later, a man with a field-glass might have watched the red and yellow flag of Spain flutter down the Palace flagstaff for the last time. For Valencia is Santiago de Cuba, and Olancho only a background of Spanish-American nationality.

So faithfully has the author followed the true lay of the land, that any of the war maps which show the country from Santiago to Siboney may be used to elucidate the story, always bearing in mind the fact that the map must be reversed. Valencia was situated on the northern coast of South America, while Santiago is, of course, on the south coast of Cuba.

The accompanying map gives the title readings for *Soldiers of Fortune* in capital letters, while the actual readings may be seen by reversing the page. The sketch—for which drawing to scale is not claimed—indicates only the highways mentioned in the novel. There is a network of roads and trails connecting San-



FOR THE REAL NAMES OF THE SCENES OF "SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE" IT IS NECESSARY ONLY TO REVERSE THIS MAP.

tiago with the battlegrounds, which is omitted in order to bring out more clearly those lines that are essential to the story.

It will be noticed that there is another historic name on the line of the railway itself—Fort Aguadores. This citadel received attention from both Admiral Sampson and General Duffield. Very few people are able to figure out just what the latter did at that point, but General Shafter says that he was sent there to make a "feint," and that he carried out instructions faithfully. It is to be hoped that the Spanish have learned this; otherwise they must have formed quite erro-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

neous ideas of a manœuvre in which a brigade of infantry and three warships were employed for a short time against a few Spaniards cooped up in an antiquated little fortress.

The Juragua Iron Company, Limited, which is the true name of the Olancho Mining Company, is one of three great corporations which are accomplishing what Clay advised and began, namely, breaking up mountains of brown hematite and sending them piecemeal to the United States to be turned into iron and steel. The mines are open-face workings, and, as there is no safe anchorage along the coast nearer than Santiago Bay, the ore is transported over a little narrow-gauge road sixteen miles to the company's great dock, which juts a thousand feet into the water at a point a mile or so south of the city. A straight line from the mines to Santiago is prevented by the excessive grades that would be encountered, so the road follows the valley to Siboney, and from that point clings to the rock-bound coast until Fort Aguadores is reached.

It was at the ore dock, alongside of the road's terminal, that Clay, MacWilliams and young Langham occupied a modest wooden shack, where General Mendoza visited them, and placed himself in the position of a detected bribe-seeker. And it was here that MacWilliams had his locomotive shed and kept the canopied-top passenger car in which the resident manager and his assistants made their daily trips to the workings. Up above their home, on a hill overlooking the bay and the city, they built the Palms for the reception of Mr. Langham and his daughters. Those who have visited Santiago in recent years must have vastly admired this beautiful site, with its cool, inviting-looking house and grounds. The place is called La Cruz, and once upon a time a gentleman and his two lovely daughters lived there—which, in this case, cannot be called another story.

It is rather interesting to discover that our army administration had full knowledge of this splendid situation, and carefully instructed our officers to the effect that La Cruz would be a good place to have under certain conditions. In June, 1898, there was issued to the troops which had been hastily called into the field a fat, paper-backed booklet entitled "Military Notes on Cuba." It was compiled in the military information department of the Adjutant-General's office, and was intended to take the place of a personal introduction to anything the army might happen upon in Cuba. Among other things that our officers needed to know, it gave a description of every railroad, public and private; every highway, and the cities and hamlets upon them; described each permanent military post, fortress and battery; told the contour of the country along lines of communication, and gave in detail soundings and sailing directions for all the ports and anchorages the island 'round.

Of La Cruz (the Palms) it says:

> At the last small point of the eastern shore, shown on the military map, next below the city, is located the expensive and extensive pier of the Juragua Iron Company. The heaviest draft vessels can lie directly beside this; but not far from this, and, in fact, at many points of the inner harbour, are shoals and mud banks. Back of the pier, to the southeast, rises a hill two hundred feet or more in height, which affords a most commanding range of the entire city and inner harbour; it is probably the best available location anywhere in the vicinity. It is entirely cleared, except for a single house with its outbuildings, situated at the top.

The book also gives a minute description of the company's railroad, and tells of the highway running from the Palms to Valencia. The novel says:

> There was a rough road leading from it to the city, five miles away, which they had extended still farther up the hill to the Palms.

This was the Camino Militar, reaching from Santiago to the Morro, and "rough" was hardly a sufficiently vigorous word for it before General Wood took it in hand, along with other highways down there. Clay would hardly know the road to-day. Mr. Davis, it may be remarked, has more than doubled the actual distance between the Palms and the city.

But, for that matter, it was a broadened, beautified Santiago that Mr. Davis introduced to us as Valencia. Clay bitterly told his assistants when first they met, that they knew the city "from the Alameda to the canal" better than they knew the mines. Santiago has her Ala-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

meda on the water front, and, while it might have served for Hope's morning gallops, there is scarcely sufficient room for such extensive military manœuvres as those Mendoza utilised as a prelude to his brief revolution.

Mr. Davis has also been forced to take many liberties with the physical proportions of the plazas and Santiago's buildings, public and otherwise. La Venus, the leading restaurant and café, the name of which he has not changed, does not boast of a balcony commodious enough for Clay's dinner party to Alice

THE REAL VALENCIA OF MR. R. H. DAVIS'S "SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE."

Langham; but they would have found ample room on the balcony of the other hotel, rightly named the Casa Grande, diagonally across the plaza and almost under the eaves of the massive, time-tinted cathedral. It may be pointed out, too, that the Palace is a one-story structure, and that the stirring scene of Captain Stuart's death on the great staircase is purely a product of Mr. Davis's imagination. Neither has the Palace such spacious grounds and botanical gardens adjoining as figure in the novel.

It is almost needless to mention the statues of Bolivar and Aduella in cataloguing the things that exist in Valencia, but are not in Santiago. Spain had no cherished nor uncherished images of the Great Liberator in the plazas of her colonial cities. But when we return to The Palms, and the country from that point to the mines, we find that the author has carefully followed the natural conditions.

The old fort at Platta Inlet (Fort Aguadores), where Captain Burke hid the rifles, is there to-day, thanks to Admiral Sampson. He has said that he did not have the heart to destroy it, it was so picturesque. However, the commanding officer of the *Suwanee* signalled on July 1, 1898, and asked permission to bring down the Spanish flag floating above it. The Admiral decided to allow the *Suwanee* three shots, and no more. Lieutenant Blue then trained a four-inch rifle on the fort, and at the first shot loosened the staff's support, so that the colours took a dejected droop. His second shot tore away the centre strip from the flag, and the third cut the staff clean away below the banner, dropping the proud Spanish standard into the sea.

Mr. Davis must be given full credit for inventing the name of "Platta," with which he conceals the identity of Aguadores, for it is to be doubted whether he could have found such a word, with its double t's, in the Spanish language. When the book was originally published in serial form, several errors of this sort might have been noted, which have since been corrected. To be sure, these are

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trifles; but *Soldiers of Fortune* seemed to have had more than its share originally. What may be termed a vagary is the use of "sols" twice in the description of Mme. Alvarez' flight, while "dollars" are used everywhere else in the book. The sol is strictly Peruvian, and wealth is not estimated by it, generally speaking, in any other republic of South America.

One of the names which will be long remembered in connection with the Spanish-American War is Siboney. In the novel it simply figures as the point where Kirkland was in charge of the shops and railroad equipment. It is not surprising that it was not dignified by a name, for it is simply an indifferent little anchorage, and "Siboney" does not even appear on the military map mentioned in the United States army booklet referred to.

It was from this point that Kirkland started with his flat cars to meet Clay, MacWilliams and the rest at the Fortaleza de Aguadores, where the hidden Mannlicher rifles were captured from Mendoza's partisans. It was at the shops, too, that Kirkland mustered his array of Irish, negroes and native troops, armed them with the Mendoza guns, and rushed them into the city to take a decisive part in the second day's fighting.

As to the route of Mme. Alvarez' flight, there may be some exceptions taken to the map. It is essential to the story that a way be shown "to the sea," and the little anchorage of Cabañas fills the conditions as to distance. It may be remarked, however, that if she was hustled along the route shown, with the horses at a run, the party must have had the ride of their lives. There is an old railway reaching the bay at Cayo Smith, over which copper ore was once brought from El Cobre, and it would have been a kindness to all hands to have had the *Vesta* meet them there. Indeed, it is a surprising thing that Reggie King was willing to trust his beautiful boat anywhere near the shore at Cabañas, if that were indeed Los Bocos.

In this connection the book has several subjects for wonder still left in the late editions. Why was she "Madame" Alvarez, when we are told that the populace hooted at her as the "Spanish" woman? Why a "Theatre National" in a Spanish-speaking city? And why "Los Bocos?" Would not Mr. Davis have made it Las Bocas if he had taken a second thought?

It may be said in conclusion that prototypes of the lamented Captain Stuart are not so rare in our sister republics as might be imagined. A few months ago, when President Sam's flight from Hayti was first-page stuff, the despatches spoke of Admiral Killick's adherence to the revolutionary side, and of his flagship's swift movements in its behalf. Killick is a native Haytien, I believe; but had his ship gone into action, she would have been handled by a keen-eyed, red-bearded Englishman by the name of Captain Gilmour, and no doubt he would have been ably assisted by the Admiral's chief-of-staff, who is a handsome and energetic Belgian.

William Harley Porter.

SIX BOOKS OF SOME IMPORTANCE

I.

Professor Dunning's "Political Theories."*

It is a widely prevalent idea that the English and the Americans are masters in the practice of politics, but wholly unskilled in political philosophy. It is quite generally believed that in the theory of politics only the logic-loving Frenchman and the transcendental German are proficient, and that it is characteristic of the English and Americans to act rather than to reflect, to be practical rather than philosophical. The opinion that the English-speaking peoples are not good political reasoners is founded, however, in ignorance of the history of political ideas. To one familiar with the development of the different types of political thought, it is evident that the English have given to the world not only great examples of political institutions, but have also contributed more than their share to the world's

*A History of Political Theories: Ancient and Mediæval. By W. A. Dunning. New York: Macmillan and Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

political philosophy. In the seventeenth century, Hobbes and Filmer framed the strongest arguments made in behalf of absolute government; in the same century, John Locke formulated the theory of the English, American and French revolutions, while Edmund Burke developed the most effective argument against the principles of the French Revolution. In the nineteenth century, Bentham and Austin, Mill and Spencer have been conspicuous among political philosophers. On our side of the Atlantic, the theories of the authors of the Federalist, of Calhoun, Webster and Lieber have influenced in no small degree the development of political thought.

Convincing evidence of our interest in theoretical politics is offered by the work which is the subject of this review. This volume is the first part of what will be, in completed plan, the first systematic history of political theory ever written in any language, and its publication marks an epoch in the history of political ideas. It is a singular fact that down to the present time no one has written a complete and scientific account of the development of political theories. Not even the erudite Germans, in their far-reaching researches, have made a careful study of the various types of political speculation. They have, it is true, accomplished more in this direction than the scholars of any other nation, as is evident from the works of such men as Bluntschli, Mohl, Gierke and Rehm; but, after all, they have not produced anything in the shape of a scientific history of this subject. The French scholar Paul Janet has come most closely to a history of the development of political ideas, but his work is not even chronologically complete. In English, the only attempt at such a history is the *Introduction to the History of the Science of Politics,* by Frederick Pollock. This is a brilliant sketch covering the time from the classic days down to the close of the nineteenth century, but it is too condensed to be satisfactory. Some other useful studies have been made, but they have all been confined to particular periods or epochs.

In view of the fact that Professor Dunning's work is the first attempt at a complete and scientific history of political theory, it is interesting to notice the point of view which the author takes. What does he understand by political theory and how does he propose to treat the subject? These queries are answered in an admirable introduction, which should be given careful attention. The subject matter of political theory is described as "any well-defined ideas . . . in reference to the origin, scope and nature of the authority through which the relations of the members of the community to one another are determined." The point at which a history of political theory should properly begin is indicated as that stage of development in which we can say of any people that they have "political consciousness." Just what is meant by "political consciousness" is not, however, made very clear—in fact, the author says that this is a point into which he will "not inquire too curiously." The application of these principles rules out of consideration the entire field of primitive politics, including the ideas developed in China and India, and the exposition begins with the political ideas of the Hellenic peoples. A further limitation of the scope of the work is made by confining the history to the philosophy of the European Aryans, on the ground that no other peoples are "properly political."

The method in which this work is conducted is also worthy of consideration. Conceding that a history might be written from an ethical or a philosophical, as well as from a political, point of view, the author declares that in the present day the juristic conception of the state seems to be the most characteristic and useful, and indicates that this is the point of view which he will assume. Still more significant is the declaration that "the only path of approach to an accurate apprehension of political philosophy is through political history." It is an error, says Professor Dunning, to suppose that political theories develop apart from political facts; on the contrary, political theories are nearly always found to be generalisations from a certain set of political phenomena. They do not create conditions, but are the product of them—effects rather than causes. A history of political theory, therefore, should not be merely a description and analysis of political literature, but must take into account the close relation between philosophy and facts, between political institutions and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

political ideas. Greek political philosophy, for example, should not be regarded as theory of and by itself, but as a reflection of the political environment of the time. Accordingly, before considering the ideas of the Greeks, an outline of their political history and the main facts of their political organisation are given and used as a basis in the later discussion of the theory. The same thing is done for the various periods covered in the course of the work. This method of discussing political philosophy in the light of political institutions is a unique feature of Professor Dunning's work, and enables him to reach results that are highly valuable. It would be too much to say that this is an entirely new method, but it has certainly never been applied to the discussion of political theory before with such eminent success.

The territory covered in this first volume includes an analysis of the political theory of the Greeks, with especial attention to Plato and Aristotle, followed by a chapter on the political theory of later Greece and Rome. The political ideas of the Middle Ages are then reviewed at some length, and the volume concludes with a discussion of the political ideas of Machiavelli.

To many readers the most interesting part of the work will be the treatment of the early types of democratic theory, in particular those of the mediæval period. That the Greeks reached a high plane of democratic thought is generally known, but it is commonly supposed that from the close of that period to the time of the Puritans there was little or no democratic speculation. The presence of any considerable body of democratic theory in the Middle Ages is generally unsuspected. It is clearly pointed out by Professor Dunning, however, that in the later Middle Ages there was a highly interesting development of democratic political philosophy, stimulated by the controversy between Empire and Church. In the first place, the Church, in order to show its superior position, proclaimed the doctrine that the Emperor receives his power from the people, in contrast to the Church, which receives its authority directly from God. Somewhat later the partisans of the Empire retaliated in kind by urging that in Church as well as in State the people are the source of power; and in the great Church councils of the fifteenth century they applied this idea to the decided detriment of the authority of the head of the Church. The analysis of this body of political theory is one of the most original and suggestive parts of the *History*.

Another conspicuous point of interest is the discussion of the ideas of Machiavelli. Historical criticism has been known to shatter more than one fair reputation; but in this case the resources of the historian are employed to rescue a character from disrepute. The author maintains that the general opinion of Machiavelli is a wholly mistaken one, and that what goes by the name of Machiavellism is only a "grotesquely distorted conception of his system." Machiavelli, in his estimation, is not to be regarded as immoral, but rather as unmoral in his politics. His whole attention was fixed upon political subjects, and to all others he was supremely indifferent, in which attitude he was strengthened by the general corruption and irreligion of his time. Moreover, Machiavelli's reputation as the champion of unscrupulous despotism is shown to be in great measure undeserved. Far from being a devotee of absolutism, he was not even an advocate of monarchy. On the contrary, he believed in the commonwealth as the best form of government, and frequently expressed his preference for this type of rule in striking terms. The prevalence of the contrary idea is due to the fact that Machiavelli's *Prince* is generally read, while his *Discourses on Livy*, containing an indispensable part of his political theory, is left unnoticed. On the whole, Professor Dunning concludes that, instead of being an apostle of hypocrisy, cruelty and despotism, Machiavelli should be regarded as one of the most important figures in the development of political theory, always to be remembered because of his notable contribution toward the establishment of politics as a distinct science.

All things considered, Professor Dunning's volume is one of the most important contributions yet made to the history of political science. When brought down to modern times, as contemplated, the work will afford what we have never had before and what is sorely needed, a scientific history of political theory. A product of the recent movement in America, it is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

appropriately dedicated to Professor Burgess, who has done so much to stimulate the scientific study of political science in this country.

It may be said in conclusion that the *History of Political Theories* is not only a scholarly work throughout, but is a very readable book as well—an excellent refutation of the unfortunately prevalent idea that it is impossible to write history that is at once interesting and accurate. The author has by no means sacrificed substance to form, but nevertheless has succeeded remarkably well in stating scientific facts in a refined and polished style. In view of the frequent association of good history and bad English, it is refreshing to find an historical study in which this unfortunate alliance is avoided. Selected references accompanying each chapter, and a bibliography in the appendix, will be found very useful to those who wish to orient themselves in the literature of political theory.

C. E. Merriam.

II.

Mr. Van Santvoord's "The House of Cæsar."*

A careful analysis of the various motives prompting the publication of books would disclose most interesting details. It may be assumed that comparatively few books are written because of the feeling on the part of authors that if they did not speak the "very stones would cry aloud," but the greater number owe their origin to the hope and expectation that they will meet with approval and acceptance which will prove gratifying and profitable. Other books are written without any important aim save the pleasure of the author in the accomplishment of some literary work. Means sufficient to render the financial outcome a matter of little importance are indispensable in the preparation of such books. Under such circumstances, the value of the purpose of the book, the fitness of the writer for his task and the accuracy of the work are secondary considerations.

Even though unaware of the circumstances surrounding the publication of the work at hand, it will not be a difficult problem for any one to select the class to which it belongs. Here we have a sumptuous volume on a subject dealing with the history of the imperial period, showing wide reading and devoted study, yet disclosing no powers of discrimination, no scholarly acumen, but indicating a ready and uncritical acceptance of all statements which serve to establish the thesis of the book, the declared purpose being "to narrate a series of almost uninterrupted crimes so as to furnish an impressive lesson"—a lesson which the writer does not undertake to define.

Our author opens his book with the statement that prefaces are either explanatory or apologetic. "If they are of the first kind, it is possible to form some estimate as to whether the text has a message for the reader," if of the other variety "to the experienced gleaner"—using the doubtful English of the writer—"at least, it is ordinarily safe to conclude that the book ought not to have been written." The keynote of the entire work is sounded in the declaration that "in reading from history the author has been deeply impressed by the almost certain incident to the imperial office of a death by violent means." This is accounted for by the existence of a new germ, discovered by the writer, which produces the "imperial disease," i.e., the crime of domestic murder, "which has been introduced among the Romans by the Empress Livia Augusta." "In fact, there exists a veritable disease which, having its origin in the house of Cæsar, was the cause of the violent death which was the lot of so many Roman emperors." The author intends to prove this microbe theory, and to trace its ravages in the blood of the wearers of the purple. If we regard this explanation as an apology, then, at the suggestion of the author, we may apply the rule laid down above, and we are very much inclined to follow his advice.

We must remember, first of all, that Livia was not a member of the Cæsar family save by marriage. The germ, therefore, should be labelled Claudian, rather than Cæsarian. Again, we may trace the germ in its most circuitous course in the blood from Livia down to Nero, in whose veins it certainly had full sway. But how did it reach the circulation of Domitian of Caracalla, of Heliogaba-

*The House of Cæsar. By Seymour Van Santvoord. Troy, New York: Pafraets Book Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lus? The writer should specify that this germ might be transmitted through the air and might lie dormant for years, only to show its virulence in unexpected places. For the sake of the theory alone we should expect to find Livia described as a fiend incarnate, and in this the writer is consistent, for he regards the doubtful words of the historian Tacitus, upon whom he relies, as veritable charges of unquestioned authenticity, although they are in reality spoken as representing popular suspicion. Livia showed the effect of the ravages of the microbe, for she murdered every one who stood in the way of her ambitions for her son Tiberius, and thus the disease began its baleful course.

The book of about four hundred pages is divided into two parts, designated in the table of contents as "The First Stage of Empire" and "The Second Stage of Empire," but in the book itself as "The House of Cæsar" and "The Imperial Disease." The first part is also designated "The Beginning of Splendour," and is arranged in twelve chapters, eleven of which treat of Julius Cæsar and of the five emperors and their families. The twelfth chapter is entitled "Results and Causes," and contains elaborate statistics, such as the number of Cæsars who were murdered, who died in exile, or from natural causes, the number of intermarriages, etc., all leading up to the statement that "from the foregoing it requires no stretch of the imagination to conclude that the imperial madness for domestic murder betrayed all the psychic symptoms of a veritable disease—if it be a fact that this evil was introduced into the family of Cæsar by the wife of Tiberius Nero; then, as all diseases must have an origin, we are doubtless justified in concluding that this act of Livia's was the germ of that dread imperial disease." After the presentation of such a theory, it is refreshing to find a reference to the real cause of the madness of the Cæsars, the frequent intermarriages. In an extensive note to Chapter XII., Mr. Van Santvoord declares that Mr. Baring-Gould's *Tragedy of the Cæsars,* "written by an educated and enthusiastic physiognomist, is unworthy of confidence in the light of the testimony of such a reliable historian as Tacitus." Our author errs in his views just as much as he believes Mr. Baring-Gould to err, only taking the other extreme. In his anxiety to prove the existence of the imperial disease, every scrap of an unfavourable character found in the historians is seized upon, while statements of a doubtful or favourable nature get little, if any, recognition. It is to be regretted that the author had not become a physiognomist or iconographist before sending forth his book. He would not then have filled it with photographs of busts which Bernoulli, an authority whom he quotes against Mr. Baring-Gould, declares to be either unreliable or entirely repudiates.

An appendix to Part I. contains lists of the victims of the Cæsars, those who perished in exile, who died from natural causes, whose death is untraced; of Cæsars who intermarried, of male Cæsars who married outside the family, of female Cæsars who married outside the family.

Part II. is arranged in five chapters, designated, respectively, the "Completion of Splendour," the "Decline of Splendour," the "Revival of Splendour" and the "Final Decline." This part is simply a brief narration of the careers of the several emperors, from Galba down to Romulus Augustus, and yet it forms half of a book, entitled *The House of Cæsar,* and is itself designated "The Imperial Disease." Such inconsistency of title and subject is so remarkable as to fail of appropriate comment. The book closes with indices of proper names, giving in Part I. the relationship of the person mentioned. The style of the book is its most satisfactory feature, and the English cannot be criticised. On page 211 we notice Fortenis Capito for Fonteius Capito; Caius for Gaius, and Cneius for Gnæus occur frequently; Ætius (page 228) should be Ælius; *sacerdos urbia* (page 262) should be *sacerdos urbis.* On page 21 the author speaks of the first triumvirate as established in accordance with the constitution. This is entirely erroneous, for it was simply an unofficial compact entered into by Cæsar, Pompey and Crassus. The second triumvirate, on the other hand, was an arrangement ratified by the assembly, and hence is often known as the true triumvirate. The readiness of the writer to accept without qualifications very questionable theories is shown in his declaration on page 225, that the remains of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trajan were interred beneath the column which bears his name. Lanciani says that this is very improbable, as the column is not sepulchral in character, and, according to the inscription, was erected to commemorate a feat of engineering skill. *James C. Egbert, Jr.*

III.

Mr. Pemberton's "Ellen Terry and Her Sisters."*

The biography of a contemporary is, after all, the safest. The first object of such a work are the facts. Who should know them better than he or she most intimately related to them? It is the only safe way to bring conviction to present and probably future skeptics. The iconoclasts have been so busy with history—sacred, profane, political and biographical—that our libraries seem now to contain, for the most part, that which we can't any longer accept with certainty. If from the beginning contemporary biography had prevailed, we would have been saved the effort and the pain of unbelieving so much we have been taught to cherish. The seminary boards would be spared the embarrassment of having young ecclesiastical candidates question that uncommon ancestor in whom we are all brothers, because the reverend seniors would have some eye-witness's word, if only Eve's. We should have some one's affidavit for the mythological whoppers about the Greek Olympians, and the now incorrigible Baconians would be put to rout, with a biographical brief of Master Shakespeare's life, of which the bard would himself have read the proofs. And does not a single notable fact sustain the contention, for with all his other limitations Boswell made himself a model to posterity by his life of Dr. Johnson. Wise enough men framed the rule of admission to the Salle Carré. Ten post-mortem years are not too many to give impartial perspective or to give logical selection an opportunity to group its canvases; but they are ten years during which the facts about the masters are languishing, and the moss of forgetfulness and the green scum of neglect are obscuring the well of truth. Especially desirable is contemporary biography of our players. There is no Louvre for their masterpieces; they painted in sound and motion, and erase each other in creation. The poet, the philosopher, the composer, the sculptor and the painter create for futurity. The player is essentially the creature of one generation, his own. When by his own genius and attainment he raises himself to eminence, it is pleasant and profitable to enjoy a personal intimacy with him, at least through the pages of some reliable and sympathetic chronicle. Of all the men or women of the stage who linger in active eminence, enjoying in maturity a maturity of sweetness and power, none occupies a place quite so secure in the appreciation of all who have seen her as Ellen Terry. How many hundreds of thousands her graceful comedy and impressive tragedy have made votaries at her shrine! History and tradition will gather her into the train of the elect with Betterton, Cibber, Abingdon, Garrick, Siddons, Kean, Cushman and Booth; but to no succeeding generations with whom Ellen Terry is a tradition will biographical intimacy be so welcome as to those who have seen the great actress and treasure the memory of her accomplishments. These considerations are suggested by a *Life of Ellen Terry and Her Sisters*, by T. Edgar Pemberton. As a dramatic chronicler of scrupulous exactitude, a critic of safe judgment, and a writer of engaging style, Mr. Pemberton has already made himself a secure place among present English writers on the stage. He has prepared a careful and engaging narrative of the career of the four celebrated daughters of that line of Terrys which included Daniel Terry, who "Terry-fied" Scott by his nimbleness in dramatising the ink-wet Waverleys, and "Ben" Terry of the Worcester circuit. If the writer is somewhat saccharine over his fair subject, not sometimes, but nearly always, it is an amiable fault and far pleasanter to the reader than the opposite failing. The book is an admirable addition to its class, invaluable as a document of detail, and will be treasured by all who love the stage and have seen Ellen Terry. From the earliest day of Henry Irving's tenancy of the Lyceum Miss Terry has been associated with him, so that Mr. Pemberton's book is at once

*Ellen Terry and Her Sisters. By T. Edgar Pemberton. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a life of Ellen Terry and her sisters and a history of the Irving regimen of London's most important playhouse during almost a quarter of a century.

Paul Wilstach.

IV.

Mr. Hill's "The Minority."*

The title of Mr. Hill's book scarcely prepares us for its subject. It is not political, but a powerful and well-balanced story of the factory, the stock market, and industrial combination. Lest this give the impression of weightiness, it should be said that there is not a dull page in the book, while the pictures of the horse-show, the fashionable dinner table, and the house party are excellently done and full of light. In the matter of conversation—one of the most difficult accomplishments of the writer whose aim is the consistent and uninterrupted development of plot—the story is a success. Mr. Hill's people talk—and at times wittily—because they have something to say that advances the action, discloses their personalities, and entertains. The development of character is done so adroitly that the reader flatters himself with a larger share of intuition than is his due. Without rising to great heights, the book comes near being what a book of its kind should be.

Mr. Hill writes with knowledge and enthusiasm, and while he does not offer an opinion upon the vexed question of the relation of labour and its employers, and the ultimate effect upon the interests of these of union on both sides, he puts into a series of suggestive and dramatic situations facts which promote thinking on one's own account. He has been wise enough to allow events to bring about their logical end without interposing the pleasing but impossible romantic elements which some writers of fiction feel justified in introducing in an effort to play at Fate.

For "the minority" of the title we should read Kennard, the hero of the novel. Kennard is a factory owner and manager, with old-fashioned ideas about the direct responsibility of employers to their employees. He is something of a philanthropist, though an exceedingly practical one, and his factory is a model in its conduct, equipment and products. There is a long "waiting list" against his roll, and until he encounters Mr. Harland, the father of the girl with whom he falls irrevocably in love, prosperity attends his busy life. Harland is a promoter, the head and front of the United Milling Companies, a shrewd, strong man, but without much conscience. With two scheming brokers he projects a combination of all the factories in Kennard's line. Kennard refuses to join this combination, but is forced into it through the instrumentality of a conspiracy started among his own men by the opposition. He discovers this plot and identifies the handwriting on one of the plotters' papers as that of Leslie Harland. The inference strips him of the one ideal which the situation had left him, and here his manhood is put to its severest test. From the middle of the book his resolution and the steadfastness of his love are thrown into strong relief. The story progresses rapidly and with cumulative interest. The power of the stock market, the press, the unscrupulous factory inspector, the agitator, and his personal enemies is brought to bear on Kennard. The action teems with excitement and uncertainties, in which the reader does not lose sight of Leslie Harland, and in the end—well, Mr. Hill's love story is cleverly done.

Francis Churchill Williams.

*The Minority. By Frederick Trevor Hill. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

V.

Mr. Vielé's "Myra of the Pines."*

Disguised as a hopeless specimen of veranda literature in its saucily hideous cover of pea green, with pines in close resemblance to those that come with nursery arks, Mr. Vielé's story about the crossroads company that lived "eight miles from Thebes" affords the reader first surprise, then a constantly increasing pleasure. A summer book it is, with its light, refreshing quality and charm springing from the naturalness and liveliness of the people and situations described, so good a product that the

*Myra of the Pines. By Herman Knickerbocker Vielé. New York: McClure, Phillips and Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

enterprise of publishers in scattering broadcast pale-tinted volumes at this season of the year seems justified, because one, at least, is really winning.

The Dales, "the only white family in the State willing to live eight miles from nowhere in particular"—which means in a log house surrounded on every side by the droning pines—are odd, unworldly people, with the cultivation that enables them to extract the full measure of enjoyment from their peculiar manner of living and to put up humorously with its staring deficiencies—that is, with the exception of the Professor, the inventor who is also an astrologist, and who succeeds by noticing nothing. Mrs. Dale, "Aunt Emmet" to the readers of the *Inglenook*, is, of course, a writer, and the way she adapts her art nicely to meet the needs of the purveyors of fiction for the home is illustrated by the following conversation, which occurs while she is engaged in correcting proofs:

> Myra took a seat upon the trunk, and in doing so one foot mysteriously disappeared.
>
> "Has Reggie proposed to Laura yet?" she asked.
>
> "Not yet," her mother said dispiritedly. "I had to break off to spill ink on her white dress, just to show how the stain could be taken out with Excelsior Eradicator, though when I tried it on the lining of your father's hat it left a horrid spot. And then I had to make a Lincoln pudding—"
>
> "I don't mind so much spoiling your reader's clothes," commented Myra, "but, mother, do you think it right to introduce fiction into their digestive organs?"
>
> The mother sniffed disapproval of her daughter's levity, and with a pencil substituted "pinch" for "peck" as the quantity of cinnamon in the recipe for Lincoln pudding.

The activities of the portly old gentleman, the head of this family (which is quite frequently dependent for its dinner upon the offering of a friendly agent "in case the butcher has forgotten to call"), are, besides inventing such things as an automatic dish washer, a portable circus seat, infant incubator, contrivance for pulling stumps, etc., reading horoscopes and prognosticating immense cosmic changes for the benefit of the authorities at Washington. The Professor is very simply and sincerely done, without the nonsense of exaggeration—amusing as he is. The sight of a spring in the pines, its waters slightly reddened by the presence of a rusty iron pot, moves him naturally to say:

> "This spring," he explained to those it might concern, "may possibly be of such importance as to bring about an entire change in the purposes of the Development Company. Fortunately, there is room here for a vast modern sanitarium."

The Professor borrows the agent's horse to go to Thebes. In place of a valise he carries a bread canister with a shawl-strap around it. With his usual dignity, he makes this parting speech as he drives off:

> "I will not urge a willing animal," he remarked over his shoulder, "and, by taking his own gait, he can be resting and going at the same time. Do not forget to feed the chickens. I shall be back by nine to-morrow."

The Professor brings back with him from Thebes a giant case of shining metal. That is a vibraphone, adjusted to record the movements of the wind among the pine-trees, and to enable its happy possessor to detect atmospheric changes hitherto unnoticed.

Myra, unlike her father and her mother, "was not an alien in the forest, no more so than the sunlight or the autumn wind." She is not a bit of a crank or an oddity, but an exceptionally attractive girl, whose personal significance, too subtle a thing for classification, makes itself felt with a sweet, pervasive dignity in spite of the curious fag-end of an existence which the eccentricities of her parents lead her. Myra is a figure most delicately done, and she remains in the memory after the story is finished with a definite charm and reality. The talk between her and Christiansen during their rambling excursion through the woods in search of the spring is, perhaps, the most happy in its light vein of the many similar conversations scattered through the book.

The originality of the author in describing a Myra of the Pines who is not a flat-footed tender of hogs, a respected parent who is not constructed on the lines of Swinnerton's hayseeds, and life

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the pines without having all accessories lead up merely to the simple entertainment of rustic dialect—this certainly deserves strong commendation. The reviewer might have called attention to the novelty of the proceeding and stopped there.

Carl Hovey.

VI.

Owen Wister's "The Virginian."*

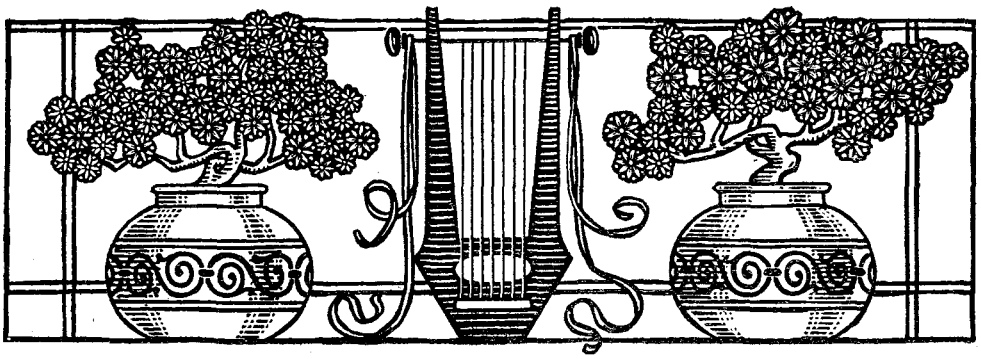
In the four pages of introduction to *The Virginian,* Mr. Wister maintains that his book, although it deals with a period not yet remote, is none the less a colonial romance, because Wyoming between 1874 and 1890 was a colony as wild as was Virginia one hundred years earlier. Dr. Mitchell's *Hugh Wynne,* he thinks, exactly fits the common understanding of the term "historical novel." But, he urges, *Silas Lapham* is also an historical novel, for it pictures an era and personifies a type. "It matters not," writes Mr. Wister, "that in the one we find George Washington and in the other none save imaginary figures; else *The Scarlet Letter* were not historical. Nor does it matter that Dr. Mitchell did not live in the time of which he wrote, while Mr. Howells saw many Silas Laphams with his own eyes; else *Uncle Tom's Cabin* were not historical."

Where, suggests Mr. Wister, is the horseman, the cow-puncher, the last romantic figure upon our soil? In a measure he is gone; and yet he will be here among us always, invisible, waiting his chance to live and play as he would like. In the old days his ungoverned hours did not unman him. "If he gave his word, he kept it; Wall Street would have found him behind the times. Nor did he talk lewdly to women; Newport would have thought him old-fashioned." In Mr. Wister's eyes, the type seems to have been wholly admirable, heroic, splendidly barbaric, and it is thus that the author has endeavoured to preserve him in *The Virginian.*

Were *The Virginian* without any other qualities, the chapter called "Em'ly" alone would make it worth reading. Although in many respects they are as far apart as the poles, the story of "Em'ly" curiously recalls Guy de Maupassant's story of the paralysed toper, whose shrewish wife forced him to play the humiliating part of a hen. "Em'ly" is a supreme type of yearning spinsterhood, and the description of her awkwardly and strenuously mothering the litter of rapidly growing setter puppies is delicious in its humour. Here and there in the book there are passages which are somewhat vague, and the relations between the different characters are not always clearly defined. But the lines between types are finely drawn, and Mr. Wister has caught and conveyed admirably the spirit and atmosphere of the era and scenes of which he writes. *The Virginian* is a strong and vigorous novel.

Beverly Stark.

*The Virginian. By Owen Wister. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LITERARY, ARTISTIC, AND BOHEMIAN LONDON IN THE SEVENTIES

By J. Henry Hager. With drawings by Arthur Lumley.

IV.

In 1872 the Savage Club, with its *lares et penates,* consisting of the plainest of furniture and a few Indian relics to serve as an excuse for the name, found lodgment in a sufficiently roomy apartment on the first floor of the Gordon Hotel, near the Bedford and Tavistock, Covent Garden, and a few steps from Evans's. Access to these unpretentious quarters was to be obtained only by ascending a long, winding staircase, which, awkward as an entrance, was doubly so as an exit for members during certain phases of the moon, and on those rare occasions when physical suasion had to be invoked to settle disputes. In these crises the situation of the club-room vividly recalled the lines:

> Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
> But—why did you kick me downstairs?

This eyrie from which one looked down upon London's great flower and fruit market and its surroundings, not always, I am sorry to say, appropriately clean, was presided over by O'Donnell, a hard-working Irish journalist, and the society's secretary, who, poor fellow, never lived to see the club domiciled more pleasantly. He died the following year, I think, leaving a widow in poverty, for whom the better-to-do members subscribed most generously. There were also two very presentable barmaids, of eighteen or twenty, to be chaffed at the top of the corkscrew-like ascent—the daughters of the steward, who was also the landlord of the hotel, but whose very peculiar theories of a father's duties toward his offspring, I understood, subsequently drove the entire family (including a son) to the stage for support.

On leaving the Gordon, the Savages camped for a brief period on the ground floor at Evans's, and thence moved to the Strand, next door to Exeter Hall, in a room forming part of Haxall's Hotel. They were there in 1876-77-78. It was, of course, prior to these migrations that the club extended a hearty welcome to an American, whose fame had already crossed the Atlantic, and who had come to England only to end his brief and brilliant career. I refer to Charles Farrar Browne ("Artemus Ward"). Shortly afterward the *Savage Club Papers* were published, and Browne gratefully contributed an article. It related the details of a supposititious interview with an equally fictitious innkeeper in the suburbs of London, and concluded, I remember, with a remark by the "interviewed": "Come into the garden, Ward!"

Despite the fact that tuberculosis had marked him for its own, Browne wrote for *Punch,* and in November, 1866, opened his "show" in Egyptian Hall. In the following February he became so much worse that he went to the island of Jersey in search of a milder climate, but returned to Southampton in March in the hope of being able to board an America-bound steamer. This was not to be, however, and he died there in the arms of Charles Millward, of the Savage Club, who had run down from London to nurse him.

When the Savages pitched their tent in the Strand they came to the centre of London's Bohemian life—to the actors' Rialto, which, unlike its American namesake, has never been superseded by any more popular locality. At certain of its "pubs." one was sure to find almost any afternoon not only a large delegation of that portion of the "profession" withdrawn temporarily from the public eye, but many of their more fortunate brethren who were actually filling it.

Once a year, however, these worldly folk were thrust aside by the tide of humanity that poured forth from all parts of the United Kingdom to attend the monster meetings of the various religious bodies that were held in the spring in the capacious auditorium of Exeter Hall. At these seasons the narrow Strand is more than usually congested, and the throngs who crowd it daily, whether on business or pleasure bent, are forced to the wall. How this

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

transformation of one of London's busiest thoroughfares appears to a member of an humble class of citizens, with whom the community might very well dispense, and whose unrestricted peregrinations the police are not wont to encourage on such occasions, may be gathered from the following lines:

Now cometh in the merry month of May,
As I observe in strollin' down the Strand—
W'ere now I spend an 'appy 'oliday,
With plenty for to see on either 'and.

The curicks and the parsons wot 'ave rose
By climbin' 'ard to boss their own concern—
Both 'igh and low—they blossom like the rose,
And knock agin you most at every turn.

Dear ladies, bent on seein' all they can,
But dreamin' Westbourne-grove is some-w'ere East;
And scornin' 'elp from any mortal man—
They come again, for Nature 'ath not ceased.

And nice old gents, wot write themselves C.C.,
And is considered something w'en at 'ome:
These also are a pleasant sight to see,
And make me larf as down the Strand I roam.

Bless them, sez I; and 'Eaven defend the right!
And may they keep their purses in their 'and.
I wouldn't 'ave them suffer—though they might—
W'en thus they go a-Maying in the Strand.

In the early Seventies the Strand did not boast of a music-hall, as it does today, but the cabs of the popular performers, who appeared at several of these resorts in one evening, were to be seen nightly dashing at full speed toward their several destinations. The most famous among these hard-working servants of the public was the "Great" Macdermott, whose recent death, in the spring of 1901, recalls his career freshly to mind.

As the creator of the "Jingo," in connection with the author of the words, G. W. Hunt, in the autumn of 1878, when the Russians were marching on Constantinople, by singing the song with the electrifying refrain:

We don't want to fight,
But, by Jingo, if we do,
We've got the ships, we've got the men,
We've got the money, too,

G. W. Macdermott deserves more than passing mention. Although he was no doubt aided by W. S. Gilbert's "contemporaneous ironies" in *Pinafore*, where John Bull was described as stolidly and loyally remaining an Englishman, although he "might have been a Roosian, a French, or Turk, or Proosian," it was Macdermott who proved Lord Beaconsfield's most valuable ally in checking the machinations of Russian diplomacy, although himself only a "Lion Comique."

But Macdermott, who was a tall, handsome, broad-chested, well-dressed vocalist, was also a clever actor in legitimate drama, and was the author of several popular plays. Among his other music-hall successes were "The Scamp," "The Two Obadiahs," "I'll Strike You With a Feather," and "Half-Past Twelve." He was the successor of Leybourne, Vance and Mackney, and closed the list of the "comical lions." Macdermott's career as a singer ended only some six or seven years ago, after which he managed successfully several music halls in the outskirts of London. He is said to have died leaving his family in prosperous circumstances.

To return to the Savages, and in introducing several of the leading members, the name of Charles Millward should be mentioned first. Being engaged in business, he was not dependent solely on his pen, and was thus in a position to aid those who were so unfortunately situated. The ability, however, would have been as naught had not the wish to assist been equally present. Fortunately for the less favoured members both were combined in Charles Millward. A generous nature and an open purse (although a man of moderate means) could not fail to make him the idol of his associates. He thus became easily the leader in all club undertakings, and those who were less interested in the organisation, or more selfish, or less given to exertion, never troubled themselves to dispute his supremacy.

Millward owned an interest in the *Porcupine*, a local satirical weekly, published in Liverpool, where, I believe, he once resided. He was also clever in the construction of pantomimes, and nearly every Christmas saw the production of one of the results of his industry in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Provinces. In the summer Millward divided his leisure time between London and Margate, of which popular watering-place he was dubbed "king," interspersed with frequent "Saturday-to-Monday" excursions to Boulogne from London direct—excursions found to be most healthful in stirring up the sluggish British liver. In August, 1873, it was my good fortune, at his invitation, to take part in what is known in London as a "bren-feast"—an outing given by an employer to his employees. On that occasion the route to the scene of the festivity—the outskirts of Epping Forest, where a most enjoyable day was spent—lay through Waltham Abbey, Edmonton and Ware, localities made classic by "John Gilpin's Ride."

To Americans visiting London, Charles Millward was ever the genial, self-sacrificing host, and it is pleasant to know that our countrymen have not been slow to recognise and reciprocate this lavish hospitality in the warm welcome they have given to his daughter, who is now an established favourite on the American stage.

In marked contrast with Charles Millward was Henry S. Leigh, the two men illustrating the difference between the oak and the vine that clings to it for support. Had Leigh, who is said to have been the only living relative of the late Charles Matthews, been born on the other side of the Channel, and resided in Paris instead of London, he would certainly have figured in Mürger's famous fiction, for a more typical Bohemian never breathed. Always in pecuniary difficulties, yet with talents that should have kept him in comfortable, if not in affluent circumstances, Leigh led a hand-to-mouth existence. A good musician, a writer of clever verses, and an excellent French scholar, he could supply exactly the kind of literary wares the managers most needed; but as far as his pocket was concerned he might as well have come into the world deaf, dumb and blind. He died under fifty regretted by all, but as a money-maker unable to achieve the success of the average London tradesman.

Leigh was the Club wit. There were others, of course, as Byron, Brough, Albery, Grossmith, etc.; but as he made the Club his home (he had no other, poor fellow) his *bon mots* were more in evidence. I remember his coming in one winter morning, about noon, when, even then, the fog was so thick that one could scarcely see across the Strand, and the tradesmen were just taking down their shutters. Harry said that his landlady had knocked at his door and told him that it was ten o'clock. He said he knew that was a lie, as he hadn't gone to bed until eleven, the darkness being a sufficient excuse for his imagining, or pretending to imagine, that it was still the night before. On another occasion some one had brought two Parsee merchants into the Club, members of the highly respectable and wealthy guild doing business in Liverpool, each of whom was elderly and toothless. As they conversed with each other in Persian, Leigh was asked what language they were speaking. He replied: "Can't say, unless it's gum Arabic!"

Leigh published several volumes of verse, the best of which, perhaps, was his "Carols of Cockayne." I do not have these volumes by me (I believe they are out of print), and so cannot quote from them what is best worth quotation, but copy the only specimen of his talent in this direction that I have preserved, simply to show the ease in versification he displayed even in dashing off "a pot-boiler":

THE GOLDEN AGE AND THE AGE OF GOLD.

I.

Men were happy as days were long
  In the old Arcadian times;
When life seemed only a dance and song
  In the sweetest of all sweet climes.
Our world grows bigger, and, stage by stage,
  As the pitiless years have rolled,
We've quite forgotten the Golden Age,
  And come to the Age of Gold.

II.

Time went by in a sheepish way
  Upon Thessaly's plains of yore.
In the nineteenth century lambs at play
  Mean mutton—and nothing more.
Our swains at present are far too sage
  To live as one lived of old;
So they couple the crook of the Golden Age
  With a hook in the Age of Gold.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

III.

From Corydon's reed the mountains round
Heard news of his latest flame;
And Tityrus made the woods resound
With echoes of Daphne's name.
They kindly left us a lasting gauge
Of their musical art, we're told;
And the Pandean pipe of the Golden Age
Brings mirth to the Age of Gold.

V.

Electric telegraphs, printing, gas,
Tobacco, balloons and steam,
Are little events that have come to pass
Since the days of the old régime;
And, spite of Lemprière's dazzling page,
I'd give—though it might seem bold—
A hundred years of the Golden Age
For a year of the Age of Gold.

AT THE ARTS CLUB, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, 1870-79.

IV.

Dwellers in huts and in marble halls—
From shepherdess up to queen—
Cared little for bonnets, and less for shawls,
And nothing for crinoline.
But now simplicity's not the rage,
And it's funny to think how cold
The dress they wore in the Golden Age
Would seem in the Age of Gold.

At the Club dinners Leigh was always called upon. Sometimes he sang his own songs, and at others he would "oblige" with the music-hall favourite of the hour, often joining in a duet with Arthur Mathison, well known in the Bohemia of both London and New York. His lines on "An Intoxicated Fly," describing the adventures of one that had lin-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gered too long on the rim of a glass of beer, were often demanded. The effect of attributing to the insect the experiences of a youth who had drunk not wisely but too well, was most ludicrous. Another of his poems relates the adventures of a clubman who has taken a woman friend to see a French play which proves to be *risqué*. In this predicament he thanks, mentally, the irregularities of the French verbs and other linguistic peculiarities that prevent the fair one from comprehending the wickedness of the *double-entendres*.

The Club once caught a Tartar in the person of a certain Dutch Jew. He was a man of brilliant intellect and extraordinary linguistic ability, but a thorough "cad," whom no one hesitated in rating as "not a gentleman." He was the author of what, I believe, is considered one of the best translations that has been made of Molière into English, which for him was turning one foreign language into another. All his talents, however, did not serve to make him "clubable," and the Savages would have been glad of a decent excuse for getting rid of him.

This Jew's most objectionable characteristic was his fierce dislike of Christians, which he took care to display on every possible occasion. Going into Simpson's divan and restaurant, nearly opposite the Club, one Sunday evening, just after its six o'clock opening, when it was crowded with expectant diners taking their pre-prandial "nip," he happened to spy an acquaintance standing some distance away. Immediately, and at the top of his voice, he shouted: "Hello! B——, you look like Jesus Christ dressed out for a holiday!" Suddenly the din, which had been deafening, was hushed, and every one looked around to see who the blasphemous wretch could be! This was exactly what the speaker desired and counted on. Glorying, therefore, in his shame, he met the concentrated gaze of the crowd with a self-satisfied smile.

It was the lot of Harry Leigh to administer the neatest rebuke that this militant Hebrew is known to have received. Leigh had been making impromptu epitaphs one afternoon, on the different members, when the Jew came in.

"Well! what would you say about me, Harry, in case I should be called hence?" he asked.

"Oh!" was the reply that came without a moment's hesitation, "give the devil his due!" which Leigh, with much emphasis, pronounced "Jew."

Another club wit who must not be forgotten, was Henry J. Byron, actor, editor and dramatist. He had abandoned law for the stage, and greatly to his profit, his *Our Boys* (which enjoyed an uninterrupted run [from 1872 to 1876] of four years and three months), and other plays, produced at the Vaudeville Theatre, bringing him much money. Unfortunately for his heirs he possessed the faculty of getting rid of it almost as rapidly as he made it. His special hobby, in his rôle of spendthrift, was buying and selling houses, and throwing the veil of the most complete secrecy over the transactions. Few at the Club knew where he lived, and it was believed that even his business associates were no wiser. The result of this peculiar line of conduct was that, at his death, his estate, which should have been worth £20,000 at the least, was valued at not more than four or five thousand pounds.

Byron fathered a good many of his *bon mots* on Mrs. Swanborough, the good-natured if ungrammatical proprietor of the Strand Theatre, whose sons are now managers of two or three of the most prosperous music-halls in London. It was common rumour in "the profession" that this lady was a lineal descendant of Mistress Malaprop, and Byron did all he could to make good her claim to the distinction by extending her reputation in this direction. I regret to say, however, that the majority of these alleged *lapsus linguæ* were more suitable for smoking-room consumption as an accompaniment to the after-dinner cigar, than for the pages of a magazine.

But all his witticisms were not of this character. Being in a theatre one evening, on the occasion of the production of a new piece, there was an extraordinarily long "wait" after the curtain had fallen on the third act. Finally, when everybody's patience had been exhausted, the sound of a carpenter's saw was heard behind the scenes.

"What do you suppose they're up to now?" a friend asked Byron.

"Don't know, dear boy," was the re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ply, "unless they're cutting out the fourth act!"

Happening to pass the Olympic Theatre (I think it was) that the present Lord Dunraven (then Viscount Adare) had leased, and where the business was not by any means what could have been wished, Byron strolled in and asked the box-office keeper how the piece was succeeding. On receiving a reply in accordance with the facts, Byron remarked as he passed out again: "Oh! I see; another case of Robin Adair!"

Two interesting members of the club were Scotchmen—William L. Duff and his brother, Andrew Halliday, who used his mother's instead of his father's name. They were near relatives of the Earl of Fife, and were on intimate terms with Viscount Duff, the then heir. General Duff was a farmer in Illinois at the beginning of the Civil War. He entered the army, and fought his way upward with such success that, at the siege of Vicksburg, he was a member of General Grant's staff. After the war he drifted into journalism, and having been born at Banff, Scotland, near the birthplace of the elder James Gordon Bennett, the latter sent him to Versailles as its representative during the Franco-Prussian War. Here General Duff met "Bull Run" Russell, and the other correspondents of the leading London journals, besides making the acquaintance of many of the officers of the German army.

Beyond a visit to New York in 1872, General Duff never returned to America, but after residing awhile in London went back to Scotland. Among his reminiscences of the Civil War, the General was wont to relate the incident of the capture at Vicksburg, by the Union forces, of a large quantity of homœopathic medicine, and that, sugar being scarce even among members of the staff, the officers made the pellets useful in sweetening their coffee!

Andrew Halliday was employed for years as a dramatist in preparing the wonderful spectacular productions of Shakespeare's plays for Drury Lane Theatre, of which *Antony and Cleopatra*, which I had the good fortune to see, may be cited as a shining example. Poor Halliday, although a well-built man of apparently good physique, was even then on the decline, and did not long survive his scenic triumphs. One met him often in the evening after the play, hobnobbing with his club friends at the Albion Tavern, opposite Drury Lane Theatre, where late suppers were the nightly programme, and toasted cheese (a specialty of the house) was the popular viand.

Hepworth Dixon, for sixteen years editor of the *Athenæum*, and one of the leading literary names in the London of that day, did not belong to the Savage, but he was to be met frequently at the houses of members, and his eldest son, Jerrold, was long its secretary. The latter was a most agreeable companion, and had much ability, especially as a writer of light fiction. He did not, however, apparently possess the qualities that command success, and died in Dublin, his mother's birthplace, in the flush of early manhood. Young Dixon was fond of the society of Americans, and was wont to make long visits to Charles Leland "Hans Breitmann"), who at that time lived at Twickenham, on the Thames.

Hepworth Dixon was a genial host and very *lié* with the Jerrold family, a daughter of Douglas Jerrold residing with him as governess and companion to his daughters, Madge and Helen, the latter of whom has since chosen a literary career. During vacation time it was Miss Jerrold's custom to take the young ladies to Heidelberg and other attractive localities on the Continent, where education and recreation could readily be combined.

Lord Dunraven was in the early Seventies only Viscount Adare and a journalist, having represented the London *Daily Telegraph* during the British campaign in Abyssinia. It was rumoured at the Club that, owing to religious differences, the father being a strict Roman Catholic and the son a Protestant, the life of the future peer was not a happy one. He had been previously much in America, and after his accession to the title he was in the habit of crossing the Atlantic annually for several years, to visit the St. Lawrence and the other prolific hunting grounds in that locality

John Baldwin Buckstone, although seventy in 1872, did not relinquish the lease of the Haymarket Theatre until 1878, the year before his death. He was one of the notable characters of the me-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tropolis. Genial, jovial and popular to the end of his career, his death left a vacancy on the English stage that there is no present prospect of seeing filled. I recall his quaint appearance at one of the dinners of the General Theatrical Fund at the Freemasons' Tavern, where he trotted up and down the hall looking from his diminutive size like an aged and amiable infant.

On the stage, I am told, his company sometimes ventured to play tricks on the veteran manager. As his deafness increased, the only way of taking his cue was by watching the lips of the last speaker. It was considered a good joke for the latter to keep his lips moving after he had ceased speaking, and thus mystify the unfortunate actor.

"Johnny" Toole tells a droll story of Buckstone's encounter with an intoxicated man, and vouches for its authenticity. Toole had been "in front" one evening at the Haymarket, and he and Buckstone happened to remain in the latter's dressing-room until all the employees had left. On coming out, they noticed a solitary roysterer who had taken advantage of the lateness of the hour to be extremely ill in front of the building. As soon as Buckstone espied him he began to berate him in severe terms: "I say, do you know what you're doing, sir?—committing a nuisance in front of the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, sir? It's disgraceful, simply disgraceful, sir," etc., etc. For some time the inebriated one paid no attention to the verbal attack, but as the manager persisted, and the voice (known all over London) was recognised at last, but supposing that some one was trying to hoax him, he protested feebly and with many hiccoughs: "Go 'way; g-g-go 'way, you b-b-bloody bad imitation of B-B-Buckstone—go 'way!"

The younger members of the Grossmith family are too well known on this side of the Atlantic to call for special mention, the inimitable monologue entertainments of George, the son, and creator of many leading characters in *Pinafore,* the *Mikado,* and other of the Gilbert-Sullivan operas, and the clever acting of the grandsons who have visited these shores as members of several English companies, having made the American public acquainted with this remarkably gifted family; but the grandfather never came to this country, and probably few know anything of "the fountain and origin" of this inherited talent.

The elder Grossmith was, in 1872, hale and vigorous, and an ever-welcome member of the Savage Club. He began life as a printer in the Provinces, and, on coming to London, became reporter for the *Times* at the famous police court in Bow Street, Covent Garden, nearly opposite the Royal Italian Opera House and a few steps from Drury Lane Theatre. After several years he was joined in this work by his son, George, and both men, although destined to play leading parts in the world of amusement, served a long apprenticeship on this lower round of the journalistic ladder. Later the father began to "tour" the country as a reciter, etc., and his son soon followed his example.

The elder Grossmith was gifted with one of those jovial dispositions that made him *persona grata* in all companies. His mission appeared to be to drive dull care away, and in his society it was difficult to be melancholy. His emerging from club circles on to the platform as a public entertainer, seemed natural and inevitable. Many anecdotes were told of him, but none better than the one quoted by Dean Hole in his lecture on "Bores." One of the tribe had been going all too minutely into the details of a severe illness through which he had just passed. "In fact," he concluded, "I was at death's door!" "Would to Heaven," exclaimed Grossmith, who happened to be present, *sotto voce,* "would to Heaven you'd gone in!" Speaking of death, the old gentleman met his in a peculiar way. He had been presiding as chairman at one of the club dinners, and the post-prandial entertainment had begun. Suddenly he was taken ill, and was removed to another apartment. His fellow-members, not supposing that anything serious had happened, continued the festivity, and it was only on adjourning that they learned that their beloved and honoured comrade had passed away.

It is a singular fact that another esteemed member of the Club, Edmund Falconer, an actor and an Irishman, died in much the same way. Being present one Saturday evening when he had only partially recovered from a long illness,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he was asked to give a favourite recitation, but one which required much physical and mental effort to deliver successfully. The unfortunate player did his best, and had nearly finished when he broke down, and was taken to a room in the hotel, where he soon breathed his last.

One of Harry Leigh's most popular songs was entitled "The Villain at the Vic.," or Victoria Theatre. This expression conveyed to the mind of the Londoner much the same impression that the phrase "The heavy tragedian at the Bowery" would make upon the average New Yorker. E. J. Odell had been a professional villain at the East End and Transpontine theatres, and a very clever villain he was. In the Seventies he occupied his leisure time in arranging "farewell benefits" with a view to travelling in "the States" on the proceeds. Although he had appeared already at several of these functions he seemed loath to leave his native land. Finally, however, he actually sailed, but remained in New York only a week, returning on the same steamer!

Odell was a man of mystery! He haunted the Junior Garrick Club, but no one ever heard him propose going home, and few had ever seen him take his departure, as usually he lingered until every one else had gone. This meant sitting up habitually until 3 A.M., when the club was closed, and the only other resort to which members could then adjourn was the "Red Lion," a public house that had been granted an all-night license for the benefit of the printers on the morning papers. On one memorable occasion a plot was laid with a view of discovering where the eccentric actor lodged. A committee of several members waited until the club closed and then followed him into the street. Odell seemed to suspect the conspiracy, and purposely led them through some of the worst slums in London. Long after his pursuers had repented of their hasty resolution, he appeared suddenly at the front door of a deserted house, and, with his usual frosty smile, remarked, "No, boys, this is *not* the place!" and disappeared for the night, leaving his fellow-members no wiser than they were at the beginning of the quest. In recalling Odell's peculiarities it is pleasant to be able to record the fact that a comfortable old age has been secured for him by means of an annuity that was obtained through the personal exertions of one who can be said truthfully to ornament his profession, whether his kindness of heart or his histrionic ability is considered—Sir Henry Irving!

It was reserved for a Welsh member of the Savage Club to realise what always seemed to me to be an ideal existence. He owned in Swansea a weekly journal that brought him a good income, without requiring any personal attention. This left him free to become the travelling companion of a wealthy relative who had a cheerful habit of paying the hotel bills. I ran across these modern pilgrims at the Grand Hotel in Paris, and at the Holborn Viaduct hostelry in London; in fact, every summer they might be found in those resorts on the Continent where Britishers most do congregate. The elder of the two (the younger being in the prime of life, with a constitution that could stand any amount of tramping about) was a cousin of one of the owners of the London *Times*, and was named Walter. He was nearer seventy than sixty, but looked about fifty. Indeed, he was the youngest old man I have ever met. Short in stature, he was an indefatigable walker, and could tire out men many years his junior. He was wont to attribute his pink and white complexion and his perfect health to a careful diet (never eating meat, he assured me, more than once a day), and to abstemiousness in the matter of alcoholic beverages. He was interested pecuniarily in several copper and tin mines, and was liberal but not lavish in the use of money.

In conversation Mr. Walter was most entertaining, and his anecdotes and those of his travelling companion gave one a very good idea of the Welsh people. One of these referred to certain relatives of his who kept a private bank. They were exceedingly religious, and attended church, not only on Sunday but several times during the week. One evening while they were thus piously engaged, burglars entered their bank, blew open the safe, stole all the ready money, and then had the audacity to chalk this admonition on the counter: "You should watch as well as pray!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A review of the more prominent members of the Savage Club should also include the Brough brothers, actors and dramatists, and James Albery, the gifted author of *Two Roses.* Albery's career as a dramatist was brilliant, and his amiable personal qualities endeared him to a large circle of friends. Of the Broughs, Lionel, noted for his Tony Lumpkin in *She Stoops to Conquer,* and his long association with Mrs. John Wood in London, was the youngest. William and Robert ranked high, the latter standing at the head of the writers of burlesque. Many of his witticisms—spoken, not written—are still current at the clubs. Being invited to attend a morning performance of a new piece, a stage box having been placed at his disposal, the author could not restrain his impatience, but rushed out from behind the scenes the moment the final curtain had descended, to get Brough's opinion as an expert on the merits of the piece.

"Well, my dear fellow, what *do* you think of it? B— says it's good!"

"Good? my dear boy, nonsense! Good is no name for it." The play was insufferably bad!

Albery was fond of recalling the adventures of a drunken sailor at Portsmouth (which he vouched for as authentic), who, passing a dissenting chapel one Sunday afternoon and feeling fatigued, entered with the idea of indulging in a *siesta* in one of the rear seats. It so happened that, at the moment, the preacher was enlarging on the Saviour's comparison of his disciples to sheep in the midst of wolves, and just as the inebriated one had settled down for a nap, he exclaimed:

"You, you, my brethren, are the sheep, but where, oh! where are the wolves?"

Pausing for a moment as if for a reply, the sailor, feeling called upon to rush into the breach, staggered to his feet, and, with drunken earnestness, shouted: "Aye, aye, ship-ahoy, P-p-p-parson! Raythe nor 'ave the ply stopped, I-I-I-I'll be the w-w-w-wolf!!"

There must be added to my list Henry Hersee, the wideawake father of Rose Hersee, a charming soprano, and, in his daughter's service, a past-master of the art of *la réclame;* Alfred Cellier, right-hand man of Arthur Sullivan, and a clever composer, who has visited New York; Saville Clarke, a delightful companion and bright journalist and litterateur; George A. Henty, to whom the children of England and America are alike indebted; Godfrey Turner, rubicund of complexion, *bon vivant,* writer on the London *Telegraph,* and a strong believer in the merits of the American cooking-stove; John Billington and Yorke Stephens, veteran players; Henry Blackburn, who traced for himself a new path as an art critic, and whose pleasant brochures are known on both sides the Atlantic; C. V. Boys, jovial and juvenile —in spirits if not in years; Charles Collette, inimitable in "patter" songs; George Conquest, of circus renown; B. L. Farjeon, some time reduced to a diet of "Bread and Cheese and Kisses;" G. Manville Fenn, prolific novelist; Edmund Leathes, Edward Righton and James Fernandez, of established histrionic fame; genial Henry Lee; Jonas Levy; poor Fred Maccabe; Frank A. Marshall, Henry Pettitt and Paul Meritt, dramatists; D. Christie Murray; Harry Paulton, of the Alhambra Music Hall; Melton Prior, of the *Illustrated London News;* E. G. Ravenstein, a most painstaking and trustworthy literary worker; the brothers George and William Rignold; Carl Rosa; W. B. Tegetmeier, most competent and amiable of naturalists; William Telbin, the scene painter; Edward Terry, actor and manager; Brandon Thomas, the dramatic critic; Byron Webber, stalwart journalist; Hume Williams, barrister, and George Honey, the creator of "Eccles" in *Caste,* and one of the most lovable men in his profession.

The apotheosis of the Savage Club occurred later when Lord Mayor Cotton invited the members, as the most typical representatives of the *Vie de Bohême* in the British metropolis, to a fancy-dress ball and banquet at the Mansion House. For the terpsichorean festivity, George du Maurier designed the costumes. The Savages, as if this were not glory enough for once, had their "photos" reproduced on the attractive pages of the London *Graphic.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*FUEL OF FIRE**

By ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER

CHAPTER XI.

THE BURNING OF BAXENDALE.

Higher the flames rose, higher and higher,
When Baxendale Hall was made fuel of fire.

Two days after the Candys had started on their holiday the weather broke. Up to that time—the middle of August—it had been a wonderful summer; one of those summers which stand out in men's memories as a type of all that a summer ought to be. But suddenly the face of the heavens changed: the rain fell, and then there blew a tremendous gale. For several years past there had not been such a storm of wind in Mershire: it tore the tiles off the roofs, and made merry with the slates, and opened doors without knocking, and broke the windows, until Silverhampton presented the appearance of a city which had been besieged rather than of a comfortable manufacturing town. In the country the wind behaved no better. It tossed the big trees about, tearing them up by their roots till it looked as if some giant hand was playing a monster game of spilikins in the woods; and as the ground heaved and shook with the efforts of the tree-roots to escape from their prison at the bidding of the storm fiend, it seemed as if an earthquake were following in the wake of the wind. As it was still summer, the trees had on all their leaves; and that made them less able to bow before the gale, and more liable to be overthrown by it.

Right opposite the west front of Baxendale Hall there stood a huge old elm tree which was known as "The Luck of the Baxendales," because there was a tradition to the effect that whenever it fell ill-luck would overtake the house of Baxendale; but as it had cheerfully remained upright, clapping its hands and tossing its huge arms about, while poverty drove the Baxendales out of their home and left their habitation desolate, their luck and it seemed to have parted company, and the tradition was now held to be of no effect. But the great gale accomplished what the poverty of the Baxendales had failed to bring about; it tore up the roots of the old elm tree and laid its proud head in the dust.

"What do you think?—the old elm tree at the back of the Hall has been blown down," shouted Laurence on the morning after the gale to Nancy, whom, by some strange accident, he had come across in the lanes.

But the wind, which, though less violent than it had been, was still inimical to conversation, carried his words eastward into Silverhampton, instead of to the little pink ear for which they were intended.

"What?" shouted Nancy in response, holding on her hat, while the gale played havoc with her dress till she looked like a little blue flag. "I can't hear a word that you say in this awful wind."

Laurence came nearer and repeated the piece of information in a still louder key. This time it reached its destination.

"The tree that is called 'The Luck of the Baxendales'?" asked Nancy.

Laurence nodded. It was the weather for signs and signals rather than for spoken words.

"Oh! what a pity," Nancy exclaimed; "I do hope it won't spoil your luck."

Laurence smiled somewhat grimly. "It can't very well spoil what doesn't exist, my dear; and for it to fall now seems to be a little behindhand, considering that we've been about as unlucky as we could be for the last twenty years."

"It does seem the wrong way about," gasped Nancy, struggling against the wind: "like wagging a dog's tail to make him good-tempered, don't you know?"

"Come up to the Hall and have a look at the tree," Laurence entreated when again the wind gave him the chance of being heard.

"All right." Nancy was always what Anthony called "a good plucked one."

"I'll take care of you and see that no branches fall on your pretty head," said Laurence, with as much tenderness in his voice as such a gale permitted.

"It isn't a pretty head just now, as it happens; I've put on an ugly hat on purpose, so that the wind shall not spoil more beauty than is absolutely needful."

"Keep to the windward of the trees and as far away from them as possible," was Laurence's warning. "I daren't walk with Amaryllis in the shade on such a day as this."

"And the wind is so busy with the tangles of

* Copyright, 1901, by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Neæra's hair that there isn't one left for you to play with," added Nancy.

"It's a good thing you aren't made after the fashion of Handel's young woman who found that where'er she walked trees crowded into a shade; it's bad enough keeping clear of them when they are fixtures in this weather; but if they took to running after you in crowds, I really don't know what I should do."

Nancy laughed with as much breath as she could command at the minute.

"I say, darling, you aren't frightened at crossing the Park in such a fearful gale, are you? Because if you are I'll take you home before I go," inquired Laurence, after the next gust had subsided and the very wind itself was stopping to take breath.

Nancy pouted: "I believe you are tired of me and want to get rid of me."

"Do you? Well, if you believe that you'll believe anything."

"I do. I believe that you've seen somebody you like better than me, and that another woman's eyes have put my nose out of joint."

"What a little goose you are! You know that for me there never has been and never will be any woman in the world but you. But are you sure you're not frightened of this awful storm?"

Nancy looked up at him with fearless eyes: "Good gracious, no! I couldn't be frightened at anything when I am with you. That's the beauty of being in love—it makes fear impossible; and fear is such a horrid thing. Why, if you were with me, I dare drive down Piccadilly in a Victoria, and merely smile when I felt a reckless hansom in my pocket and a blood-curdling omnibus in my back hair; and if you were there too I shouldn't mind going through a whole battle with nothing but a waterproof and an umbrella to keep the bullets off."

"My sweetheart, what a dear, foolish little child you are!"

And so these two fearless young people ploughed their way in the teeth of the westerly gale right up to the Hall and stood together by the ruins of the old elm tree. And with Nancy at his side Laurence felt as unafraid of ill-luck, and as ready to meet and overcome it, as Nancy felt with regard to the congested traffic of London or the perils of war: which showed that as yet he underrated the strength of those mysterious principalities against which men have to wrestle rather than against flesh and blood.

While Laurence and Nancy were fighting their way up to the Hall, Mr. Arbuthnot called to see Rufus Webb and found that the disturbance of the elements had worked the fanatic into a state of semi-insane enthusiasm.

"It is a tremendous gale," Arbuthnot remarked after the usual greetings, "and will do a lot of damage, I'm afraid."

Rufus had a rapt look upon his face: "A great strong wind rent the mountains," he murmured, "but the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind was an earthquake, but the Lord was not in the earthquake; and after the earthquake a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire a still small Voice."

Michael, being a man of much tact, fell in with Webb's mood: "And what did the still small Voice say? Did it encourage the prophet to shut himself out from sympathy and communion with his fellows? No; it asked, 'What doest thou here, Elijah?—a question which that same small Voice is asking every one of us and waiting for our answer."

"Well, God knows that I—vile as I am—can still say truthfully with Elijah, 'I have been very jealous for the Lord God of Hosts:' that at least I can answer."

"I know you can; and do you think that that answer will satisfy God now any more than it satisfied Him in Elijah's time? Not it. He will send you away from the mountains as He sent His prophet of old, back through the wilderness of Damascus to the anointing of earthly rulers and the choosing of human friends."

"You mean that I shut myself up too much from my kind?"

"I do. I know that when once one has stood upon the mountain of Transfiguration the molehills of the valley seem contemptibly small and petty in comparison: nevertheless, it is among the molehills of the valley that our daily tasks lie. And I do not believe that it is only in order to make us despise and chafe against these molehills that we are allowed to stand upon the mountain top now and again: I believe that it is rather in order that we may thereby learn that the molehills are but molehills after all, and are but for a moment, while the mountains stand fast for ever."

But Rufus shook his head: "I am not upon the mountain tops: I am down in the deep waters."

"So we all are now and then. But the path of duty lies no more permanently through the deep waters than upon the mountain tops."

Just then a sudden gust of wind seemed as if it were going to blow the cottage down.

"What a gale it is!" exclaimed the vicar;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I don't remember such a wind as this since I first came to Mershire."

"And after the wind an earthquake," repeated Rufus, with the rapt look again upon his face.

"Well, there does actually seem to be an earthquake going on, if you see how the ground is shaking and heaving with the upheaval of the trees. That is the worst of elms: their roots lie so near the surface and are so widespread that they fall sooner than any other tree, and in their fall do more damage." Mr. Arbuthnot tried to bring the soothsayer back into everyday life.

"And after the earthquake a fire," continued Rufus, in the weird, monotonous voice of one who is speaking with strange tongues.

"Well, I only hope there won't be a fire anywhere, for this wind would fan it into an uncontrollable flame in no time. If once a fire were lighted, there would be no putting it out in such a gale as this."

"And after the still small Voice. It was not until the fire had done its worst that the still small Voice was heard. Mark that! It is not until our possessions have been destroyed and our souls purged so as by fire that the still small Voice speaks to us—and, speaking, can induce men to listen to it."

As Rufus Webb sat with this mystic look upon his face the vicar was able to notice how sadly lined with care and want that haggard face was. In spite of all his eccentricity Rufus was still a gentleman: and it was very difficult for one gentleman to intimate to another that the former does not believe the latter has enough to eat. Nevertheless, that was the idea which struck Mr. Arbuthnot, and which filled his warm heart with distress—distress all the more poignant because he saw no way of setting things right. There was something about Rufus Webb—some trace of inborn gentlehood and former culture—which forbade any one to take the shadow of a liberty with him, be his behaviour and his conversation never so insane.

Knowing that a religious train of thought was apt so quickly to degenerate into frenzy in the mind of the ex-missionary, Michael endeavoured to turn the talk into less exciting channels. "By the way, have you heard that this wind has brought down the huge elm tree that stood on the other side of Baxendale Hall?"

He had touched a responsive chord. Webb turned to him at once with awakened interest: "The great elm tree which was named 'The Luck of the Baxendales,' do you mean?"

"Yes. It must have stood there for two or three hundred years."

"And I am glad, glad that it has fallen, and that ill-luck will henceforward dog the footsteps of Laurence Baxendale. Is it well for that young man to find rest in the house of his fathers, and to marry the woman of his choice, and to have children at his desire, and to leave the rest of his substance to his babes? Nay; better for him that his house shall be left unto him desolate, and that sorrow and poverty shall drive him to the one refuge where true help is to be found! For what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

So Webb rambled on; and Arbuthnot—having in vain tried to reduce the hermit to a more reasonable state of mind—took his leave: but as he went away his heart was heavy within him, because of that actual want which he felt sure was undermining the health of Rufus, and yet which no one dare take the liberty of recognising and relieving.

During all the day the gale continued, and at sunset the wind fell and was succeeded by a great calm. The next morning dawned beautifully fine and hot, but with a stillness which seemed almost oppressive after the boisterous weather of the last few days. There was not a cloud to be seen; and although those Jeremiahs among men who cannot feel warm without prophesying thunder, or cold without foretelling snow, did predict a thunderstorm, no thunder came, for the simple reason that the sky was so clear there was nowhere for it to come from. It was one of those days when even to the hale and hearty the grasshopper becomes for the time being a burden: there was no life in the air, and effort seemed unendurable if not impossible. Even the wings of Love himself could not fly far afield in such an atmosphere; so in the afternoon Laurence and Nancy betook themselves to those untrodden ways which lay nearest to Wayside and Poplar Farm, and which required the minimum of locomotion in attaining thereto.

"It's too hot to walk up to the Hall this afternoon," Nancy said, sinking down on a fallen tree which lay by the roadside. "Arthur and Ambrose have gone, as they wished to investigate the fall of the tree more minutely; and it never seems too hot for boys to do things. But it is too hot for us."

"Much too hot, sweetheart. Besides, there is no need to go: I was up there before breakfast this morning to see if the gale had done any more damage."

"And I was up there just after breakfast

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to see if I could find a missing light in *The Queen* acrostic for this week."

"Oh! were you? What a pity you didn't tell me you were going, darling, and we'd have gone together."

"It didn't occur to me till this morning that I might find that particular light in a particular book. I did look out for you at the cross-roads, but as you were nowhere in sight I went on by myself. It was too hot to go far in search of anybody, or anything, the finding of which did not involve a prize."

"You horrid child, to think more of an acrostic prize than of me! Did you succeed in finding your missing light—for you certainly didn't deserve to?"

"Of course I did. I always get everything and deserve nothing: it is a much more satisfactory plan than getting nothing and deserving everything, as you do. But the whole place is rather in a mess after the gale, isn't it?"

"There are a few good tiles lying about, but no more trees are down near to the house, and no windows are broken, although the glass roof of one of the greenhouses was smashed in. But that won't matter; there were no plants of much value in that particular greenhouse; and those that were there I have moved into a potting shed until Candy's return."

"Do you mean to say you removed them with your own hands in this heat? Oh, excellent young man!"

Laurence laughed: "Of course I did; I'm not made of sugar or salt, my dear, or any such melting material."

"Well, I couldn't have carried pots about when I reached Baxendale this morning; it was as much as I could do to walk so far on such a day as this," said Nancy.

"Poor little thing, did it feel the heat?" whispered Laurence, kissing her.

"Yes, it did; and what is more, the heat takes its fringe out of curl, which annoys it very much and spoils its good looks," replied Nancy, submitting to the embrace.

"Nothing of the kind! I won't allow you or anybody else to find fault with the fringe or the good looks of my young woman; so please remember that, Miss Burton."

After a few minutes' silence Laurence remarked: "You are very quiet this afternoon, sweetheart: is anything worrying you?"

"Oh, dear, no! things never do worry me. But it is too hot to be brilliant, or even to be affectionate," she added, with a laugh, edging away from her lover.

"You unkind child, to throw back a nice young man's affection in his teeth, when, according to Shakespeare, you ought to be down on your knees, thanking Heaven fasting for my devotion. You aren't half grateful enough for having such a well set-up young man all round, as Mrs. Candy would say."

"Yes, I am; but it doesn't seem to me exactly the weather for rehearsing *The Huguenots* every three minutes as a *tableau vivant*."

"Then let's change it for *The Black Brunswicker;* it would suit me every bit as well," suggested Laurence.

Nancy looked at him through her long eyelashes: "You really are very nice," she said, "when one doesn't consider you too closely."

"What a rude little girl! It would serve you right if I kept you at a distance and talked to you about the political situation and the decay of poesy, and things of that kind."

"I shouldn't mind it half as much as you would."

"So if I am such a fool as to amputate my own nose in order to spite your pretty little face, you won't prevent me?"

"Certainly not. Besides, I'm jealous of your nose—it is a much better shape than mine," said Nancy, stroking her own offending feature thoughtfully: "and I really don't see what you have done to deserve a better nose than I."

"I haven't—I really haven't: my conscience is quite clear on that score."

"Then why is your nose so superior to mine?"

"I'll give it up: ask another."

"Your eyes aren't quite as nice, though," said Nancy more cheerfully.

"Nothing like; and as you've two superior eyes and I've only one superior nose, you're twice as well off as I am, after all. Two to one is a good working majority, don't you know?"

And so these two young people went on talking nonsense, little dreaming how short-lived such nonsense was doomed to be.

At sunset that evening the wind rose again, and for the whole of the night the westerly gale was more boisterous than ever. The wind had evidently been "scotched, not killed;" and it now awoke, as a giant refreshed with wine, and rushed to and fro across the heavens like some devastating fiend.

At about three o'clock in the morning Laurence was awakened by the violence of the gale, and roused himself sufficiently to look out of his window in order to see whether that ghastly game of spilikins was again going on in Baxendale Woods. He was struck by

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

perceiving a rosy light opposite his window, which at first sight he mistook for the first flush of dawn; but, as he grew more wide awake, he realised that the sun does not rise in the west, and that therefore there must be some other reason for this phenomenon; and by the time he was thoroughly awake, the awful truth dawned upon his drowsy brain that Baxendale Hall was in flames.

Even while he stood spellbound at the first horror of the sight, tongues of flame darted up into the summer sky, and clouds of smoke rose up and blotted out the stars which hung low over the horizon line. Yes, Baxendale Hall was on fire, and the ancient prophecy had once more come true. There was no doubt of it. For a second, which seemed like an eternity, Laurence stood still, feeling—as we all feel under the first shock of some great calamity—that the terrible thing which was now happening had been happening ever since the foundation of the world. There seemed no prehistoric time when Baxendale Hall had not been on fire—no half-forgotten date when the third part of the ancient doom was as yet unfulfilled.

Then with a great effort he roused himself and awakened his household; and, hastily dressing, he made his way, as well as he could in the teeth of such a wind, up to the scene of the disaster, followed by such servants and labourers as he had been able to awaken on the road. But it was too late. In such a gale as this, the fire ran on apace: and no human agency could extinguish it after it had once taken a hold. The old library, with its reams of dried-up parchment and paper, acted as fuel to the flames; and although Laurence and his followers did all in their power to extinguish it, their efforts were utterly futile.

The fire, however, had only touched the first and upper stories: the ground floor was still intact. So, as the news of the disaster spread wider and more help came, the men succeeded in saving the downstairs rooms and their contents—which contents were, after all, nothing save ordinary furniture.

But when the day broke and the full extent of the catastrophe was revealed, it was found that the upper part of Baxendale Hall—including the fine old pictures and the still finer old library—was reduced to a heap of ashes.

CHAPTER XII.

SUSPICION.

To give a dog an unrespected name,
As hanging seems to be about the same.

The burning of Baxendale Hall caused a great sensation, not only in Mershire, but throughout all England. In the first place, people were genuinely sorry that a house containing such fine pictures and so magnificent a library should be destroyed; it was a loss to the whole country as well as to the possessor: and in the second place they were devoured by curiosity as to who was the culprit who had actually set the Hall on fire. Somebody must have done it—on that point all were agreed: but there was much discussion—and for many a long day—as to who that somebody could be. Some said one, some said another; and none were weary of going over the question again and again, sifting and re-sifting the evidence. The temptation to transfigure molehills into mountains, and to discover mares' nests—to find something new to talk about, and to pluck the mote out of a brother's eye—in short, to relieve the tedium of life in a manner which would not have found favour in the eyes of the first Bishop of Jerusalem proved too much for the British public: they discussed the matter until they gradually lost their power of discrimination between what actually, and what they supposed, had happened; they revelled in guesses as to whether A. or B. could possibly have set fire to the Hall, until they believed that A. or B. really had done so; and they hoped that C. or D. had not been guilty of the crime, until C. and D. stood red-handed in their minds' eyes. As for the curse, it was meat and drink to them; and they tried to find out what was thrice as great as king or state with an energy which was worthy of a weightier problem. And all this, be it noted, not from any enmity against the present owner of Baxendale Hall, nor from any wish to work him harm, but merely from a passionate thirst for excitement and an unthinking intention to slake that thirst at all costs. Of course, if the Hall had not been insured, or had only been insured for a modest sum, none of this gossip would have arisen: the catastrophe would have been a nine-days' wonder, and that would have been the end of it. But a hundred thousand pounds was too big a sum to be lightly passed over: and it also provided in the minds of the really well-meaning, though actually mischief-making, public a motive why Laurence Baxendale should have burned down the house of his fathers and placed himself in danger of the law; for human nature, alas! is such that in all courts of justice a motive for a crime on behalf of a certain person is strong evidence in favour of that particular person's having committed that par-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ticular crime. Wherefore we daily pray, "Lead us not into temptation."

When the news of the disaster was brought to the Burtons' breakfast table by excited menials the following morning, Nancy's heart stood still for a second, and then began to beat like a sledge hammer. She could hardly speak, so strong was the thrill that ran through her—that thrill, half of triumph and half of fear, which suddenly runs through all of us when suddenly we find our unworthy wishes granted, our unholy intentions fulfilled. She had made up her mind that Baxendale Hall should be burned down so that she should attain her heart's desire and marry Laurence. That the old curse should come to pass was the thing she had longed for: it did not occur to her that, though offences must come, woe to those by whom they come. At present she only thought what a delightful world it was after all, and how lucky she was to have won the love of such a man as Laurence Baxendale.

She and Nora walked up to the Hall immediately after breakfast to see what damage had actually been wrought, accompanied by their two brothers, who regarded the burning of Baxendale as a treat specially prepared for their greater enjoyment of the summer holidays. The rooms on the ground floor were still standing; and though their contents had been sadly spoilt by the water which had been thrown upon them, they were not destroyed. But the ground floor was all that was left of Baxendale Hall; and even these rooms had been robbed of their ceilings, and stood open to the ravages of wind and weather. The fire had evidently begun in the library and ascended, devouring everything that barred its upward course. The old books and manuscripts had been as tinder to the flame, and the pictures had not been much better. Then, the wind being so high, when once the flames had a start they literally travelled as wild-fire; there was no possibility of quenching them; and so, in a few hours, the upper part of the fine old house had completely vanished.

Mr. Baxendale was on the scene of the ruins when Nancy and Nora and the boys arrived there; and Nancy was shocked to perceive how he had changed in that one night: he looked ten years older than when she parted from him the preceding afternoon; his face was white and set, and there was a stern look about his mouth which she had never seen before. It seemed strange, she thought, that what had so rejoiced her soul had turned Laurence into an old man: she had expected him to be so glad that he could marry her, that all regret at the loss of his home would be swallowed up; instead of which he seemed so preoccupied that he had hardly time to notice her at all.

The Burton girls did not stay long on the scene of the ruins. They saw that Laurence was really too busy to attend to them; so when they had gazed their fill on the wreck they turned away, leaving their small brothers to that fuller enjoyment of the disaster which only the immature male mind could adequately appreciate. For a short time Nancy felt rather depressed by Laurence's apparent indifference; but her natural high spirits soon reasserted themselves, and comforted her with assurances of how happy she and he were going to be in the good time coming. And during the rest of that day, and for several days afterward, she built most delightful castles in the air for the occupation of herself and him. She did not see him again for nearly a week; but she easily accounted for this, since his time was naturally occupied with saving what he could out of the wreckage of his house and getting the place into something like order again. The fire had not touched any of the stables or outhouses; it was only the Hall itself that had suffered.

What Laurence himself was enduring at that time Nancy had not the ghost of an idea. It would have been impossible for her to understand, even if she had been told, how he was simultaneously trying to harden his heart against her, and longing to take her into his arms—how he was making up his mind to tell her that henceforward everything must be at an end between them, and at the same moment deciding that, come what might, he would marry her on the income of the insurance money, and defy the world and whatever the world might choose to say. Nancy was one of those natures to whom conflict is an unknown quantity: St. Paul's testimony to the flesh lusting against the spirit was to her as the original Greek in which it was written. She might succumb to a temptation on Tuesday which she had safely resisted on Monday; that was quite possible; but she would never feel the full power of the temptation and the passionate desire to resist it at one and the same time. She might change her government with startling rapidity; but as long as the government was in power it was unanimous. Like the rest of us, she presumably had her guardian angel and her tempting demon in attendance, to guide her feet respectively in the narrow way that leads up-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ward to life, and the broad path that goes downward to destruction: but in Nancy's case these two opposing influences made a sort of spiritual Box-and-Cox arrangement, and were never upon the ground at the same time. Therefore, she was spared the wear and tear of conflict, though not the agony of remorse.

"People are all wondering whether Baxendale burned down the Hall himself for the sake of the insurance money," remarked Anthony to his uncle one evening.

Nancy started up in amazement: "Then I'm certain he did not. It's a horrid lie! Laurence is the last man to do that sort of a thing." That her lover himself should ever be suspected of the crime was a possibility that had never occurred to her.

But Anthony took no notice of her indignation: "What do you think, Uncle Richard?" he asked.

Mr. Burton laid down his newspaper and shook his head: "It is a queer business: I don't know what to think."

Nancy again rushed in: "Surely you don't think that Laurence did it?"

"Gently, my child, gently," her father replied: "I say I don't know what to think—I did not give any opinion on the matter."

"The world in general seems coming to this conclusion," said Anthony: "I've heard it from no end of people to-day."

"That is just like people!" exclaimed Nancy: "nasty things!"

"No," expostulated Mr. Burton judicially; "I do not think one can altogether blame the public for suspecting Mr. Baxendale, when you remember how much he had to gain by the accident, and also when you consider that the public do not know the man as we know him. I am bound to say that if I had not met Baxendale personally—if I knew nothing in his favour or against him—I should need to be convinced of his innocence."

"You think things look rather black against him?" said Anthony.

"Yes, my boy, I am sorry to say that I do. Mind you, I don't say that I think Baxendale burned down his own house; I only say that I am not surprised at the world in general suspecting that he did."

Nancy looked frightened: "But why, father?"

"First, because it was his interest to do so. Not only does he come into a large sum of money through the burning down of the Hall, but he also is relieved from paying a yearly tax which there is no doubt was often a great strain upon his slender resources. In short, the accident turns Baxendale from a poor man into a comparatively rich one."

Anthony nodded: "Yes; that's true enough; and there is no doubt that this is a consummation devoutly wished by others than our friend Baxendale."

"So much for the motive of the crime," continued Mr. Burton: "now let us look at the evidence. The caretakers of the Hall were sent away on a holiday by Baxendale and no one is put there in their place: thus the house is quite uninhabited. Further, the fire obviously started upon the first floor and travelled upward; the ground floor is untouched: this indubitably proves that the fire began from the inside, and also from the upper story; for no one could have set it on fire from the outside unless they had begun from the ground. The key of the outer door, and, mark you! the key of the upstairs library were in Laurence Baxendale's possession, Mrs. Candy having given up all the keys into his hands before she left home. The above facts are public property: and can you blame the public from arriving at an obvious conclusion?"

"It does look rather queer," Anthony allowed: "and you think it impossible for the fire to have been lighted from without?"

"Utterly impossible, I should say. All the windows were carefully fastened, and there were no ladders anywhere about: therefore, if the house was fired from outside, it must have been fired from the ground and not from upstairs."

Nancy looked very angry: "It is rank lunacy to imagine for a moment that Laurence was capable of doing such a thing," she said.

Her father took no notice of her interruption: "Baxendale admits that he went all over the house on the very morning before it was burned, to see whether any windows had been broken by the gale; in that case—had the fire already been smouldering—he must have discovered it."

"Besides, it couldn't very well have been smouldering in the summer," added Anthony, "because there hadn't been any fire in the place for months."

"There had not. Baxendale admits that no fire, except the one in the kitchen for the Candys to cook by, had been lighted for many weeks; and that particular fire could not have been responsible for the mischief, as the kitchens are practically untouched."

"And of course the Candys hadn't been cooking there for over a week."

"Exactly. Had they left any lighted coals

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

behind them the place would have been burned down a week or more ago. Yes," Mr. Burton looked very serious, "I am bound to say the case seems very black against Baxendale, and I am afraid he will have a lot of trouble with the insurance people about it; they won't be very likely to pay up until things are made to look a little less suspicious."

Nancy's face grew very white: "Do you mean that he won't get the hundred thousand pounds?" Her heart seemed to stand still: surely this thing had not all been done for nothing!

"I should doubt it," replied Mr. Burton: "the whole business has a very suspicious flavour. Even putting upon it the most favourable construction, Baxendale has been extremely unlucky: for everything—even to the smallest trifle—bears witness against him."

"Where did you get hold of all these details?" Anthony asked.

"From Baxendale himself at the Club. He was talking to half a dozen men, including myself, and told us all that I have told you about the incidents of the fire. He made no secret of the facts of the case."

There was a long silence. Mr. Burton drew his brows together and went over the evidence again in his own mind: he hated to think evil of his neighbour, but the case against Laurence Baxendale certainly stood out in somewhat glaring colours. Anthony drummed with his fingers upon the table, and thought what an unlucky dog Baxendale was, and how sorry he felt for him. And Nancy sat still, her air castle tumbling about her ears, and wished that she had never been born, or else that Baxendale Hall had never been burned—she did not mind much which.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LOSING OF THE KEYS.

Like Bluebeard's wife I lost the key:
Thenceforth it was not well with me.

"I say, Nora," said Nancy to her sister one afternoon a day or two after the foregoing conversation, "have you seen my keys tumbling about anywhere?"

"Your keys? no; have you lost them?"

"I must have done so; but goodness knows where!" replied Nancy, unconscious of the obviousness of her reply, since if goodness did know where the said keys were secreted they could hardly be described as lost.

"Which keys are they?"

"Oh! there is the key of my jewel-case, and the key of the cash-box and the key of the box where all my old love-letters are kept, and—and—one or two others."

With the strange and sudden reserve which now and again attacks outspoken people, Nancy did not mention that the other two keys on the lost bunch were those of the front door and the library at Baxendale Hall. There is no secret so well kept as the secret which is guarded by the occasional reserve of habitually unreserved natures. If a man is naturally secretive, we expect him to keep back something, and allow for the fact: but it never occurs to us that the usually outspoken are capable of keeping back anything; and so we conclude that the thing which they do not tell us does not exist. Hence the unreserved have powers of concealment which are denied to the naturally silent.

"How inconvenient!" exclaimed Nora.

"It is; most frightfully inconvenient! And it isn't a bit my own fault, because I distinctly remember taking them out of the pocket of my dirty muslin frock and putting them into the pocket of my clean one."

"I suppose one's pocket isn't really a very safe place for things."

"Yes, it is; the safest place in the world, because the things are always in one's own keeping, don't you see?—and other people can't get at them."

"Perhaps there was a hole in your pocket, Nan."

"Well, if there was, it wasn't my fault; it was Pearson's" (Pearson was the Miss Burtons' maid). "If a maid can't mend a hole in one's pocket, what is the good of having a maid at all?"

"Or perhaps you pulled them out with your pocket-handkerchief," Nora suggested further.

"Well, if I did, that wasn't my fault, either. What is the use of a pocket-handkerchief that you never take out of your pocket? It would be worse than a chained Bible or a captive balloon."

"Never mind, Nan. I can lend you my pearl beads till your jewel-case is opened again, or anything else that you need." Nora was a very good sister.

"Oh! the jewel-case doesn't matter, because it doesn't happen to be locked."

"Then if it is the cash-box, I can lend you as much money as you want till the keys are found again."

"That doesn't matter either, because I've spent all this quarter's allowance already, and the cash-box is empty."

"Then if it is only the old love-letters, I can lend you plenty of them, too, heaps upon

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heaps; and they're all pretty much the same, whoever they happen to be addressed to, so one set is as good as another."

"Good gracious! It isn't the love-letters that matter, because the lock of that box is broken; so that anybody can get at them, and as well without the key as with it."

"Then why bother about the keys at all?" asked sensible Nora.

"I wasn't bothering about them," replied Nancy hastily; "only it is stupid to lose things."

"Never mind; they are bound to turn up: our things always do."

And with that scanty comfort Nancy had to be content; and the conversation drifted into its wonted channel—namely, the Baxendale catastrophe.

"I wonder how Laurence will bear all these horrid suspicions about him," remarked Nora thoughtfully; "he's the sort of person to take them to heart."

"I know he is: that's just the bother."

"How do you mean?"

"Oh! I mean that's just the—the—bother, don't you know?" As shown in the matter of the keys, a reserve contrary to her nature seized Miss Burton when discussing anything connected with Mr. Baxendale. Until now she had been the most transparent person possible, only too glad to retail her innermost thoughts and feelings to any one who had patience to listen to them; but a new shyness, born of her love for Laurence, made her shrink from talking openly about her feelings toward him; and a new loyalty to him and everything concerning him made her shrink from talking openly of his feelings toward her.

"Do you mean that you think he'll die of a broken heart, or anything thrilling of that kind?" persisted Nora, who liked to sift a matter to its dregs.

"Oh, dear, no! But I'm afraid he'll mind awfully; and that he won't laugh at it as we should if people said we'd done anything queer."

"Yes; he's much more sensitive than we are; and that's a pity."

"It isn't a pity at all," Nancy fired up; "it only shows what tremendously fine material he is made of, and how immensely superior he is to us."

"He may be superior to us, but he isn't superior to Mr. Arbuthnot; and Mr. Arbuthnot says it is enervating to care as much for the censure of other people as Laurence Baxendale cares."

"Mr. Arbuthnot should mind his own business and not interfere with things that don't concern him!"

"He doesn't interfere. He told me he was longing to tell Laurence how much he sympathised with him, and what a pity he thought it was that Laurence was taking the matter in the way he is taking it; but that he didn't venture to do so for fear Laurence should think he was taking a liberty."

"Then he ought to have spoken to Laurence and shown his sympathy with him, and advised him not to take idle gossip so much to heart. It was his duty as a parish priest to do so, and I think it has been a great neglect of duty on his part to leave poor Laurence so much to himself," cried Nancy, with fine disregard of the penultimate remark.

"But it is difficult not to leave people to themselves when they persist in keeping to themselves; and you can't deny that Laurence Baxendale is doing that. He hasn't been near us since the Hall was burned down, and he used to drop in nearly every day."

A woman will always endeavour to prove a satisfactory *alibi* on the part of a man who has not been to see her as often as she thinks—and would rather die than own she thinks he ought; and the more clearly she sees that he could have come if he had wished to do so, the more conclusively does she demonstrate that his advent would have entailed a suspension of all the laws of nature. Wherefore Nancy quickly replied: "He couldn't possibly have come; he's been much too busy, putting his own fire out and consuming his own smoke, to pay calls. He's had no end of things to do since the Hall was burned down."

"I dare say he has; but, all the same, he might have looked in, just for five minutes, if only to tell us that he hadn't time to do so. However busy a person is, he has always time to write and say that he hasn't time to write: at least that has been my experience; and the principle is the same with calls as with letters."

"How silly you are, Nora! He has been up at the Hall every day, looking after things."

"I know that; but he might have come here before he went or after he came back, so that we might have told him how sorry we are for him."

"But that is just what Laurence would hate—to feel that people were sorry for him."

"That's what I call so standoffish and unneighbourly. I always like people to be sorry for me, even if they've no cause to be. I love to be pitied; it makes people so fond of one."

"And I hate to be pitied—there's the difference between you and me, my dear Nora. I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

adore admiration and I hate pity. Whatever I had to suffer I couldn't bear anybody to be sorry for me, except—nobody." Nancy stopped just in time.

Nora gazed thoughtfully at her sister: "You and Mr. Baxendale aren't really so very different after all. I believe you are as proud underneath your outspokenness as he is underneath his stiffness, and you would hate to be pitied every bit as much as he does."

"Yes, I should, I should; and that's why I understand the reason of his not wanting to come and see us," explained Nancy, forgetting that she had just proved that there was no such reason, nor any need for one. "He feels that we should pity him and that we should show it; and that's just what he couldn't stand."

"Well, I can't grasp the idea. Do you mean to say, Nan, that if you were unhappy, it wouldn't comfort you to know that other people were sorry?"

"Good gracious, no! It would make everything a thousand times worse. I wish people to envy me; I don't even mind their disliking me; and I enjoy their disapproving of me. But all the time I insist on their regarding me as a brilliant young woman, and admiring me even while they detest."

"Well, you are funny! I'm not made a bit like that."

"I am; and it's a very good make, too."

"Do you mean to say you would rather be admired than loved?" asked Nora.

"Much rather. Admiration without love I delight in; but love without admiration would make me positively ill."

"I expect that is why you and Laurence get on so well together; you are both proud, though in such different ways."

"Yes; we are alike in some things, but not in others—I only wish we were!"

"You mean you wish he was more like us."

"Oh, dear, no! I wish I was more like him."

Nora was silent for a moment; then she said: "You admire him very much, don't you, Nancy?"

"I should just think I do. More than any one else I ever saw—or ever dreamed of." Nancy's reserve was beginning to thaw in the warm atmosphere of sisterly communion.

"I wonder if you admire him as much as I admire Michael Arbuthnot."

Nancy laughed the laugh of the scornful: "I should rather think so! There's so much more in him to admire."

But her sister was not going to stand that: "Oh, no, there isn't. In the first place, he is a layman; and in the second, he hasn't half as much to say for himself: nobody could admire him as much as the vicar."

"Well, I can and do." Nancy could be obstinate when occasion demanded it.

Nora's pretty forehead was wrinkled with thought: "Do you feel that you thoroughly understand Laurence Baxendale?" she asked; "I often wonder if you do."

Nancy paused for a second before replying: "Yes and no," she said slowly.

"Oh! how very interesting: do explain, Nan."

"I always know what he will do in any given circumstance, but I don't always know *why* he will do it. Just as I always know *when* I have hurt him, but hardly ever *how* I have hurt him."

Clever little Nora nodded: "I see: you know exactly where he will get to, but you don't know by what road."

"Yes; that's it. For instance, I understand that because he is hurt and sore he will not come near to any of us for fear we should pity him: but why the idle gossip of the people about here should make him so sore and hurt him so much, I haven't the ghost of an idea. If I knew I hadn't done a thing I shouldn't care who said I had: in fact, I don't think I should care much for that, even if I had done it."

"He evidently is awfully cut up about it, or else he wouldn't shut himself up in the way he is doing."

"Yes; and I'll tell you more," exclaimed Nancy in a sudden burst of sisterly confidence; "I knew he'd go on like this the minute I heard what nonsense people were talking; though why he should take it so hard I can't conceive."

"And it's such a mistake; because, as father says, it makes people think that their suspicions against him are correct."

Nancy wrung her hands: "I know, I know; that is where he is such a good, noble, stupid darling. He has no idea of taking the course most advantageous to himself."

"It is a pity," sighed pretty Nora, with the not altogether unbearable sorrow which even the best of women feel over the follies of a brother-in-law (either *in esse* or *in posse*): "heaps of men would have turned this misfortune to their own account, and made quite a piece of good luck out of it."

"Do you think I don't know that?" And poor Nancy fairly groaned.

"But your dear Laurence never will. Now, if only he'd manage things the right way," con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tinued Nora, "the whole affair would turn out for his good. He would be saved for the future from paying that tiresome insurance money, and would pocket a fortune of a hundred thousand pounds into the bargain. But some people have a knack of 'taking occasion by the hand' and others haven't."

"That's true. King Canute, for instance, was built after the Baxendale pattern when he rebuked his courtiers for saying that he could rule the waves, *à la* Britannia; and then had his throne put where he knew the sea would wash over him, after he had specially forbidden it to do so."

"Yes; that's exactly what Laurence would have done."

"Now, had I been in Canute's place," Nancy went on, "I should have placed my throne just half a yard above high-water mark, and I should have ordered the sea not to touch my feet; and of course it wouldn't. Then I should have turned to my courtiers and said, 'See, how right you were!' "

Nora laughed: "But they wouldn't have believed either you or themselves: they'd have seen through your little dodge and have known that the sea didn't obey you really."

"Of course they would; but they'd have winked behind my back to one another and said, 'She knows a thing or two, does Mrs. Canute!' Now, it seems to me that great men are like Canute; they show to the world how small a thing is their own greatness compared with the greatness of abstract truth. But clever men are like me; they adopt the greatness of abstract truth to increase their own greatness, and the world isn't always quite sure where the one ends and the other begins."

"I wonder which feels the nicest—to be great or clever."

"It depends on the sort of things that you enjoy most. If you want your biography to be read on Sunday afternoons by the next generation but one, be great; but if you want a peerage and Westminster Abbey, be clever."

"But I don't want either, as it happens," Nora explained.

"Then if you don't know what you want, what's the use of asking me how to get it, silly?"

"I do know what I want, though."

"Oh! if you only want a sweetheart for youth, and a husband for middle-age, and a widower to plant forget-me-nots on your grave—which is all that most women want—you needn't trouble to be either great or clever: it will be quite enough if you do your hair nicely, and wear your best clothes when there's an off-chance of seeing him," laughed Nancy.

Nora nodded her head with satisfaction: "Oh! Nancy, how wise you are—about always wearing one's best clothes, I mean, but all the same it comes expensive."

"It does; I know that from experience. I don't mind telling you as a secret that the return of the Baxendales from Drawbridge Castle has taken three months off the average life of a new hat, as far as I am concerned."

"I know; and yet it doesn't do to go out in an old one when there's a chance of meeting anybody." And Nora looked very serious.

"Of course it doesn't. Why, my dear, I once heard a dreadful tale—and it was quite true, too—of a man who was very sweet on a girl and was just going to propose to her; but he happened to meet her at a party where she wore her last year's hat, and she looked so dowdy that it fairly choked him off."

"Then do you think men always like us less when we don't look nice, Nancy?"

"I think they always like us better when we do, which comes pretty much to the same thing. And why strain their affection, poor dears, to the breaking point? They are bound to love and cherish us in sickness and poverty and all sorts of similar unpleasantnesses; but there is no absolute necessity for them to love and cherish us in shabby hats—and I should never worry them for an extra such as that."

"I see."

"After all," continued Nancy, "love—like a canal-bridge—ought not to be expected to carry more than the ordinary traffic of the district; and I consider a last year's hat on a par with a traction-engine—greatly in excess of the ordinary traffic, and to be feared accordingly."

"Yes, Nan, you are right: it doesn't do to strain even love too far."

There was a few minutes' pause, and then Nancy suddenly asked *à propos* of nothing; "Do you think that the end generally justifies the means when you want any particular thing?"

"Mr. Arbuthnot says it doesn't."

"Still, you see, he is a clergyman, and so would take stricter views of things than ordinary people would. Being a clergyman must make every day like Sunday, don't you think?"

"Then you should say that being a clergyman's wife would make every day like Sunday, too?" Nora's face was quite anxious as she put this question.

"Not quite; more like saints' days and harvest festivals and Christmas—neither one thing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nor another. But don't you think that with an ordinary man or woman the end would justify the means?"

"I really don't know. Do you think it would?"

"Yes," replied Nancy seriously; "I do. I think that if you want a thing with all your heart—and are convinced that the thing will do you good and not harm if you get it—you are justified in leaving no stone unturned in trying to get that particular thing."

"But you wouldn't do anything that was actually wrong in trying to get it, would you, Nan?"

"Ah! there's my difficulty: it's so hard for me to know what is actually wrong and what isn't. I'm sure that different people have different kind of consciences, just as they have different kinds of ears and eyes."

Nora looked puzzled: "How do you mean? I don't quite understand."

"I mean that one man has a sensitive ear, so that he can tell at once if a note is out of tune; and another man hasn't. And one man has a sensitive eye, so that he can tell at once whether colours harmonise with each other or not; and another man hasn't. And one man has a sensitive conscience, so that he can tell at once if a thing is wrong; and another man hasn't."

"Then haven't you got a sensitive conscience, Nancy?"

"No, I haven't. I can't tell instinctively whether a thing is right or wrong, as some people can. If any one proved to my entire satisfaction that a thing was actually wrong, I wouldn't do that thing for worlds: but I have no power of finding out for myself whether things are right or wrong."

"Haven't you? How funny!"

"Well, I can't help it if I'm made like that any more than unmusical people or colour-blind people can help it."

Nora looked doubtful: "I don't know; I'm afraid it's rather wicked of you."

"No, it isn't; it really isn't. Things that you can't help can't be wicked. You might just as well say that it is wicked to be deaf or blind or lame. It is better not to be, I admit: but there's no wickedness about the thing."

"Then do you mean to say, Nancy, that your conscience never acts at all—neither backward nor forward? If it doesn't keep you from doing things, doesn't it make you miserable after you've done them?"

"Not of itself. If other people prove to me that I ought not to have done something that I have done, then of course I'm dreadfully sorry that I did it. But I can't find out for myself that I oughtn't to have done it."

"Well," remarked Nora, "you can't say that you and Laurence are alike in this respect if you are in others, for a more active conscience than his I never came across."

"Active?—it's more than active! It's always in a state of eruption, like Vesuvius."

"And I should think you find it very difficult to understand this part of his character."

"I find it more than difficult," replied Nancy: "I find it utterly impossible. One thing, however, I have learned from observation and experience; and that is, however incomprehensible a man may be, it is always a mistake for a woman to try to translate him for the benefit of the audience. She only makes matters worse. Her translation doesn't render him an atom easier to be understood; but it has such an irritating effect on him that he makes himself more troublesome and obscure on purpose. If a woman wants to study men she must do so in the original: it is useless attempting to publish them in one's mother tongue."

"Men are like poetry, aren't they? If you attempt to translate them, all the rhyme and most of the reason are lost in the process."

"Whatever brings you girls stuffed up in the house this lovely afternoon?" exclaimed Anthony Burton, bursting into the room where the two sisters were sitting.

"I'm going out almost at once," replied Nancy, "but I thought the longer I waited the cooler it would get."

"I imagined that our beloved Nora would be attending Evensong this afternoon," remarked Nora's cousin, with a malicious twinkle in his eye: "but evidently I exaggerated that young woman's devotional tendencies."

"I am going to Evensong," Nora demurely replied; "I always go on Wednesdays and Fridays. But it isn't time to start yet," she added, looking at the clock; "it is only a quarter past four."

"Only a quarter past four by *this* clock," Anthony corrected her; "but other clocks tell a very different story."

Nora started up from her seat aghast: "Do you mean to say that this clock isn't right? What a nuisance! I was depending upon it, and thought I had heaps of time. Now I shall have to hurry and get so disgustingly hot. What is the right time, Tony?" And poor Nora pinned on her hat and patted her fringe and looked for her gloves in a great hurry.

"That depends upon what country you are referring to," replied Anthony cautiously.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nora stamped her foot impatiently: "Don't be silly, but tell me what time it is by your watch."

"The same as by your clock: fifteen minutes past four."

"But you said this clock was different from the others," argued Nancy, with a frown.

"So it is; quite different from all the clocks in Australia and America and Africa, and even on the other side of Europe. But I never said that it was different from the other clocks in this country; because it isn't."

The two girls burst out laughing.

"What a goose you are!" exclaimed Nora; "you did give me a fright."

"That, my dear child, was my intention."

"Well, at any rate I shall start now," she added, "so as to be in church by five o'clock, as I don't want to hurry."

"I'm going out, too," said Nancy; and the two girls left the room together, and then went their several ways—Nora to church, and Nancy toward Baxendale in search of her lost keys.

As the latter walked across the field and through the iron gate into the lane, she looked at the ground in the hope of recovering her missing property; but in vain: not a sign of her keys could she see.

She had not been quite open with Nora as to where she remembered seeing them last: in that sudden reserve which attacks all women, even the most loquacious, when they first fall in love and realise that a stranger has stepped in between them and their own people, Nancy had never told her sister about Laurence's loan of the keys of Baxendale; and now she did not wish to mention the fact to anybody. She was clever enough to know that—in the present unpleasant state of affairs—the less that was said about any one's having access to the Hall the better. She did remember putting the keys into the pocket of a clean blue muslin dress the morning before the fire; but she further remembered going up to Baxendale Hall that very day, and using both the key of the front door and the key of the library. But from that time she had no recollection of seeing the bunch of keys at all. She had only just discovered her loss; but now it had occurred to her that as she had no further use for the keys she had better return them to Laurence: and on looking for them, in order to give them back to him, lo! they were nowhere to be found.

She had been searching for them all morning in the house and garden of Wayside; and now she thought she would walk up to Baxendale by her accustomed path and see if she could find them either on the way or there. But though her eyes were busy peering in every possible spot for the missing keys, her thoughts were filled with Laurence. In accordance with her usual light-heartedness, she resolutely put from her the thought that the burning of Baxendale Hall could be anything but a blessing ordained for the special purpose of putting her lover and herself in a position to marry: nevertheless, she could not quite banish the consciousness that hitherto the catastrophe, instead of bringing her and Laurence together, had served to drive them apart. It was very strange, she thought, that Laurence did not come to her in his trouble, as she would have gone to him had the trouble been hers: but there was a certain ghastly familiarity in the strangeness—a certain cruel conviction in the impossibility—which men and women experience when they realise that the incredible has come to pass and that the unbearable has to be borne.

Also there clutched at the heart of Nancy the first pangs of that world-old agony which comes to all of us when we first understand that there are limitations to our gift of consolation toward those whom we love best—that our power to love and our power to console are by no means synonymous. It is when our best-beloved are writhing from the effects of a wound which no touch of ours can heal or even soothe that we are brought face to face with the incapacities of human affection. We would gladly give our very lives if this pain could be in any way diminished: but it cannot: our powerlessness is as complete as is our sympathy. As we go through the world we love and are loved by many; we cheer and are cheered by many; we help and are helped by many; but if, in the whole course of a lifetime, we find one human heart which we are able perfectly to heal and to comfort—one human hand which is able perfectly to heal and to comfort us—we may of a truth consider ourselves blessed; for this is the greatest and the rarest gift vouchsafed to the sons and daughters of men.

As Nancy struggled against the conviction that Laurence had gone down into the shades of the prison-house and had shut the door in her face, in spite of all her longing to follow him, she suddenly raised her eyes and saw her beloved coming toward her along the grassy lane. She had looked for him at the cross-roads, and he was nowhere to be seen; so she

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had gone on her way with that heart-sickness which is the invariable result of not finding the expected person at the accustomed place. But now she met him at another point of the road, on his way from Baxendale to Poplar Farm—not, as she was quick to perceive, on his way from Poplar Farm to Wayside; and the perception cut her like a knife.

(*To be Continued.*)

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

DANTE AND GIOVANNI DEL VIRGILIO. By P. H. Wicksteed and E. G. Gardner. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Students of Dante are apt, we suspect, to have a kind of feeling that, as not much is known of the poet's life during the twenty years or so passed by him in exile, the history of Italy during those years is of less interest or importance to them than that of the events which led up to the great catastrophe of his life, and tempered his genius into the instrument which was to shape the *Commedia.* Yet, as a matter of fact, those were the years which really moulded Dante's character, and gave its special qualities to the great poem. He left Florence in 1302 a learned and thoughtful man, no doubt, but a man concerned primarily with the local politics of a small state, and starting, it would seem, from much the same premisses as the people with whom he was in daily intercourse, a Guelf among Guelfs, caring chiefly to keep his own state free from papal aggression or foreign interference. Exile first set him thinking seriously on the mischief which party spirit and personal ambitions were working in the Italian states, and on the best form of polity to avert them. Thus he hailed with joy the promise of a renewed and reinvigorated Empire, which the election of that "selfless man and stainless gentleman," Henry of Luxemburg, seemed to hold out. So far, and so far only, was Dante ever a Ghibeline; and when, after five years of unceasing effort to "set Italy straight before she was ready for it," Henry died broken-hearted, his political allegiance was laid in Henry's grave. Henceforward he "made a party for himself." In the latter parts of the *Paradise,* written during the last years of his life, the detachment from small personal and political details is very noticeable. For the most part, his "conversation is in heaven," and when the affairs of earth are touched upon, it is not in the form of invective against individuals, such as the reader has hitherto been familiar enough with, but either solemn denunciation in general terms of the existing disorders or of contrasts between his present surroundings and those he has left.

It so happens that, besides the indications of the *Commedia,* we have other evidence of the serener mood which came over Dante in these autumn years of his life. About 1319, while he was living at Ravenna, more or less under the protection of Guido da Polenta, the lord of that city, a member, by the way, of a Guelf house, he received from a Bolognese scholar, known from his devotion to the great Latin poet as Joannes de Virgilio, a letter, cast in the form of a Latin eclogue, in which, under the guise of pastoral imagery, he was exhorted no longer to fling away his pearls upon swine and clothe the Muses in the unworthy garb of a vernacular, but write a real poem on some of the stirring events which recent times had brought forth. Dante in a similar strain replies not without some pleasant banter, that when he has finished *Paradise* he will, with his correspondent's permission, be happy "to bind his head with ivy and bay," that is, join the ranks of the true *vates,* those who wrote in the only language worthy of a scholar and a gentleman, and abandon the trivial task of a mere vernacular versifier. De Virgilio rejoins in a second epistle, pressing him to come to Bologna. Another reply from Dante, perhaps put into shape by another hand after his death, closes the correspondence. There is practically no doubt of its genuineness. Several MSS. of it exist, one almost certainly written in Boccaccio's own hand; it is full of allusions, some still awaiting explanation, to contemporary events; and it affords, as we have said, a most pleasant glimpse of Dante's last years.

If Messrs. Wicksteed and Gardner had done no more than supply the previous neglect of English Dante-scholars to edit critically and comment on these poems, they would have deserved well of students. But they have done a good deal more than this. Rightly thinking that the work of any one who had come into so close contact with the great poet could not fail to have an interest of its own, they have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

appended some more specimens of the Bolognese scholar's poetical epistles, including one addressed to a man famous enough in northeast Italy in his own day, though now forgotten save by a few students of history or the latest mediæval literature—Albertinus Mussato of Padua. Poet, statesman, and patriot, with something more than the mere partisanship that then did duty for patriotism in Italy, Mussato seems to have held a place only second to Dante in De Virgilio's admiration; and after Dante's death the stream of pastoral verse from Bologna flowed in his direction. At any rate, De Virgilio was no time-server, for before the long epistle here given was despatched, Mussato, too, was a banished man. However, the introduction of it in this volume affords an excuse for an interesting sketch of the Paduan statesman's career, which, in combination with another dealing with Dante's later years, ought to go far to convince Dante students that the history of those years has pretty nearly as much importance for them as that of the affairs of Florence while he was still within its walls.

The authors deserve every credit for the diligence and almost German thoroughness (without German ponderosity) with which they have investigated what was practically an untouched region of Dante study.

A. J. Butler.

THE BOOK MART

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, July 1, 1902.

Publications for the month of June were numerous for the time of year, and included a number of titles promising to have considerable popularity. As might be expected, the best of these are in the list of fiction. *A Pasteboard Crown,* by Clara Morris, met with a very ready sale, and bids fair to make her as popular as an author as an actress. *Belshazzar,* by William Stearns Davis, is another novel of the month which, judging by the sales of this author's previous works, may be expected to go readily. Other volumes of fiction of note were *Judith's Garden,* by Mary E. Store Bassett; *Lafitte of Louisiana,* by Mary Devereux, and *A Prince of Good Fellows,* by Robert Barr. Hugh McHugh also added to his humorous writings with *It's Up to You.*

From the list of miscellaneous publications it is difficult to select any likely to become very popular, but a number of seasonable works on sports and outdoor subjects are included, and two odes on the Coronation of King Edward the Seventh, which latter seem somewhat too early in view of the failure of this event to take place as expected.

The supply of recent fiction for summer reading is quite unlimited in variety, and in no year has there been such a numerous list to select from. *The Virginian,* by Owen Wister, now bids fair to become the most popular title in a short time, although at present *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall* and *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* are the undisputed leaders, with *The Mississippi Bubble* closely following and steadily increasing in sales. The coal strike, while apparently far remote from any relation to the book trade, has, however, in many Eastern cities, such as New York, necessitated unusual care in the protection of stock from soot, occasioned by the burning of soft coal.

While business in general during the month of June was light, and some complaints of unusual dulness were heard, it is probable that in most cases it compared favourably wth that for the same period in former years. Library trade is gradually falling off in amount as the summer progresses, but up to the present time it has been exceedingly good, with the exception of some unwillingness to purchase the new net books by a number of the larger libraries, which feel that they are entitled to greater discounts. The outlook for both the immediate future and fall season is very encouraging, the announcements of the publishers already indicating that new and attractive publications will be very numerous. The early issues of fiction will include *Ranson's Folly,* by Richard Harding Davis, a volume of stories profusely illustrated; *The Climax,* by Charles Felton Pidgin, and *A Speckled Bird,* by Augusta Evans Wilson, for which large advance orders have already been placed by the trade.

The list of best selling books for the month past, composed entirely of fiction, follows:

Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall. By Charles Major. $1.50.
Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. By Alice Caldwell Hegan. $1.00.
The Virginian. By Owen Wister. $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Mississippi Bubble. By Emerson Hough. $1.50.
The Lady Paramount. By Henry Harland. $1.50.
Hearts Courageous. By Hallie Erminie Rives. $1.50.
The Leopard's Spots. By Thomas Dixon, Jr. $1.50.
Miss Petticoats. By Dwight Tilton. $1.50.
The Battleground. By Ellen Glasgow. $1.50.
The Hound of the Baskervilles. By A. Conan Doyle. $1.25.
The Conqueror. By Gertrude Atherton. $1.50.
The Story of Mary MacLane. By Herself. $1.50.
Dorothy South. By George Cary Eggleston. $1.50.
A Pasteboard Crown. By Clara Morris. $1.50.
Audrey. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, July 1, 1902.

At times June business appeared to be somewhat featureless and quiet, but the result shows that the volume of the month's trade was not unsatisfactory and compares well with the same period last year. Country trade continues to be fairly lively, and orders from that source, although for the most part small, are of a general character, and indicate that the demand for all kinds of books is brisk for the time of the year.

Popular fiction is moving moderately well, and had the supply of this class of literature been kept within reasonable bounds during the past year, the demand would be considered good. As it is, there are more so-called popular novels than the market can absorb satisfactorily, and consequently but few of the books published this spring have come up to expectations. It is to be feared that unless the flood of all sorts and conditions of novels is moderated somewhat, the coming season will be even more prolific in disappointments than the spring has been.

The demand. for *The Virginian* and *The Leopard's Spots* was quite a feature of last month, both books being well to the front. *Dorothy Vernon* sold steadily, and *The Mississippi Bubble* was in lively demand. Cable's *Bylow Hill* deserves especial mention, and so does *The Diary of a Goose Girl, Dorothy South* and *Hearts Courageous.*

The sale of nature and out-of-door books is especially brisk at present, the following works being particularly prominent in the demand: *Nestlings of Forest and Marsh, Kindred of the Wild, American Food and Game Fishes, The American Sportsman's Library, Forest Neighbours, Field Book of American Wild Flowers* and *Wild Life of Orchard and Field.*

The new books received last month make a long list. Those for which the demand has been most noticeable are: *Olympian Nights,* by J. K. Bangs; *A Prince of Good Fellows,* by Robert Barr; *Those Delightful Americans,* by Mrs. E. Cotes; *A Pasteboard Crown,* by Clara Morris; *The Spenders,* by Harry E. Wilson; *Father Marquette,* by R. G. Thwaites; *Lee at Appomattox,* by Charles Francis Adams, and *The Boer Fight for Freedom,* by Michael Davitt.

Reports from the farther West indicate that business is about normal in that section. Representatives of the different publishing houses who have just returned from their annual trips state that sales have been, as a whole, satisfactory. Orders for autumn books were fairly liberal, and staple literature was bought in good quantity.

The best selling books last month were as follows:

Dorothy Vernon. By Charles Major. $1.50.
The Mississippi Bubble. By Emerson Hough. $1.50.
Audrey. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.
Bylow Hill. By G. W. Cable. $1.25.
The Leopard's Spots. By Thomas Dixon. $1.50.
The Virginian. By Owen Wister. $1.50.
The Story of Mary MacLane. By Herself. $1.50.
The Hound of the Baskervilles. By Conan Doyle. $1.25.
The Thrall of Lief the Lucky. By Ottilie J. Liljencranz. $1.50.
The Conqueror. Gertrude Atherton. $1.50.
The Battleground. By Ellen Glasgow. $1.50.
The Man from Glengarry. By Ralph Connor. $1.50.
The Diary of a Goose Girl. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. $1.25.
Dorothy South. By George Cary Eggleston. $1.50.
Miss Petticoats. By Dwight Tilton. $1.50.
The Lady Paramount. By Henry Harland. $1.50.
A Pasteboard Crown. By Clara Morris. $1.50.

ENGLISH LETTER.

MAY 20 TO JUNE 20, 1902.

The month opened with anything but a prosperous outlook. Fortunately, however, there have been a few successful lines which have, to a certain extent, proved to be the redeeming features of what would otherwise have been a very trying time. Although the trade must be thankful that the war is at an end, the Coronation at present holds the field, and it is evident that some time must yet elapse before the public settles down and an increased demand for books is experienced.

Some thirty or forty volumes pertinent to the Coronation are before the public, but with the exception of one or two which have met with a fair amount of success, the sales have been confined to the Souvenir issues of the illustrated periodicals. Several of these sumptuous issues have been in considerable demand, the most popular being those of the *Illustrated London News* and *The Sphere.*

Two works of travel have been accorded a hearty welcome by the public, the first being an account of the journey of T.R.H. the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Prince and Princess of Wales in the *Ophir*, and entitled *The Web of Empire*, by Sir D. M. Wallace, and the other a work on what is one of the most promising portions of the British dominions, *The Uganda Protectorate*, by Sir Harry Johnston. Another volume, *Mechanism of War*, has appeared, by "Linesman," which bids fair to be as popular as his *Words by an Eye-witness*. *Lord Milner and South Africa*, by Iwan-Müller, has been much in request and the second volume of the *Times History of the War* attracted a considerable amount of attention, though the sales were somewhat limited by the fact of its not being purchaseable apart from the other volumes of this work.

Sixpenny reprints appear to loom larger than ever upon the trade horizon, and continue a firm hold on the public taste, about fifty new issues having appeared since the beginning of April. Among those for which very extensive orders have been received are *East Lynne*, *Uncle Bernac*, by Conan Doyle, and *Auld Licht Idylls*, by J. M Barrie. The magazines are all more or less full of Coronation matter, but the most popular have been the *Sunday Magazine*, with its narrative of Miss Stone's adventures, and the new monthly issue of Green's *Short History of England*, the latter being in great demand.

The list of the best selling books of the month is as follows:

The Way of Escape. By Graham Travers. 6s. (W. Blackwood.)

Audrey. By Mary Johnston. 6s. (Constable.)

The Web of Empire. By Sir D. M. Wallace. 21s. net. (Macmillan.)

The Uganda Protectorate. By Sir H. Johnston. 2 vols. 42s. net. (Hutchinson.)

Greater Love. By Silas K. Hocking. 3s. 6d. (Ward and Lock.)

Mr. Dooley's Opinions. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

The Mechanism of War. By "Linesman." 3s. 6d. (W. Blackwood.)

Lord Milner and South Africa. By E. B. I. Müller. 15s. net. (Heinemann.)

Times' History of the War. (Sets only.) (Low.)

The Diary of a Goose Girl. By K. D. Wiggin. 3s. 6d. (Gay and Bird.)

BOOKS RECEIVED.

JUNE 10 TO JULY 10, 1902.

NEW YORK.

Alliance Publishing Company:
- Natural Philosophy. James Ferguson.

American Book Company:
- Das Edel Blut. Edited by Charles A. Eggert.
- Elementary Chemistry. Clarke and Dennis.
- Grammar School Algebra. Emerson E. White.

Barnes and Company:
- The Love Story of Abner Stone. Edwin C. Litsey.

Diston Company:
- Harvard University Songs. Compiled by E. F. Dubois.

Doubleday, Page and Company:
- Character Building. Booker T. Washington.
- Belshazzar. William Stearns Davis.

Fenno and Company:
- Destruction of St. Pierre. J. Herbert Welsh, H. E. Taylor.
- Mistress Dorothy of Haddon Hall. Henry Hastings.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:
- A Vacation with Nature. Frank De Witt Talmage.

Harper and Brothers:
- The King in Yellow. Robert W. Chambers.
- Olympian Nights. John K. Bangs.
- Abner Daniel. Will N. Harben.
- Tales of Destiny. Elizabeth G. Jordan.

Holt and Company:
- History of the Roman People. Charles Seignobos.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:
- Golf. William G. Brown.

Lane:
- Ode on the Day of the Coronation of King Edward. William Watson.

Lewis, Scribner and Company:
- The White W[illegible] Collected by R. Kersting.

Longmans, Green and Company:
- The Brothers. C. F. Keary.
- A Friend of Nelson. Horace G. Hutchinson.

Macmillan Company:
- Highways and Byways in Hertfordshire. Herbert W. Tompkins.
- Colonial Government. Paul S. Reinsch.
- Savings and Savings Institutions. James H. Hamilton.
- Racine's Athalie. Edited by F. C. de Sumichrast.
- Salmon and Trout. Dean Sage and others.
- William Hazlitt. Augustine Birrell.

Ogilvie Publishing Company:
- The Sinker Stories. J. J. Goodwin.

Outlook Company:
- Folk Tales of Napoleon. George Kennan.

Putnam's Sons:
- Lenox and the Berkshire Highlands. R. DeWitt Mallary.
- A Guide to the Best Historical Novels and Tales. Jonathan Nield.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Anthology of Russian Literature. Leo Wiener.
The Rhymes of Ironquill.

Revell Company:
Those Black Diamond Men. W. F. Gibbons.
James Chalmers. Richard Lovett.

Saalfield Publishing Company:
Told by the Death's Head. Maurus Jokái.

Scribner's Sons:
The One Before. Barry Pain.
Ranson's Folly. Richard Harding Davis.

Silver, Burdett and Company:
First Steps in the History of England. Arthur M. Mowry.
Sketches of Great Painters. Colonna M. Dallin.
Old English Ballads. Edited by James P. Kinard.

Taylor and Company:
Billy Burgundy's Letters.
World's People. Julien Gordon.

Treat and Company:
The Dictum of Reason on Man's Immortality. David Gregg.

Warne and Company:
Unstable as Water. Mrs. J. H. Needell.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Eichelberger:
Around the Throne. Paul Winchester.

INDIANA.

Colonial Press:
A Maid of the Wildwood. George W. Louttit.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Jewish Publication Society of America:
Fifth Jewish Chautauqua Assembly.

University:
The School of Architecture of the University of Pennsylvania.

HAVERHILL, MASS.

Chase Press:
Human Knowledge and Human Conduct. Robert D. Trask.

BOSTON, MASS.

Ginn and Company:
Under Sunny Skies.
The Common Spiders of the United States. James H. Emerton.

Lothrop Publishing Company:
Jezebel. Lafayette McLaws.
The Little Citizen. M. E. Waller.

Page and Company:
Ode on the Coronation of King Edward. Bliss Carman.

Little, Brown and Company:
A Maid of Bar Harbor. Henrietta G. Rowe.
Lafitte of Louisiana. Mary Devereux.
Wharf and Fleet. Clarence M. Falt.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

Ellis Publishing Company:
Tam Thamson's Team. J. W. Bryce.

CHICAGO, ILL.

McClurg and Company:
Religion, Agnosticism and Education. J. L. Spalding.

Conkey Company:
Love Songs. Delia Austrian.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Elder and Shepard:
Songs of the Press. Baily Millard.

A. M. Robertson:
Sonnets and Songs for a House of Days. Christian Binkley.

Whitaker and Ray Company:
My Trip to the Orient. J. C. Simmons.
Interviews with a Monocle. Leopold Jordan.

LONDON.

Dent and Company:
The Newcomes. Vols. I., II. and III. William M. Thackeray.

DUBLIN.

Gill and Son:
The Four Winds of Eirinn. Anna MacManus.

OXFORD

Clarendon Press:
A History of the Peninsular War. Charles Oman. Vol. I.
Life and Letters of Thomas Cromwell. R. B. Merriman. Vols. I. and II.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand as sold between June 1 and July 1, 1902.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned:

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Lafitte of Louisiana. Devereux. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. José. Valdes. (Brentano.) $1.25.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
5. The Valley of Decision. Wharton. (Scribner.) $2.00.
6. Facts and Comments. Spencer. (Appleton.) $1.20 net.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Marion Manning. Eustis. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Madness of Philip. Daskam. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.00.
4. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.00.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Battleground. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Napoleon. Watson. (Macmillan.) $2.25 net.
5. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Girl of Virginia. Thurston. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Marion Manning. Eustis. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Garden of a Commuter's Wife. The Gardener. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Valley of Decision. Wharton. (Scribner.) $2.00.
4. The Onlooker's Notebook. (Harper.) $2.25.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Strollers. Isham. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Miss Petticoats. Tilton. (Clarke.) $1.50.
6. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Conquerors. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.
5. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. Bylow Hill. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.25.
5. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Eagle's Talons. Stevens. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

5. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Blazed Trail. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. None But the Brave. Sears. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.

DENVER, COL.

1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
3. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Buell Hampton. Emerson. (Forbes & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
2. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Strollers. Isham. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. Heroine of Strait. Crowley. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.10.
3. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Battleground. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Strollers. Isham. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, IND.

1. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Battleground. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
6. The Opponents. Robertson. (Scribner.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The Battleground. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Opponents. Robertson. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Morang & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Briggs Co.) $1.50.
4. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Westminster Co.) $1.25.
5. Shillelah and Shamrock. Bodkin. (Chatto & Windus.) $1.25.
6. The Battleground. Glasgow. (Musson Book Co.) Cloth, $1.25; paper, 75 cents.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmilla.) $1.50.
3. Bylow Hill. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.25.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. Welsh Rarebit Tales. Cummins. (Mutual Book Co.) $1.25.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Amor Victor. Orr. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

6. The Battleground. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Battleground. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Fifth String. Sousa. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.25.
4. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Black Rock. Gordon. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 50 cents.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Kindred of the Wild. Roberts. (Page.) $2.00.
5. The Story of Mary MacLane. MacLane. (Stone.) $1.50.
6. The Valley of Decision. Wharton. (Scribner.) $2.00.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Heralds of Empire. Laut. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. None But the Brave. Sears. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
5. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. The Diary of a Goose Girl. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.00.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Greater Love. Crapsey. (Abbey Press.) $1.50.
2. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Battleground. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Judith's Garden. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
6. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Mary McLane. MacLane. (Stone & Co.) $1.50.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Bylow Hill. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Conqueror. Gertrude Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The True Napoleon. Josselyn. (Russell.) $3.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Footprints of Padres. Stoddard. (Robertson.) $1.50.
5. Omar Khayyam, Jr. Irwin. (Elder & Shepard.) 50 cents.
6. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. John Kenadie. Saunders. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Battleground. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

6. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
5. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Battleground. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.
4. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. Bylow Hill. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Briggs.) Cloth, 75 cents.
2. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Briggs.) 75 cents and $1.25.
3. Sarita the Carlist. Marchmont. (McLeod & Allen.) 75 cents and $1.25.
4. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (Morang & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Thrall of Lief the Lucky. Liljencranz. (McLeod & Allen.) 75 cents and $1.25.
6. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Briggs.) 75 cents and $1.25. Truth Dexter. McCall. (McLeod & Allen.) 75 cents and $1.25.

TUCSON, ARIZ.

1. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
5. The Battleground. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop. Garland. (Harper.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Marion Manning. Eustis. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
5. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Kindred of the Wild. Roberts. (Page.) $2.00.
3. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Diary of a Goose Girl. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.00.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Westcotes. Quiller-Couch. (Coates.) $1.00.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

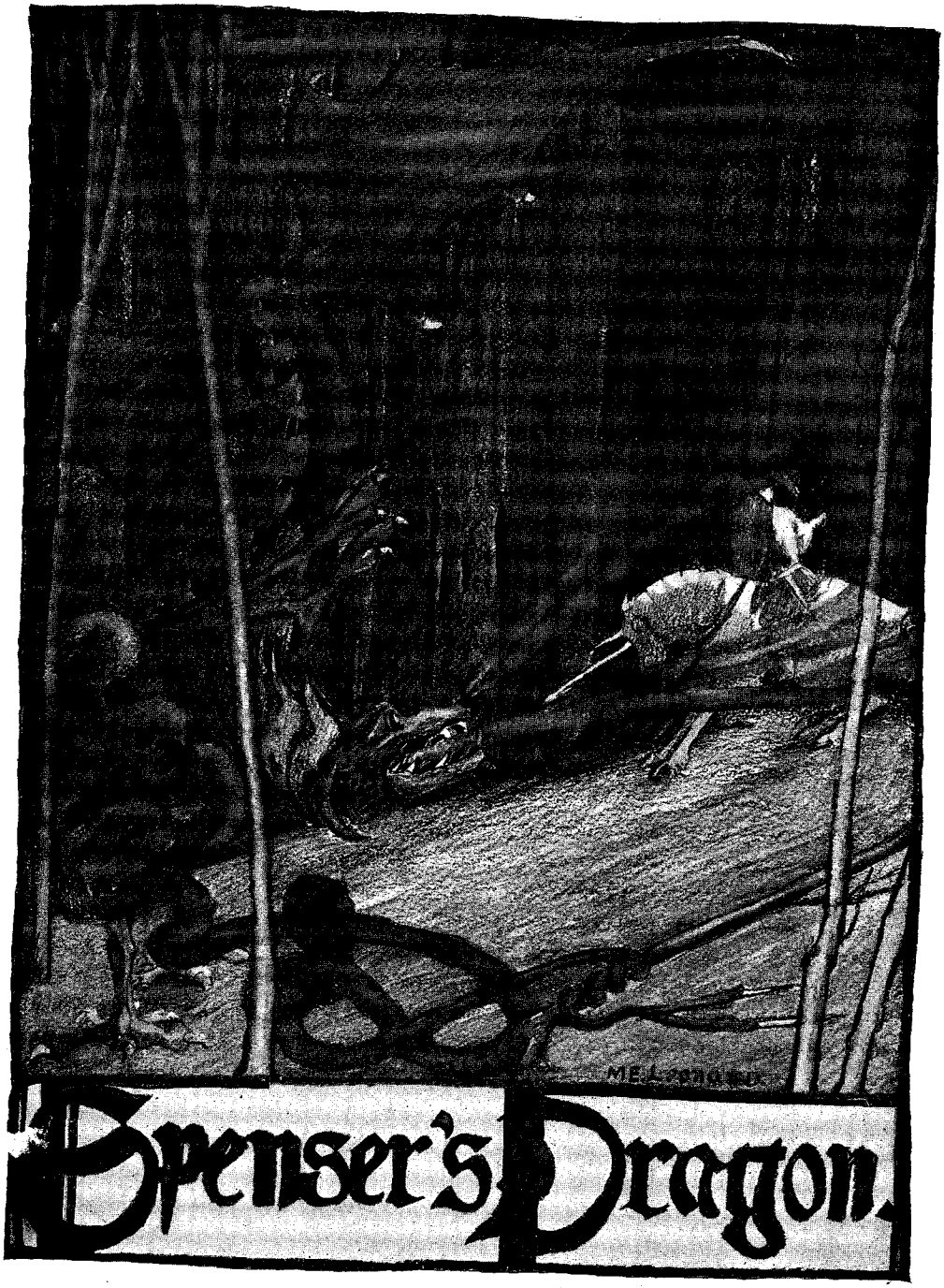
					POINTS
A book standing	1st	on any list	receives		10
"	"	2d	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	PTS.
1. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.....	245
2. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.....	225
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.....	155
4. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.....	112
5. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.....	95
6. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25...	72

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED